

HOLIDAY ISSUE
JANUARY, 1947

Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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Extra Feature:

The Special 1947 Esquire Calendar

by J. FREDERICK SMITH

new Parker "51" *Magic wand* Desk Sets . . .

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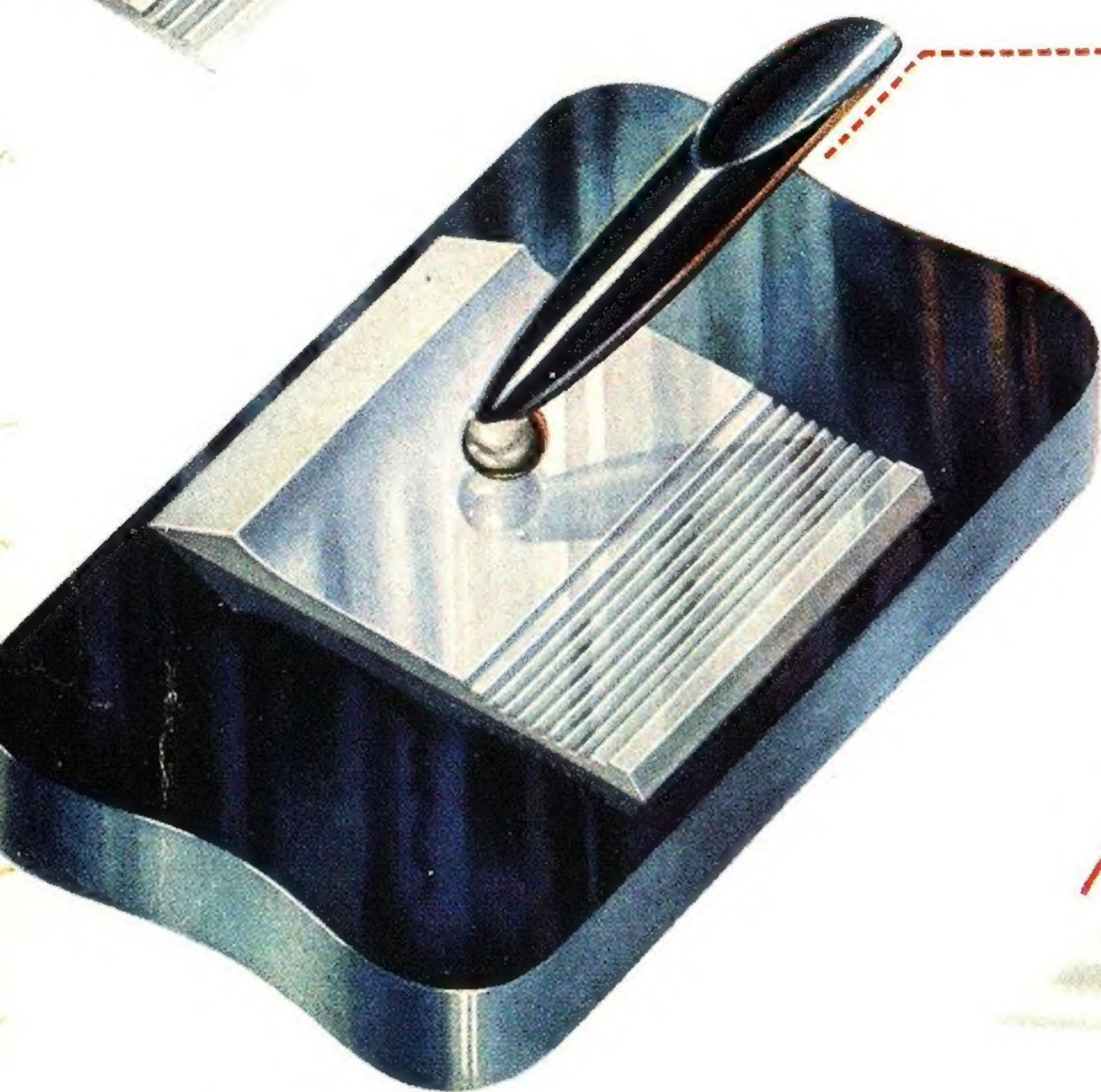
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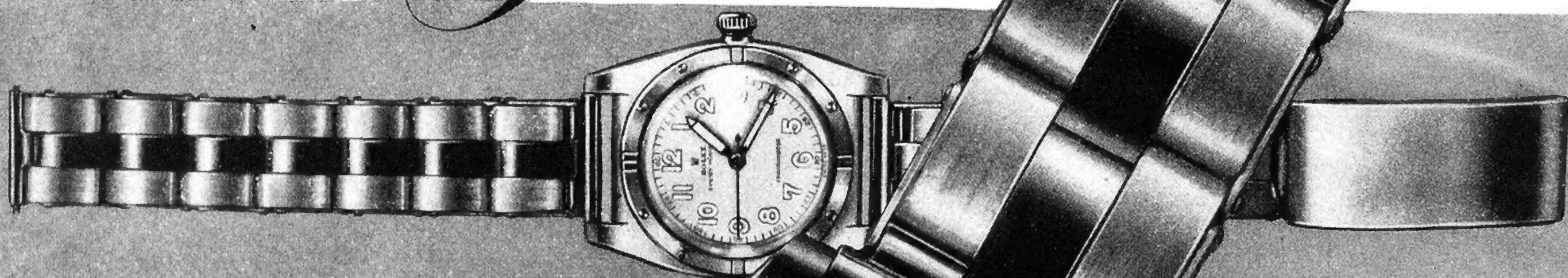
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Good Neighbors: Good Joes

In this issue, the second installment of Esquire's lively series of Travel articles takes up Uruguay and with no little enthusiasm advises Americans about to sally out into the postwar world to reserve a bit of itinerary for this tiny neighbor to the south.

Tiny geographically, perhaps, but hardly that in spirit. For Uruguayans, our travel man, Dick Joseph, happily assures us, are the good joes of South America. We are impressed that this is the highest praise an American could pay to any people at any time, for all the easy slang of it. Practicing democrats, which is just another stuffier way of saying good joes, are the hope of the world today, we believe.

It is heartening to know that many of the barriers so recently thrust in the way of wanderlust have now been torn down and that people who feel like getting up and going are free to do just that. But we cherish the thought of little Uruguay's sturdy independence in this world of threatened democracy as something of living value even to those Americans who may never be so fortunate as to visit her.

Happy New Year, Uruguay, and to good joes everywhere. May you hew to the faith long and lustily.

—D. A. S.

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trends in dress

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Editorial: Looking Ahead



IN September, 1945, there appeared on this page an editorial "On the present progress, and future promise, of Esquire." The war had just ended, and without the foreknowledge of the difficult months ahead, we spent a few lines outlining our hopes and intentions for the issues of Esquire to come.

Without quoting too lavishly of our own deathless prose, it is worth remembering that September issue as the first to introduce a fresh new format and that we then said: "Despite the continued pressure of wartime production restrictions, we have accomplished the first moves towards the full realization of the postwar Esquire. In other words we'd say that with this issue we are meeting it somewhere near halfway."

With this first issue of 1947, it may not be amiss to take inventory once more, to check our pages and mark again how far we've gone to a full realization of the Esquire we planned.

September, 1945, was a rosy month. The war was over, the boys were coming home again soon. Everything was going to be fine.

Well, it hasn't been that exactly, anywhere in the world, but we've made some progress between these two covers since that September.

The new format has worked out well—giving you on a single page, a spot of art to introduce the article, the text itself, and a cartoon for them as wants one. We endeavor in every issue to have these units at their best, the spots more appealing, the text features more distinguished, the cartoons more of a belly laugh. With this stepping up of the efficiency of our format, we've also reached out and reserved a place in each issue for the stunning Esquire Girls you have been seeing as painted by the nation's foremost artists, for new wonders in the gallery of fine art in our pages, and for more pictorial elements in the book. More to see, better reading, louder guffaws.

Take this issue, just as a sampler. The Esquire Girls of Fritz Willis, Joe De Mers, and Tom Hall we leave to your own superlatives. If you do not treasure the twelve fanciful and breath-taking sprites in Fred Smith's 1947 Esquire Calendar, you force us into a paraphrase of the "breathes-there-the-man-with-soul-so-dead" phrase, for surely these young ladies will win you, if you breathe at all.

More sights for soar eyes are the Jedla caricatures, the college profile by Fred Eng, Esquire's own Blend & Bend visual drink recipe, Count Sakhnoffsky's Workshop for a dreamer with plane tastes, the inspired nonsense of Van Kaufman, and the innumerable cartoons and color features splashing the entire issue.

While we thus brashly continue to point out our own topography, we might mention with pride the authors old and new who bring their talents to Esquire. Standing back from our Table of Contents since September, 1945, we find in Esquire: Gerald Kersh, Jesse Stuart, Laszlo Dormandi, Louis Paul, W.A.S. Douglas, Ernest Lehman, Stanley Walker, Louis Untermeyer, Brooks Atkinson,

Paul Gallico, Heath Thomas, Joseph Wechsberg, and on and on through a literary hall of fame. As part of our new Bill of Writes, we plan to bring you issue by issue the fresh ideas of brilliant new authors. For example, once more thumbing through this issue, past the familiar (and welcome) names of Roland Young, W.A.S. Douglas, Herb Graffis, Louis Paul and the others, we come to the amazing and refreshing originality of Martin Gardner, author of *No-Sided Professor*. Mr. Gardner's first published piece was in the October Esquire, and this second one need not modestly seek the neophyte's shade, so artful is its humor, so well grounded its learning, so fantastic its reality. Topology, as a professorial authority on the subject assured us after reading this subject, was never more deliciously or scientifically served. There will be more Gardners in Esquire, literally and figuratively, we promise. The no-sided professors will always be with us.

Another newcomer to Esquire, although hardly that to his well-established and outspoken admirers, is A. J. Liebling, whose series of articles on books started crackling from our pages in November. We knew Joe Liebling; it was swell just to sit back and think that he was preparing copy for us, in the days before we saw his first. But when the research staff in New York, the boys who check every fact and fancy that goes into Esquire, rushed the teletype with the message "NONE OF OUR BUSINESS BUT LIEBLING TERRIFIC" we knew that Esquire had a book column after your own heart.

That we, the while we announce that the graphic elements of the magazine will be stepped up, can thus sound off from the other side of our mouth about our authors, is probably an all-time high in something or other. Yet figures, as one of the Esquire Girls might say, do not lie, and we are faced with the cheering fact that the *Bedside Esquire* is now in its ninth edition, has sold more than 533,000 copies—a record for anthologies—and is still going strong. Somebody reads Esquire, too, we'd say. To say nothing of another of our side-kicks, the *Second Esquire Sports Reader*, which is also keeping the presses warm.

We got a letter the other day from Jesse Stuart, who has had fifty-two stories in Esquire, and after touching on the pleasant fact that the *Bedside Esquire* has brought him a happy little parade of royalty checks as it has gone merrily from printing to printing, Jesse says, "I think it is time that Esquire brought out another anthology. And I think it would be a highly successful book . . ."

What about that? Well, we haven't made up our minds about the anthology itself as yet, but one thing we can promise you—the material for it will be in Esquire first, the kind you want in a magazine or book.

How far have we realized the postwar Esquire we envisioned in 1945? Halfway along then, we said. Now, about 85%, we'd say. That means we're still not wholly satisfied, maybe never will be, and our one New Year's resolution will be to give you a better Esquire with each issue. ##



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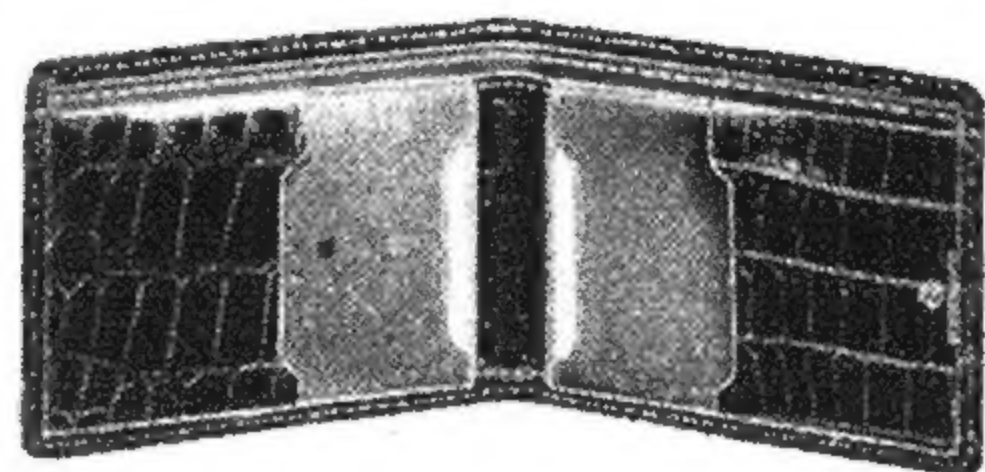
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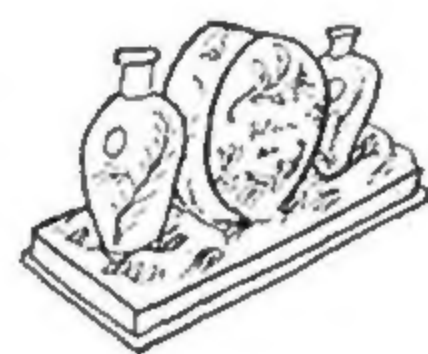
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PERFUME PATTY. Lady-like, demure mothers and aunts will be charmed with a bath-set called "Blue Fern". Dainty silver and blue box contains cologne, bath oil, powder and soap, all in the same refreshing scent.



Forteen-agers, a junior travel kit: a bag of simulated alligator fitted with creams, rouge, lipstick, etc. Or a vanity case which turns into a jewel box when the cosmetics are used up. For frankly

feminine gals, toilet water, dusting powder, sachet and perfume in a fussy, frilly package called "Petticoat". The scent, like cool, white blossoms. For sirens... a new perfume called "Witchery", musky and mysterious, packed in a shining black satin box. Or a wonderful head-spinning perfume, "Intoxication", in a stunning fluted crystal flacon; or "Green Eyes", worldly and unfathomable.

BLACK NYLONS! Whew! Shades of the naughty 90's. Black nylons, sheer as a cobweb. Or, if you want a slightly diluted version of black, get a new shade called "Ecstasy", a deep grey-taupe to lend slim elegance to gorgeous gams. And for more black nylon, a nightie, solid lace as to top, filmy nylon skirt, ermine-trimmed bodice. Lastly, a pair of hose holder-uppers in black satin, lace and ermine. Okay—you asked for it.

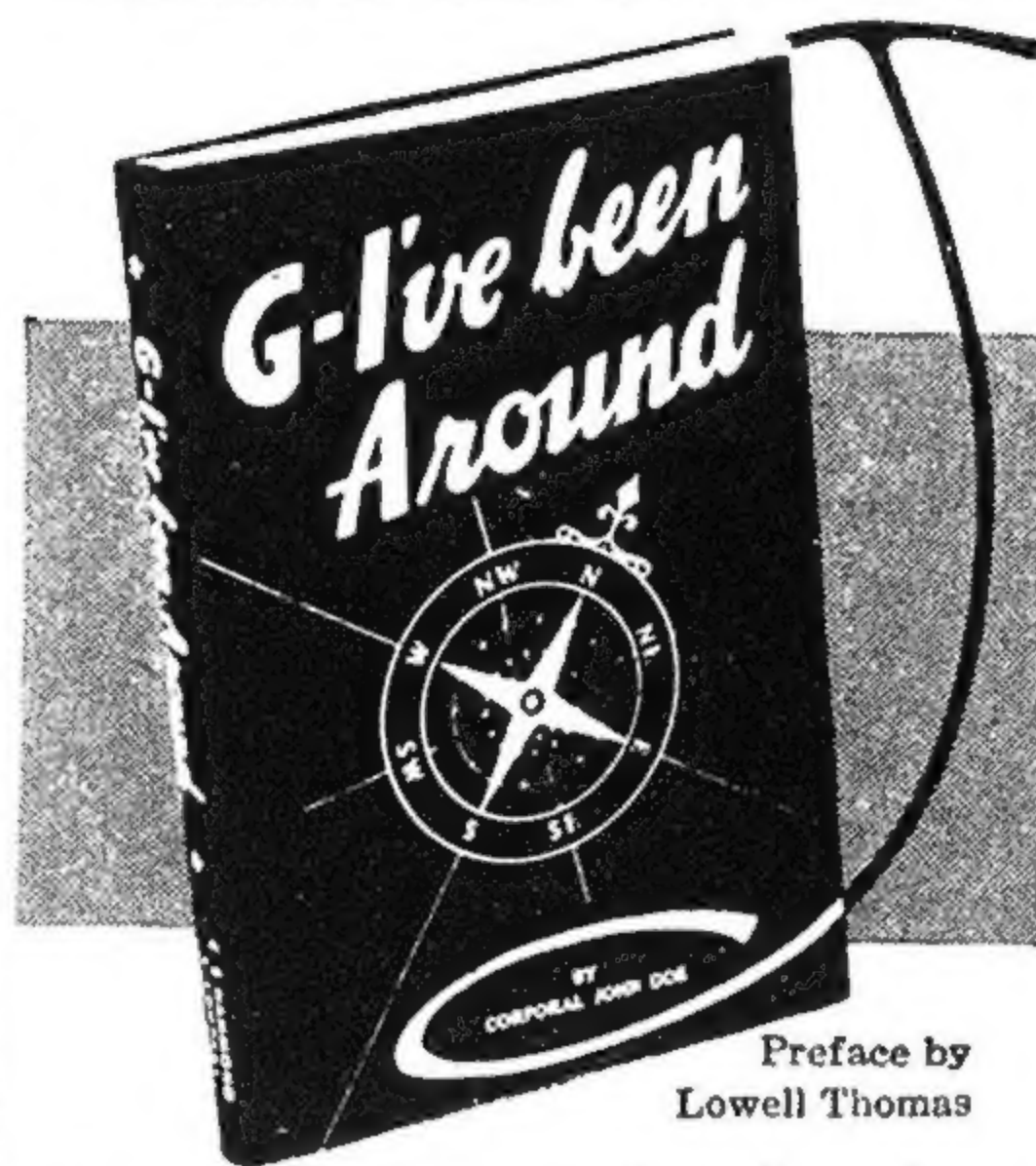


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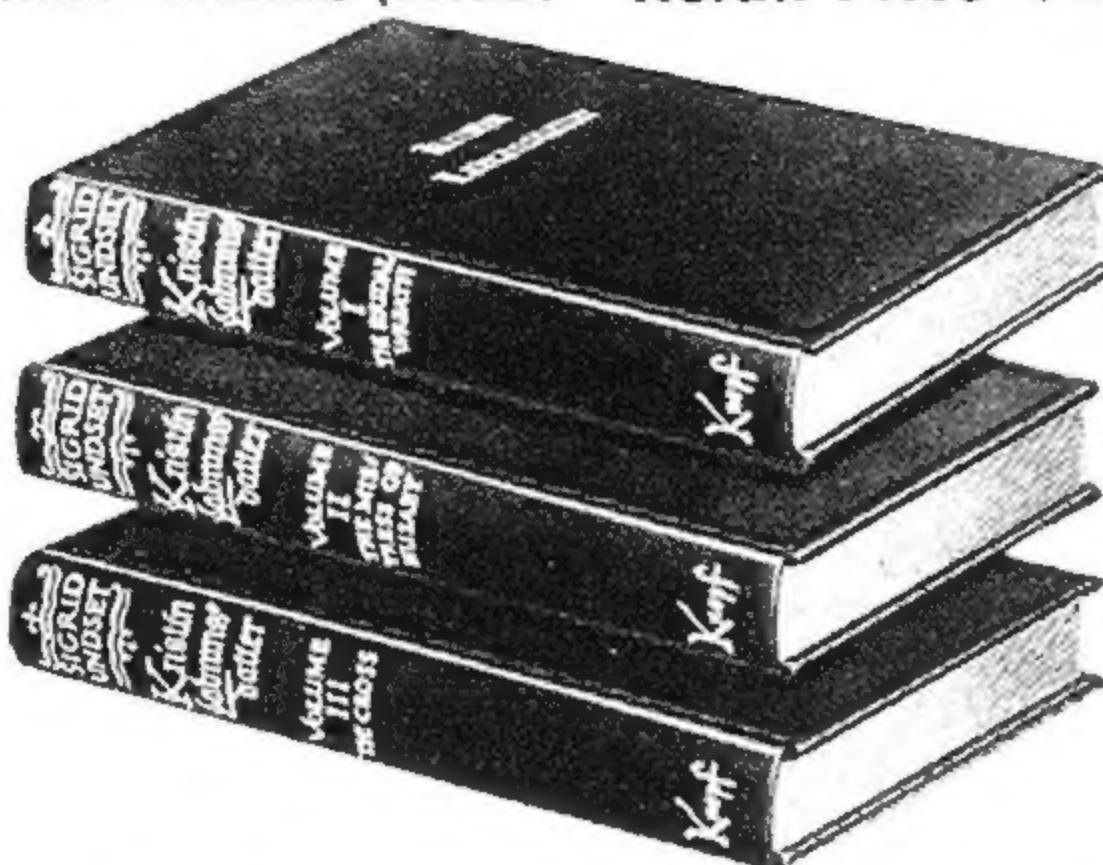
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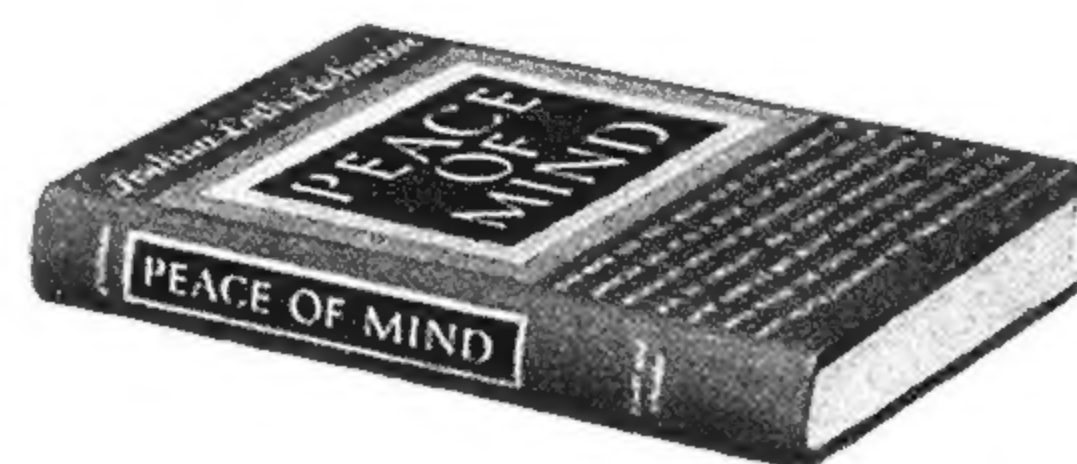
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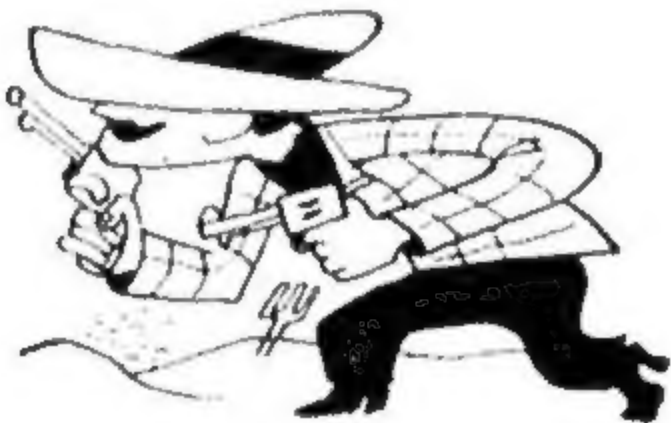
The Sound and the Fury

scholarly reader

While reading your colorful story in the November issue, *The Indian with the Knife* by Eli Sexton, I was stopped by the given name of its hero, "Paulo" Gauti. The Spanish equivalent of the name Paul is Pablo, not Paulo. Is it possible that Esqy, the cosmopolitan student of languages, the learned man of the world, could be guilty of error? Has he never read Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls* in which a Spaniard named Pablo plays a prominent role?

ROBERT AMBROSE

Atlanta, Georgia



pragmatic writer

I wondered if someone would pounce on that name. Somewhat over 60 Indian languages and dialects are spoken in Mexico, I believe; and many of the Yaqui with whom I rode, slept, and ate, spoke far less Spanish than I did, and presumably their fathers knew still less. Therefore, I presume that Paulo was bestowed on our hero by the priest, direct from the Latin, but with a Spanish masculine termination.

As a matter of fact, Paulo Gauti was a real person, almost certainly dead by now as he was about 35 in 1911 and over 20 years of fierce civil wars and unstable truces have followed. He was a captain of smugglers, graceful, handsome, with the manners of a grand duke (a grand duke on his good behavior, that is); I wandered alone into his mountain camp about 3 a.m. after traversing many miles of desolate unknown mountains afoot and alone, latterly without water. At the few ranches, everyone was killed or fled; and hundreds of cattle were piled about the wells; and the wells presumably choked with the bodies of those pushed in. But I spied a white horse, after many hours of such travel; and when I drove him before me, he led into the camp, where I lay down among the smugglers after drinking my fill and eating cold wheat tortillas and wild honey. In the morning, I went on with one of Gauti's men (after his wife had patted me out fresh tortillas on her bare thigh); and that old man, smuggling ammunition in, and Chinese and laces north on his back trips, guided me over 100 miles south. I gave him a quarter-eagle; and someone stabbed him for it.

Later, I met Gauti as I left Sonora; and traded him a 9" bowie for his four-strand rawhide reata, which hangs on my wall now. At that time, he wrote me his name: Paulo Gauti.

ELI SEXTON

Arlington, Virginia



it conked in Cleveland

This letter is in regard to Renzo Dee Bowers' article, *Beware that Baseball*, which appeared in the August issue of Esquire.

Mr. Bowers stated that only certain baseball park spectators are paid damages for injuries suffered during the course of the game. I do not believe that is true. As an employee of the Cleveland Baseball Co. I happen to

know that injured spectators (who pay their way in) get doctor and hospital expenses paid for them. The injured party can make no further claims.

I do not know how they operate this in other cities, but that's the way they do it here.

ROBERT T. OBOJSKI

Cleveland, Ohio

Moffitt on Shakespeare

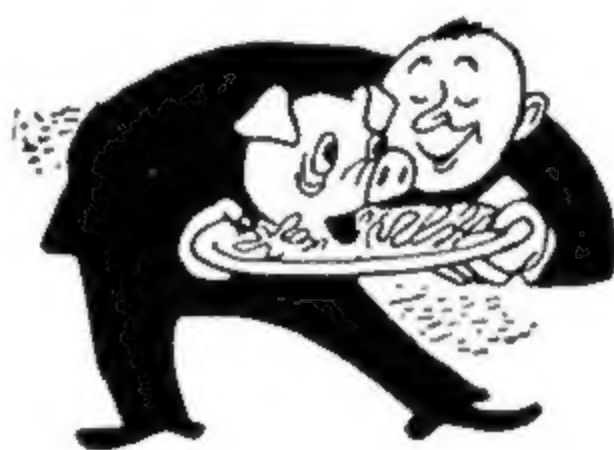
That *Henry V* held more than a passing interest for Mr. Moffitt is evidenced by his long elaboration of that particular Shakespearian venture. Although, as he suggested, *Henry V* may puzzle the "Dames of Arkansas," it may also induce them, like your critic, to delve deeper into the Bard's works in order to get a clearer picture.

I don't think that the critic of *Time* could have elucidated Shakespeare more clearly and yet make it so interesting to a "drug-up" clod like myself.

Finally, it isn't often that a copy of Esquire comes my way, but when it does, I certainly enjoy some good reading—and looking!

JAMES AXHAM

H.M.S. Nigeria



Moffitt on the pan

It is to be hoped that your movie reviewer, Jack Moffitt, knows more about the cinema than he does about food chemistry. I refer to his November piece, *Previews and Reviews*, in which he describes his bribing of G. B. Shaw's maidservant with a pig's head and remarks: "She was a good girl with a yearning for carbohydrates and a deep desire to be understood by somebody. She found both my pig's head and my attentive ear to her liking." Unless the classification of foods has been greatly altered since my days in the fifth year of grammar school, meat is mainly protein and fat, while carbohydrates are found in sugars, starches and celluloses. If the maid really had a yen for carbohydrates, Moffitt would have done better to give her a box of candy—an infinitely more decorous present for a man to give to a maid. But I'm sure she enjoyed Mr. Moffitt's attentive ear.

SUSAN RICHARDSON

LaFayette, Indiana

disenchanted daughter-in-law

No more magazine advice for me—not on family problems! After five years of happy life with a very special mother-in-law, Anonymous' article *Mother-in-law Talks Back* has me out on a very short limb.

My mother-by-marriage and I had an unbeatable combination, two women against one man (and that's about the right ratio for handling a sturdy husband). Now, after seven days of treating her in the cool manner of a "casual old friend," as A. recommends, her loyal support has withered. I am known these days as The Woman My Son Married, while she answers to That Person Who Happens To Be Your Mother.

This division of the ranks has enabled my husband to win all arguments, no holds necessary. . . . O, the insidious methods of a man's magazine!

ANONYMOUS II

Miami, Ohio

Berman's Theorem A. E. D.

S. Berman's puzzle (October, page 10) is not original by ten years or more.

RAY W. NEWBY

Hollywood 28, Calif



foresighted Esqy

Congratulations on scooping the rest of the country by sixteen months. As you no doubt are aware your magazine featured Marilyn Buford, Miss America of 1946, in the May, 1945, issue as "one of the nebulae of Hollywood."

Please note that Miss Buford is a Michigan girl, even though she did stray and represented California in the contest.

FRED HEDDLE

Ann Arbor, Michigan

EDITOR'S NOTE: Esquire's photographer "discovered" lovely Marilyn Buford sipping a soda in a Hollywood drugstore, and this photograph which appeared in our May, 1945, issue, was the happy result. Miss Buford confessed at the time that she aspired to light comedy in the movies, but feared her height (she's five feet eight inches tall) might prove to be a handicap. Now that she has won the coveted title of Miss America, we are glad to pose her name again as one of Hollywood's most likely nebulae.



Touché

Douglas Clark's delightful essay which appeared in the November number of Esquire struck us as a jolly good show, and convinced us that landladies are the same in every country. My husband and I recall the series of dingy little rooms which we occupied during the war, in army posts all over this patriotic land, presided over by dear old ladies who did their part on the home front by seeing that Army couples were overcharged and underprivileged. There's a landlady in Texas we shall never forget. In fact, we received a nice souvenir to remember her by—a check representing the difference between the rent we paid her and the ceiling price, which we received through the kindly offices of the OPA. One evening this lady, who had been reprimanding us constantly for using bath water every day (an unnecessary practice according to her standards) and our extravagant burning of the one light bulb she allowed us, seemed to relent, and invited us to join her and her good husband in a game of poker. She was not a drinking woman, of course, but during the evening she regaled us with soft drinks.

My husband and I finished the game \$1.75 to the good, and felt pretty jubi-

lant over this small victory. But the next round was hers. At the end of the month, we were surprised to find on our bill, listed under Extras: Coca Cola: 40c

MARY TRUEBLOOD

St. Paul, Minnesota

arrest that man!

I must give tribute to Joe De Mers' Hollywood and Vine! Note man crossing street against a red traffic light which is improper technique at this interesting and busy intersection. However the picture is tops in my estimation.

EARL WRIGHT

Santa Monica, Calif.

lady of good will

Do you have the complete address of Mr. M. Tailleur of Amsterdam? I'd like to send him some magazines and cigarettes, since I spent the first 18 years of my life in the fair city of Amsterdam, and know from my correspondence with friends and relatives still there, how sadly they are in need of both food and entertainment.

A complete address would insure prompt delivery of my intended gift.

BETSY DEBEER SMITH

Poulsbo, Washington

a sock at Sak

Sakhnoffsky's drawings are generally clever, rarely brilliant and occasionally transcend brilliance to the point of idiocy, as in the case of Prophecy No. 4. One can picture such a room used by a movie star for publicity or picture sequence, assisted by a retinue of servants operating gadgets! Esquire offers superb selections of art, fact, fiction and fashions to Everyman and his family. Won't you please bring your bathing salon down to the same level?

JULES R. STERNBERG

Fort Smith, Arkansas

Harvard's Hooton's Hiatus

Your October article entitled *Harvard's Hooton* is one of the best I have read for a long time, depressing though it is to consider his belief that the ape looks upon man as the skeleton in his closet—the sad apple on his family tree. Whether purposeful or inadvertent, there is one omission in the article that piqued my curiosity. Mr. Stenbuck tells us that Professor Hooton spent five years measuring some 14,000 citizens of the Irish Free State, then fails to mention what conclusion Hooton reached about the Irish. Was it too terrible to publish?

PATRICK O'ROURKE

Sioux Falls, South Dakota



nominee for Esq. Gallery

Looking through your August issue I came across a drawing on page 88 showing the latest styles in men's trunk suits.

In said drawing there is a very modest looking babe whose expression is something out of this world. Her figure is all right too. Could you possibly have the artist, one Mr. Robert Goodman, make with a full drawing of a similar gal? Boy, what a perfect pin-up she would be.

RICHARD H. FANNING

Overscas

Continued on page 216



Once again it's time to make a bowl of *Merry Christmas!*

The ingredients: Here's all you need for the finest "Bowl of Merry Christmas" ever made—a Four Roses Eggnog:

Six eggs . . . $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar . . . 1 pint cream . . . 1 pint milk . . . 1 oz. Jamaica Rum . . . 1 pint Four Roses . . . grated nutmeg.

The procedure: Beat separately yolks and whites of eggs. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar to yolks while beating. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar to whites after they have been beaten very stiff. Mix egg whites with yolks.

Stir in cream and milk. Add the pint of Four Roses and the rum. Stir thoroughly. Serve very cold, with grated nutmeg.

The delightful result: A bowlful (five pints) of the fluffiest, grandest Eggnog ever ladled into a cup . . . thanks to the magnificent flavor of that matchless whiskey—Four Roses.

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FAMOUS BOUQUET



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\$3.50 "FULL BENT" SHAPE
Plum Finish. Also Walnut
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\$5 HAND-MADE
A handsome piece of
carving that will be a
source of constant sat-
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**\$5 SUPER-
GRAIN**
Saddle-Bit
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Sandblasted—Pot
Shape.



\$10 FLAME-GRAIN
The natural grain
of the briar pos-
sesses beautiful
flame-like pattern.
The only pipes of
this kind are Kay-
woodie Flame-
Grains. Yacht
Shape.



\$10 SILHOUETTE
Sandblasted so grain
of briar stands out in relief.
Modern solid band, bonds
stem and shank.

*Map shows
U.S. in 1851 when the
Kaywoodie Organization
began to make pipes*

The Kaywoodie organization has always pioneered—in pipe-pleasure and smoking enjoyment. In the last century, skilled wood-carvers and amber-cutters came from Europe to join the company and make pipes in America. In this century, hundreds of improvements in technique and smoking qualities, have been made by the Kaywoodie Company. Here are a few: the "drinkless" fitment (in all Kaywoodie Pipes) which makes your smoke 51% cleaner; more resilient mouthpieces which are more durable and more comfortable in the mouth; a continuing world-wide search for Nature's best briar, and 17 technical developments in the seasoning and treatment of briar. These Kaywoodie Pipes of 1947 incorporate all the best of 95 years of pipe-making. No other pipe yields so much lasting pleasure and satisfaction. They are waiting for you on your dealer's counter.

Family of 1947

"OVERSIZE" HAND-MADE

"The Atlas" Style. Oversize Kaywoodies are \$10, \$15 (Meerschaum-lined) \$20 and \$25 according to style.



\$12.50 MEERSCHAUM-INLAID
World's best smoking materials—imported meerschaum and imported briar.



\$15 CONNOISSEUR
Virgin Finish reveals grain of briar in all its natural beauty.

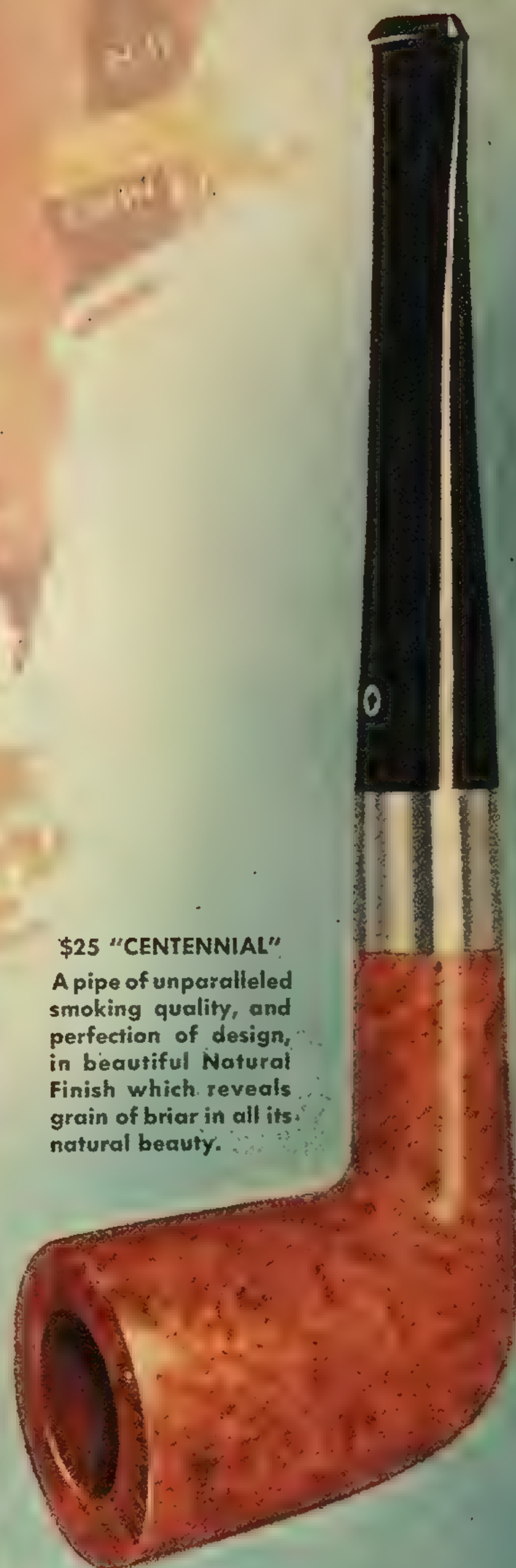


\$20 "NINETY-FIVER"
Initials or monogram may be inscribed as deep as you wish on its solid, massive band, at your jeweler's.



\$25 "CENTENNIAL"

A pipe of unparalleled smoking quality, and perfection of design, in beautiful Natural Finish which reveals grain of briar in all its natural beauty.



Trade Marks



All Pipes Shown Actual Size

PUP PIPES

A convenient, enjoyable short smoke—each Pup holds about 1/2 as much tobacco as standard-size. Cigarette-smokers enjoy changing occasionally to a Pup. Pipe-smokers like to match their standard-size pipe with same shape of Pup—one for desk, one to carry.



"DRINKLESS" fitment which cleans smoke, and "Synchro-Stem" which always opens without sticking.



The Kaywoodie Pipes on these pages may be had in various Shapes to suit personality and preference. What gift more welcome?

Booklet illustrating 22 Shapes, Ladies' Ensemble and Companion Sets, and telling how to take care of your pipe, sent on request. Kaywoodie Company, New York and London—630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20. Est. 1851.

"KAYWOODIE BRIAR" means briar that has been imported, selected to meet our exacting requirements, and seasoned exclusively for Kaywoodie Pipes.



To add the festive touch

Wine

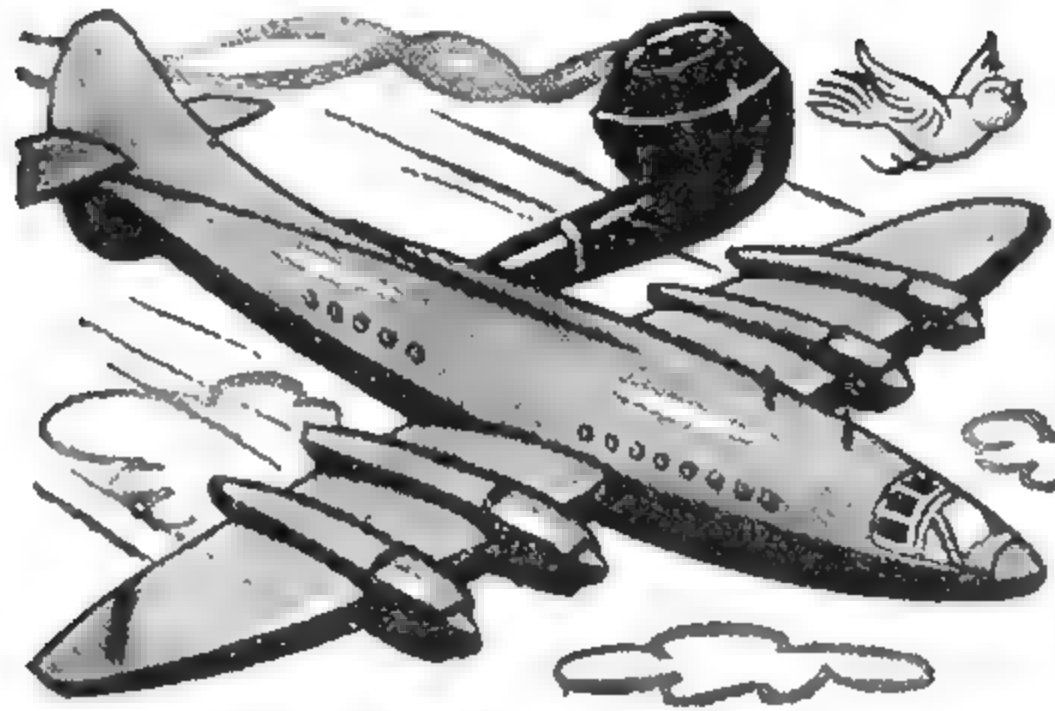
is what you need

WANT SOME VERY SPECIAL TURKEY-EATING? While the turkey roasts, baste it with $\frac{3}{4}$ cup wine (California Claret or Sauterne) mixed with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup melted butter. Then, as it's carved, pour everyone a glassful of the same kind of wine and . . . um-m-m—just let folks fall to!

VELVETY CALIFORNIA PORT with fruit cake and crisp, salty nuts—the makings of another good occasion! Simple, yes. But mighty hard to top in pleasure value. So, you'll find, are the other wine-and-food ideas on this page. And to get a whole booklet more—free—write Wine Advisory Board, 717 Market St., San Francisco 3.



Mulled Wine for a brisk, cold day: Boil together 10 minutes $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups water, 3 strips lemon peel, 3 inches stick cinnamon, 10 whole cloves. Strain, add 1 bottle California Claret wine, and heat (do not boil). Serve hot, flecked with nutmeg, 10 servings



Is there a pipeful of "Country Doctor" aboard?

Why, sure! And it's smooth and serene as a flight through the stratosphere. Cool and refreshing as a cloudless sky!
It's the Tops in Tobacco!

Country Doctor Pipe Mixture

The pipe-smoker's ECONOMY-LUXURY



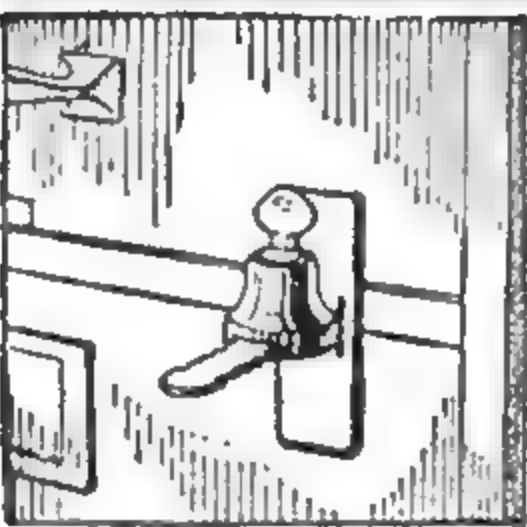
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Talking Shop with Esquire

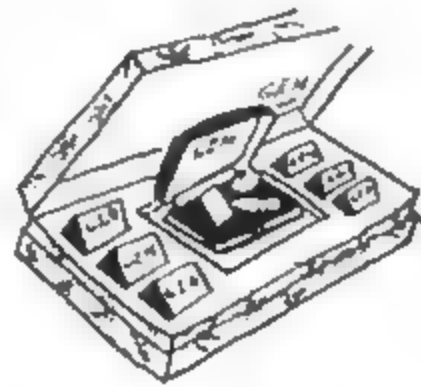


CONQUERING CAVEMEN. Domineering gents with atavistic tendencies will revel in a virile cologne packed in a ceramic bottle which is a replica of the caveman's club. Dark brown, bulbous and knotty, the bottle can



be converted into a lamp or vase when the fragrance is gone. Another double-use packet . . . cologne, talc and after-shave in a spun aluminum bucket with mahogany handles. Can be used for ice cubes later. Bottles are decorated with New York skyscrapers, and the tops are of aluminum to match the bucket. Lastly . . . an elegant set of cologne and lotion in a magnificent leather case of peccary pigskin—a reproduction of an antique knife box.

TWELVE MONTHS OF SHAVES. A honey of a gift. Gold plated micromatic razor with five blades plus six extra packages of blades all in a good looking gift box. Razor is one of those twist-it-open; twist-it-closed operations . . . all in one



motion. This set is the thing to give those five o'clock shadow guys.

STERLING FOR A LIFETIME. Those familiar ceramic toiletry sets with the double horse-head stoppers can now be had in hand-made sterling silver flagons. Either individual bottles, or handsome sterling silver presentation sets of two bottles (after shave and cologne) and a shaving bowl. Refills can be purchased.



FOR LAVING AND LIQUOR. Men's toiletry firm comes up with a giant sized bottle of cologne in a container so handsome it can be used, when emptied, to hold liquor. Bottles have huge wood knob tops, and are decorated in bright colors showing authentic English fox hunting scenes in a lacquer-like finish. Swell two-in-one gift idea.



Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

SHOE OF THE MONTH

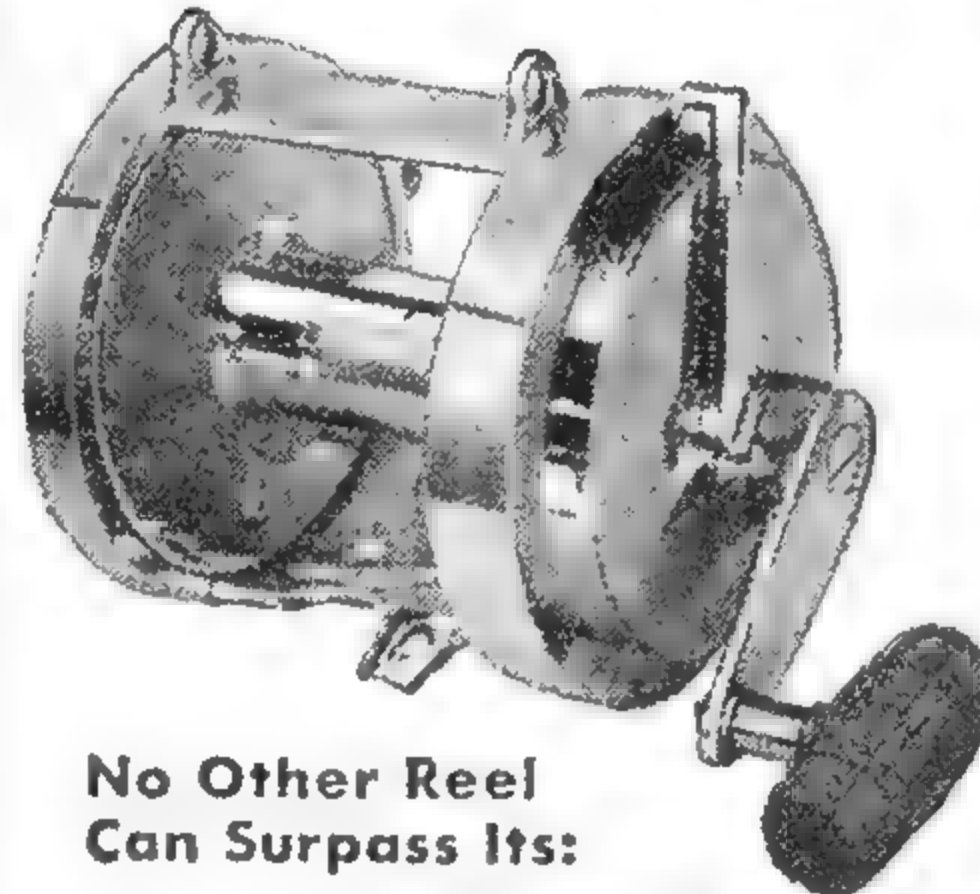
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Am sending \$9.50 (plus 25c for mailing).
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(that could mean
a laundryman)



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thru the woes of
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shorts?

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Talking Shop with Esquire



DISH OF TEA. Chaps in the service who were stationed in Britain, became confirmed tea drinkers.

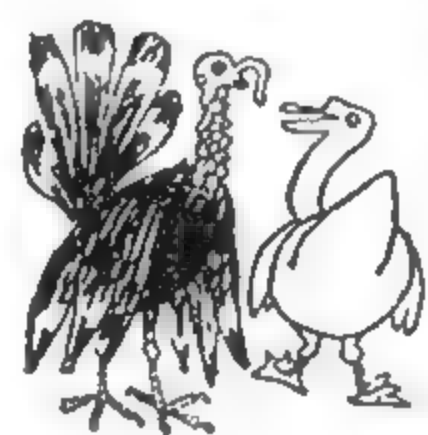


Why not send them a spot of fine China Congou (English breakfast tea)? Packed to keep its full bodied, fragrant flavor.

TALLY HO! Your horsey friends will get a kick out of a set of the new tally-ho glassware sets. Coolers, highballs, old fashioned, jiggers, etc., decorated in red, white and black hunting scenes. Excellent equipment for rumpus rooms and men's libraries. All glasses have safe edge rims, guaranteed against chipping. They'll take that banging around as nothing else you have does.



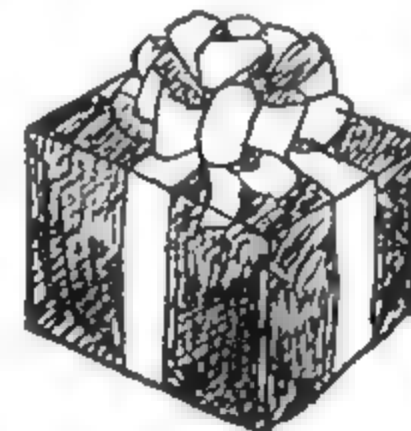
FIT FOR A KING... and a gourmet. Soul satisfying foie gras, made by a well known French caterer.



He takes chicken and turkey livers, pork fat and spiced herbs, packs them into an earthenware casserole, covers the top completely with a layer of fat to preserve it. Ships the stuff all over the country with

goodly success. Another Christmas sweetmeat... cordial fruities, sticks of fruit soaked in brandy or sherry. Comes in jars. And a delight from Texas, bars of almonds and pecans in gummy caramel-like syrup.

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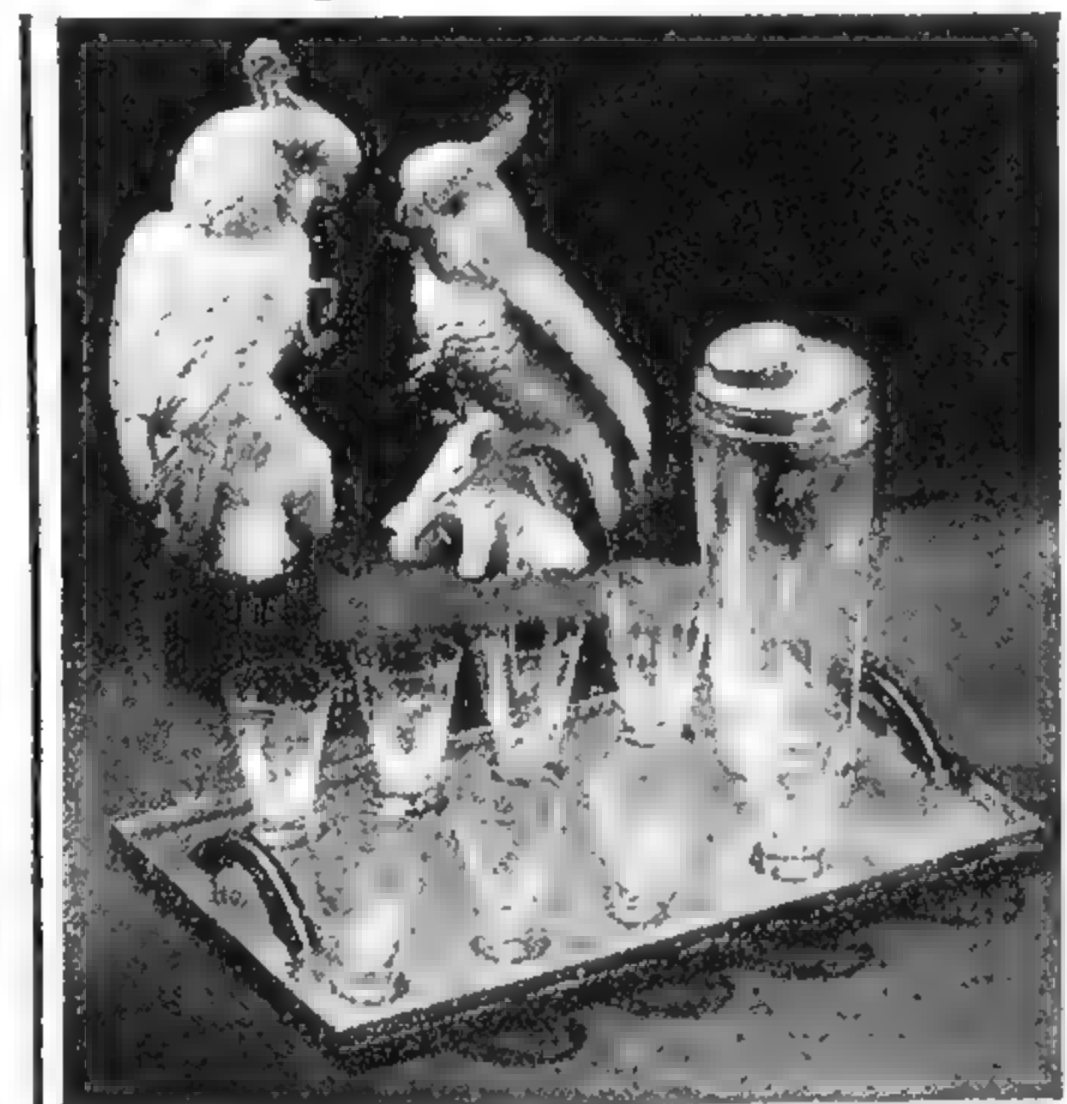
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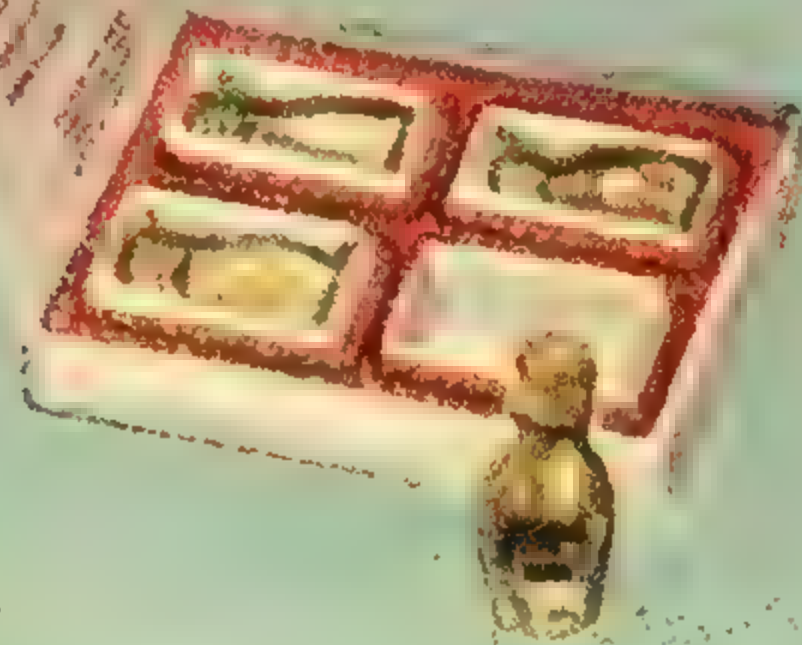


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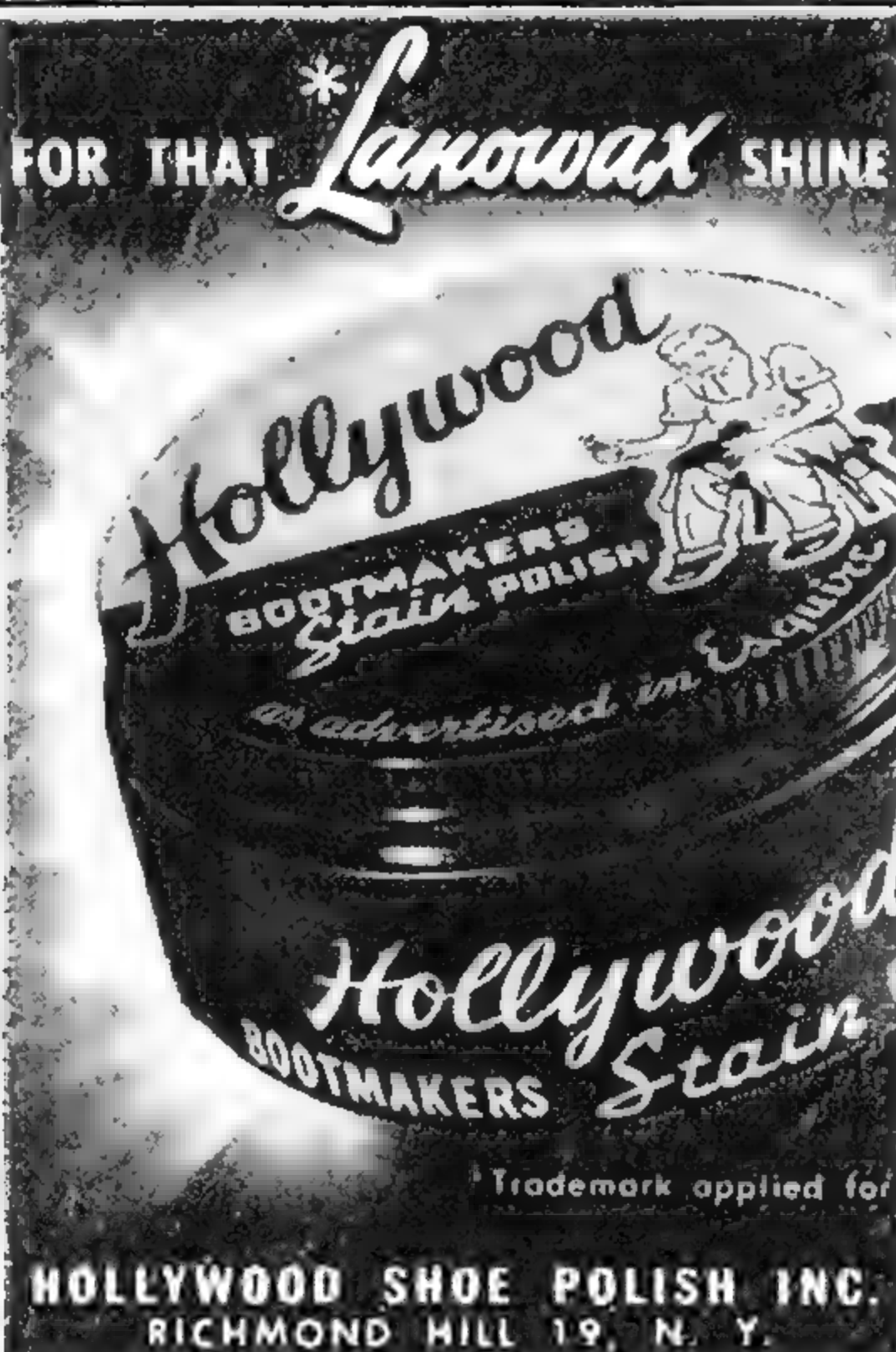
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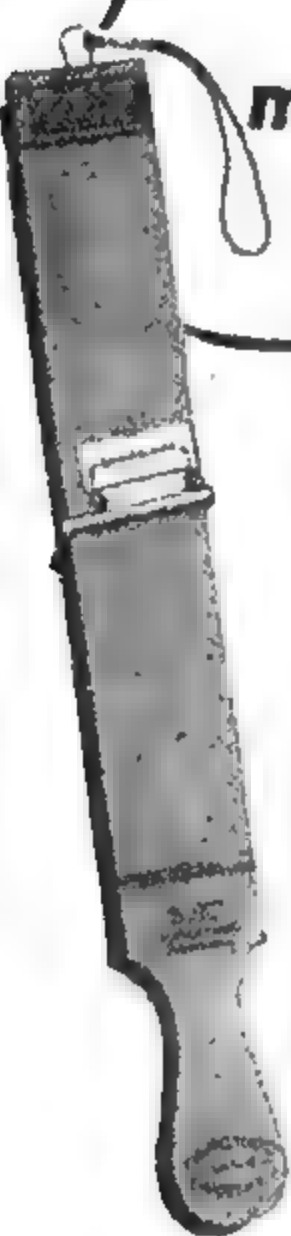
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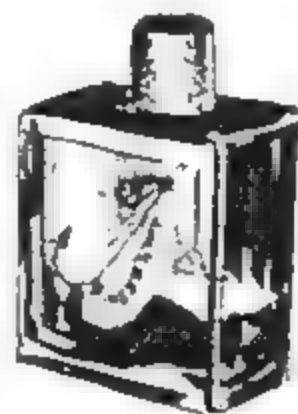


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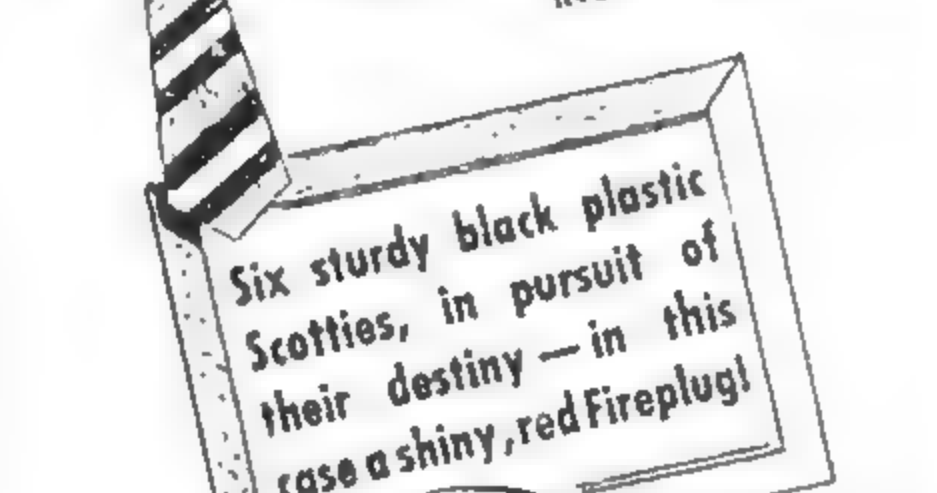
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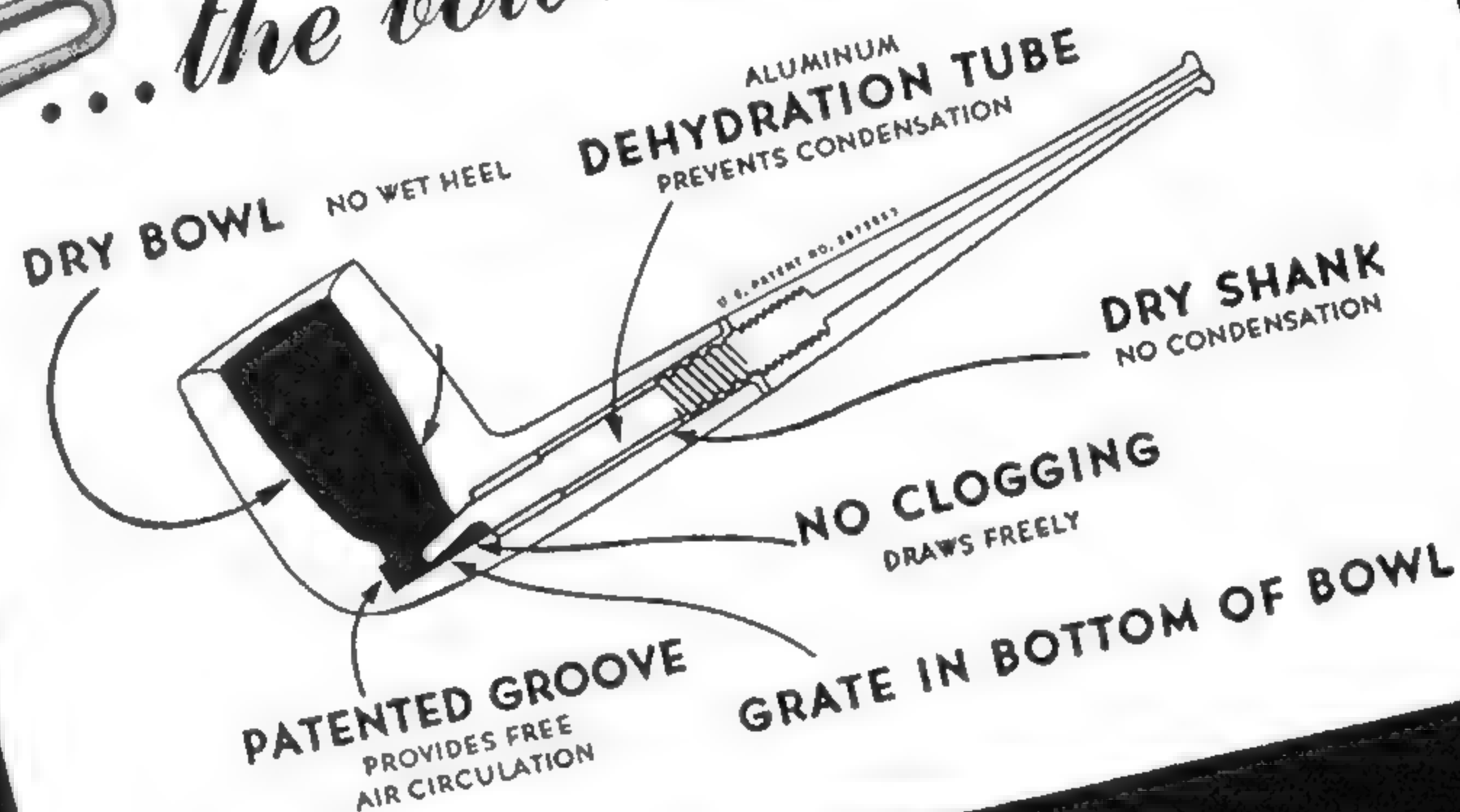
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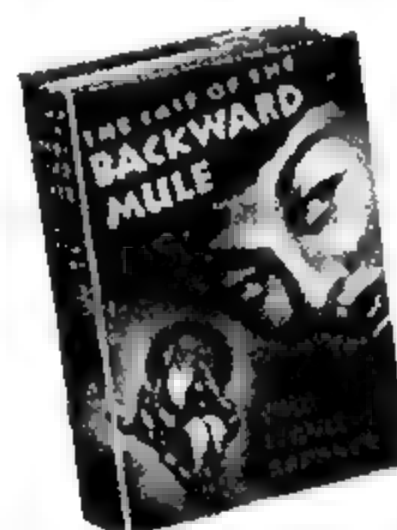
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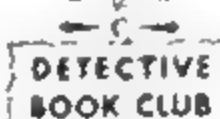
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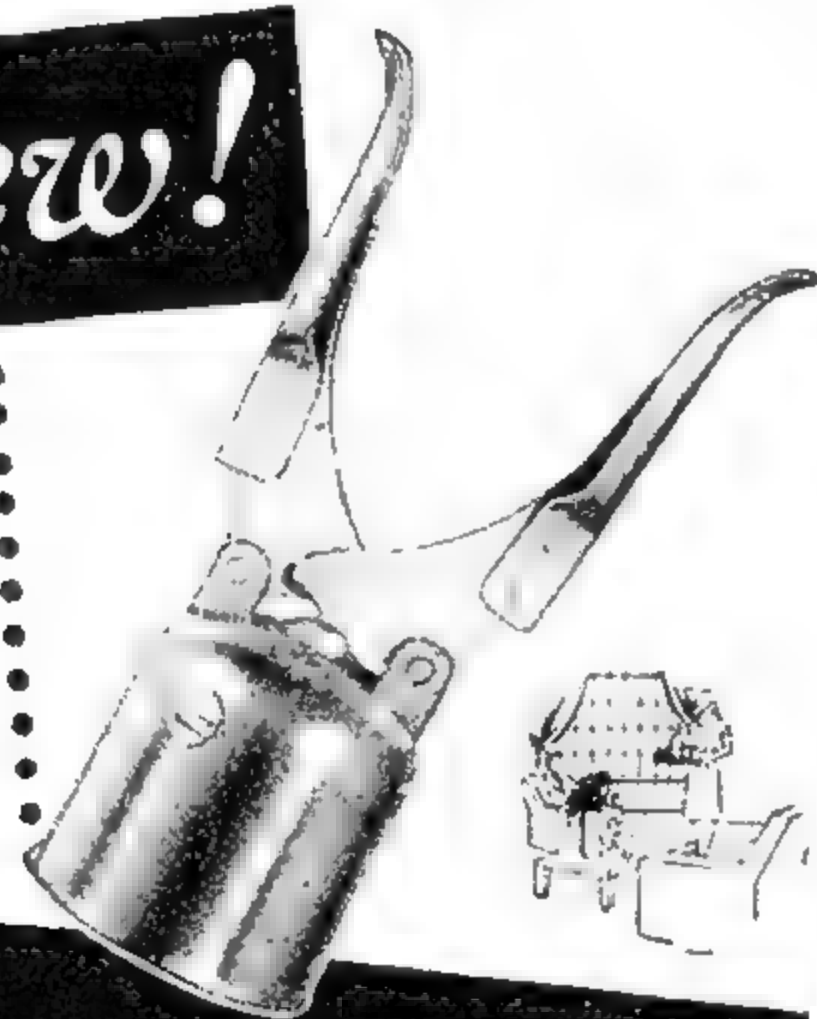
About
\$4.95

Say "Merry Christmas" to him with this luxurious cable stitch buttoned vest, knit of 100% Virgin Wool in white, beige, maize, blue, green and grey. Sizes small, medium, large. At your favorite men's shops and dept. stores. FREE—write for fascinating booklet telling how better sweaters are tested!

Vogue Knit of Phila., Inc.

KNITWEAR SPECIALISTS • 1316 ARCH ST., PHILA. 7, PA.

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A BOTTLE OPENER
WITH SEX APPEAL

CAP-OFF

THE BOTTLE OPENER
FOR MODERN LIVING

Both sexes will go for this safe, easy-to-use, bottle cap remover. A squeeze of the hand with CAP-OFF removes metal caps instantly, safely. No prying. No chance of injury. No chipped bottles. No fizzing shower baths. It's new... entirely different. Perfect for kitchen, bar or rumpus room. For sale at finer stores everywhere at \$2.50.

GIFT-BOXED

CAP-OFF comes packed in colorful see-through container. A welcome gift.

EAGLE INDUSTRIES, INC.
Subsidiary of Bowser, Inc.
110 North Franklin, Chicago 6, Ill.
A Product of Eagle Lock Company.

Talking Shop with Esquire



"STORMY WEATHER." For sportsmen, particularly golfers who brave the elements, come rain or come shine, a new feather-light water-proof jacket makes its bow. It's made of a new type rayon... the strongest material for its weight in existence, the makers claim. It's soft and supple, and completely water-proofed. Drawstring neckline, elasticized wristbands, snap fasteners... a joy to wear. Whole thing comes rolled into a 7"x10" waterproof case.

"CALL ME MIST-ER." An all weather coat is dubbed the Mist-er... get it? Doubles in brass for weather fair or foul. Tailored to a T like a smart fly-front chesterfield, poplin-lined, zelan treated throughout. Another weather-resistant postwar product is the sports jacket with an interlining of fiberglass. Same stuff used during the war to keep sub-zero cold out of military aircraft. Lining is purported to be warmer and lighter than sheepskin; and because of its lightness, allows considerable streamlining in the tailoring. Mothproof, moisture proof linings.

SANDAL-SCUFFS. Few things rival the heel-less scuff for round

the house wear. Likewise the all-popular sandal for beach wear. A certain manufacturer has combined both features and produced the sandal-scuff in brown or natural leather. Open toe with cut-out effect, smart buckle and strap with scuff back.

PERSONALLY YOURS. 1947 version of a man's signet ring is $\frac{3}{8}$ " wide with raised monogram of two large block initials flanked by an interesting diagonal-stripped design. In sterling or 14 kt. gold... made for the distaff side, too.



COLLECTOR'S PIECE. One of Manhattan's leading opticians has designed a charming gift for music lovers... an old gold damask spectacle case made from the great gold drop curtain which hung in the Metropolitan Opera House from 1905 to 1940. First of the spectacle cases went to Lily Pons who bowed the old curtain out in her performance of the Barber of Seville in 1940.



Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Made-to-measure
Clothes for Men



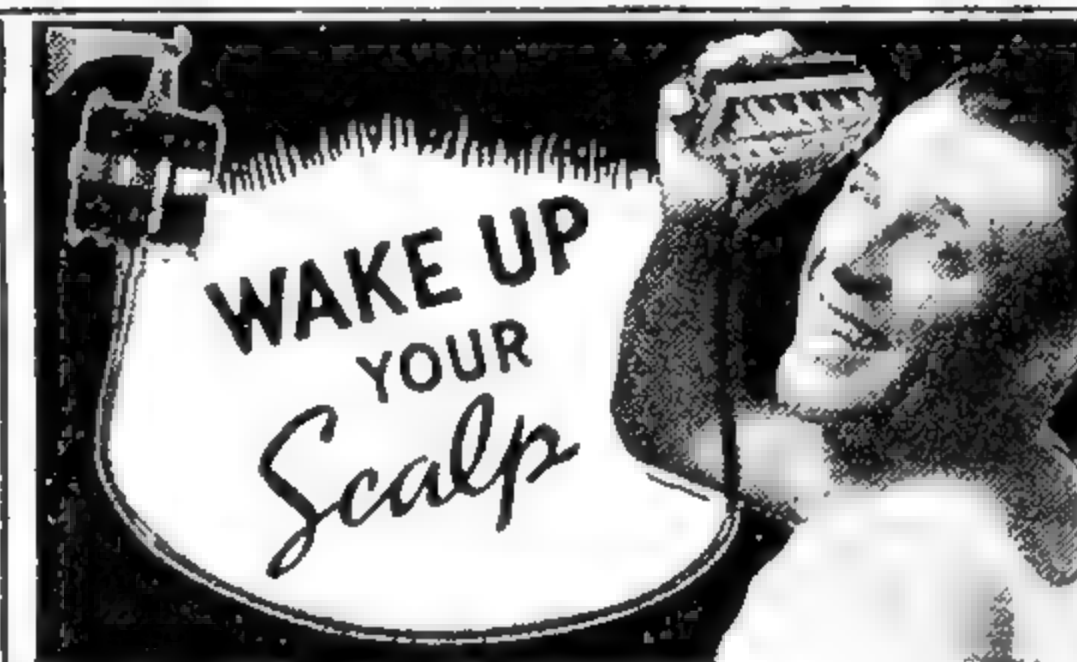
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TAILORING COMPANY
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ATHLETE'S FOOT
and BLISTERS with

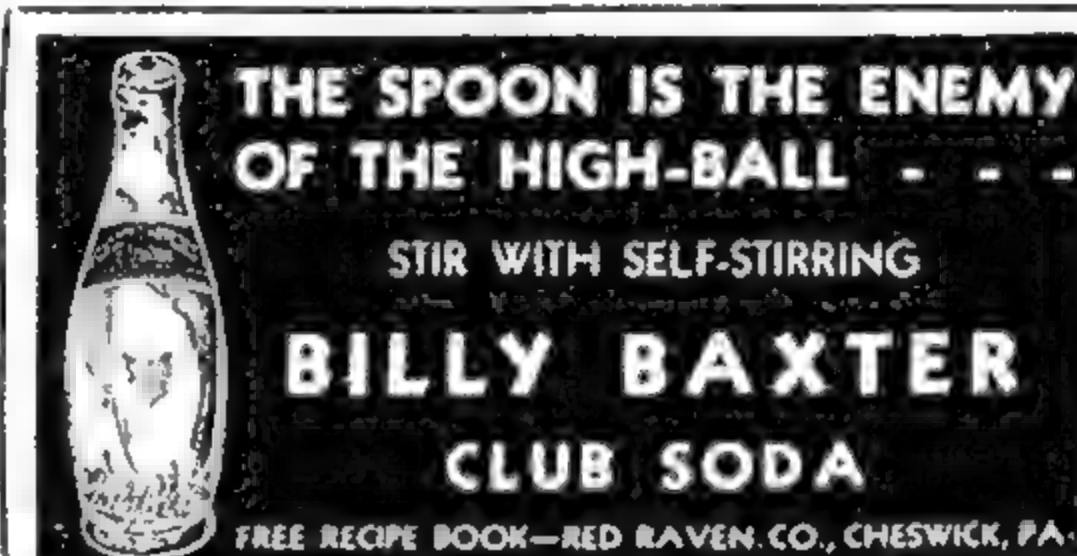
100
DALE VENT-O-SOLE
MED. W.T.
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U. S. Army and British Govt. bought millions. Woven plastic shoe ventilator flows air under feet—helps prevent infection, keeps feet dry, aids shoes of perspiration. Retards fungal. Guaranteed. Or for heavy duty (\$1.25) for sport shoes. Dale Vent-O-Sole, Inc., 15 Halleck St., Newark 1, N. J.



BE FAIR TO YOUR HAIR

Want better-looking hair? Want to avoid embarrassment of falling dandruff scales? Itching scalp? Then you need a Vitabrush and you need it now! Doctors and competent scalp authorities have long recommended brushing... vigorous, frequent, regular brushing as the approved and sensible way to care for the hair. Vitabrush gets your scalp really clean and stimulates life-giving blood supply in your scalp. Not a vibrator, but an electric powered brush. Takes only 3 minutes a day. Restful. Pleasant. Write now for information and satisfaction-guaranteed offer. Hershey Mfg. Co., 179 South La Salle St., Chicago.



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OF THE HIGH-BALL...
STIR WITH SELF-STIRRING
BILLY BAXTER
CLUB SODA
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\$40, \$20,
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If your dealer can't supply them, send to

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Backed by
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gained in over
100 years
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*"The Blend
of Experience"*





Come Christmas morning you'll be well rewarded for your thoughtfulness when your gift to him is SWANK. The grateful gleam in his eye says more surely than "Thank you" that both you and your choice have found favor.

Illustrated are only a few of the bountiful array of SWANK accessories he will wear and appreciate the year round. And although the range is wide in price and purpose, all have that perfect touch of "rightness" which is the SWANK hallmark.

Matched Diagonal Rib Links and Tie Klip Set, 1/10 10Kt. Gold Filled \$20.00

Diagonal Rib Knife, 1/10 10Kt. Gold Filled \$10.00

Carlton Wallet \$7.50

Other Swank brand sets to \$200





don't fight, boys and girls... one day soon Jantzen will be making enough of these wonderful sweaters, so that you can have as many as you want. In the meantime, be kind to your favorite retailer... he's just as anxious as you are to get more of them for you. They're as perfect as they look, very high-powered affairs, all the finest 100% virgin worsted wool. Sweaters "Totem" and "Ski King" are 9.95. "Touche" is 10.95... at most stores.

Jantzen
sweaters

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Designs Patented

Give 18 like this...



all in one bottle of Daisy-Fresh Martinis !

HIRAM WALKER'S ready-to-serve Dry Martini is *the* gift for the proudest mixers you know.

An expert gift...for experts who demand the *daisy-fresh* tang of a just-mixed Martini.

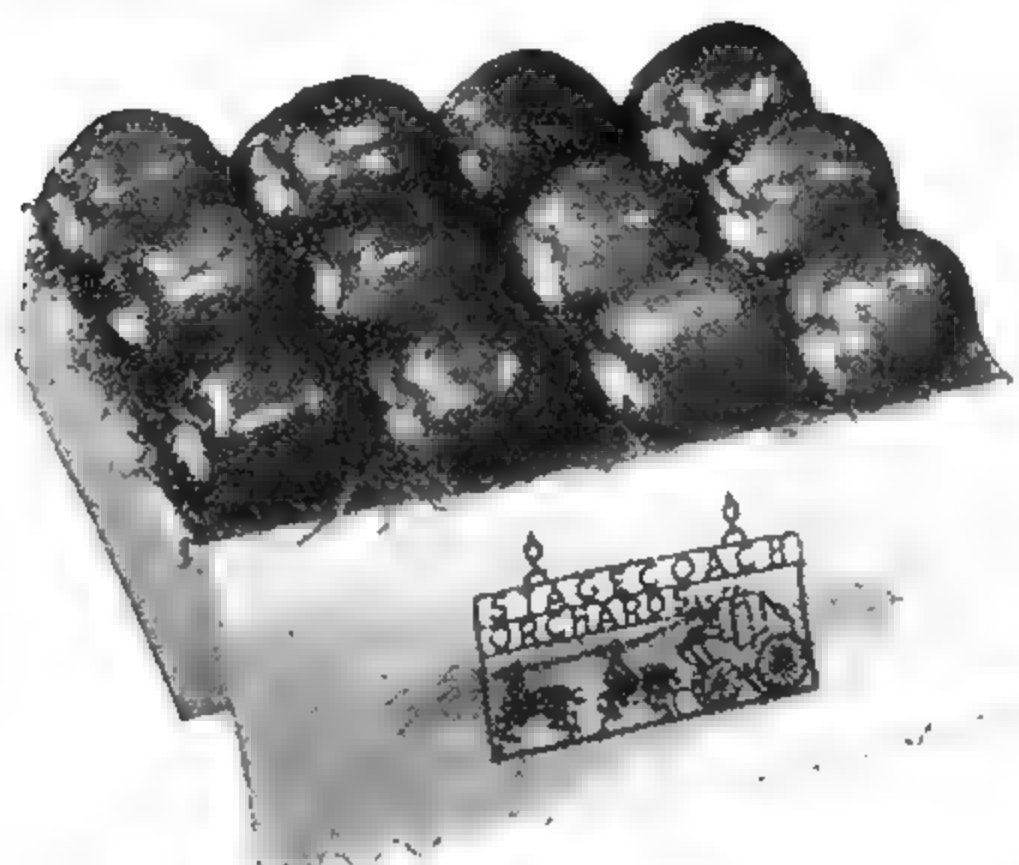
Made from one of the world's finest gins and a great vermouth *and* by experts, Hiram Walker's Martinis are this good: *the best mixers are their greatest admirers!* Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

Hiram Walker's **dry martini**



... the ready-to-serve Martini that tastes *daisy-fresh*. Just stir with ice

66 proof



Give RARE FRUITS

Giant, crisp "Delicious" Apples

Huge, crunchy, ruby-red beauties! Crisp as an Oregon dawn... yet full of that sweet tingling juice which only choicest "Delicious" apples are blessed with. Big luxury box above sent direct from my Stagecoach Orchards. Express prepaid **\$2.95**

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Thrill your friends and loved ones with this year-round parade of the finest of rare fruits.

Start with these crunchy, giant "Delicious" apples (Feb.). Then come magnificent D'Anjou pears (Mar.), luscious jams and jellies (Apr.), mouth-watering candied fruit treats (May), big juicy Bing cherries (June), succulent, palm-ripened dates (July), giant Siskiyou pears (Aug.), mammoth Hale peaches (Sept.), gorgeous ruby-red "Delicious" apples (Oct.), world-famed DuCombe pears (Nov.), gorgeous 25-lb. "El Grande" gift fruit basket (Dec.). Mail your order today.

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During the war we made these fine boots for men in the service only. Now we can make them for everyone who wants to enjoy their comfort and good looks. Many former Army and Navy men are now re-ordering. These boots are made in black or brown, with choice calf vamps and kid uppers. Write us today for price and instructions for ordering.

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To win consistently at poker, you must know the mathematics of the game. Poker Coach, with a twist of the dial, gives you the probabilities of improving your hand, helps you know when to open, pass, call, raise, or get out. Easy to grasp and remember. Also shows chances of throwing any number in dice. Send for yours now. A swell gift, too. Money back if not satisfied. Perrygraf Corp., 1500 Madison St., Maywood, Ill.

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Talking Shop with Esquire



EXECUTIVE'S "MAN FRIDAY."

Look on any tycoon's desk... you're liable to find a handsome gilt and leather-bound Record Book. In addition to being an appointment book, there's a 200 page section of important, up to date data such as a reference list of the best hotels in each city, with names and sizes of rooms available for meetings; road mileages between principal cities of the U. S. and Canada; air fares and railroad passenger rates between hundreds of cities; a list of stocks which have paid dividends continuously for 50 years or more; chart showing open seasons for hunting and fishing for all states... even the amount of the license fee.



PICTURE SIGNATURE. We're always interested in success stories. A vet just out of the navy, has developed a unique and clever business. He takes your signature (official or nickname) and works it into some pictorial form, an animal, bird or what have you... your own personal trade mark. The picture signature comes mounted on cardboard so that you can trace the trademark, or learn to draw it yourself. As a further ramification of the idea, he will also put your pic-sig onto cocktail napkins, coasters, match folders or stationery. Here's a

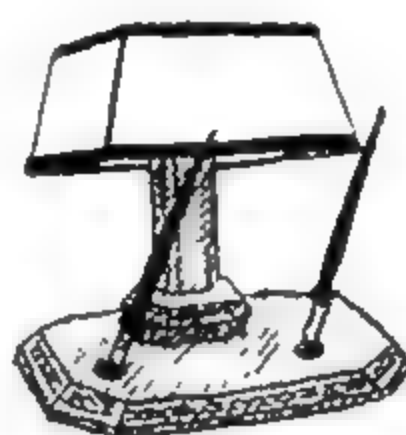


distinctive idea for Christmas gifts for your friends.

CAMERA PHONOGRAPH. A triumph of condensation is a portable phonograph which nestles into a leatherette covered metal case which looks like a folding camera. Case measures 11" in height, 4" in width and 2" in depth; weighs around 4 pounds, yet plays 10 and 12" records with one winding of the spring motor! Swell present to give the kids at school... and very inexpensive, to boot.

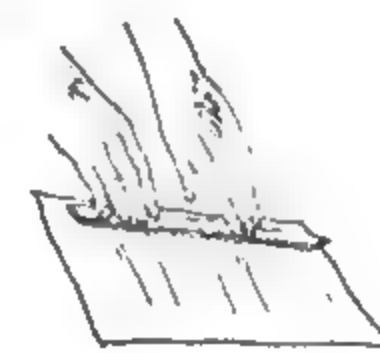


IT'S A LAMP... IT'S A PEN SET. Another item for Big Execs... the hand tooled leather combination lamp and penholder set.



Shade of the lamp is of antiqued parchment, a new kind of fibreglas plastic which is impervious to heat and moisture, and can be cleaned with soap and water.

EXEC PENCIL. Back again after several years is the collapsible gold or silver pencil which pulls out into a 12 inch ruler. In its folded form, this mechanical pencil gem measures 4 1/2".



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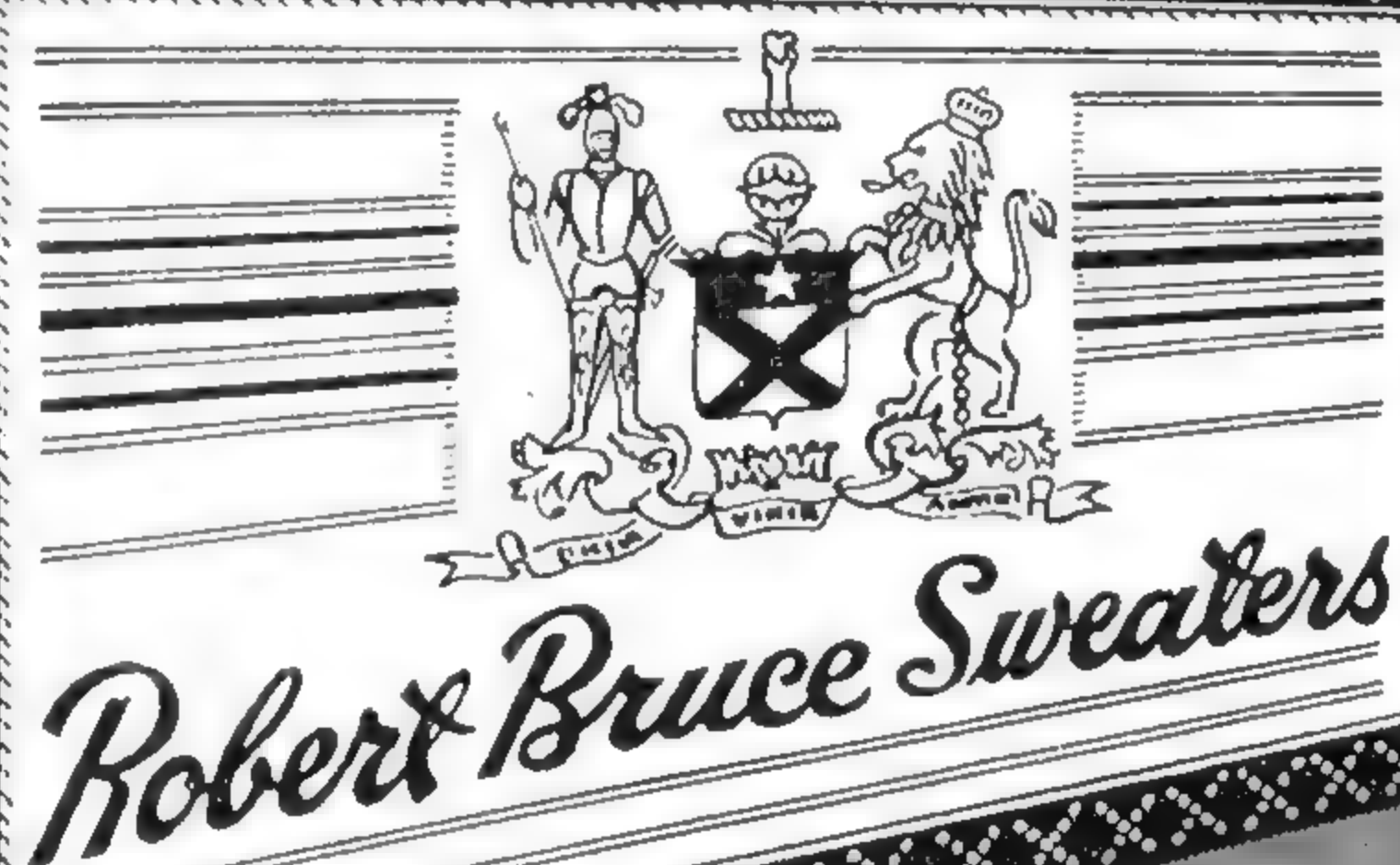
CORTINA ACADEMY (Established in 1882)
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Robert Bruce Sweaters
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*the Top name in cordials
is at the Bottom of the bottle*

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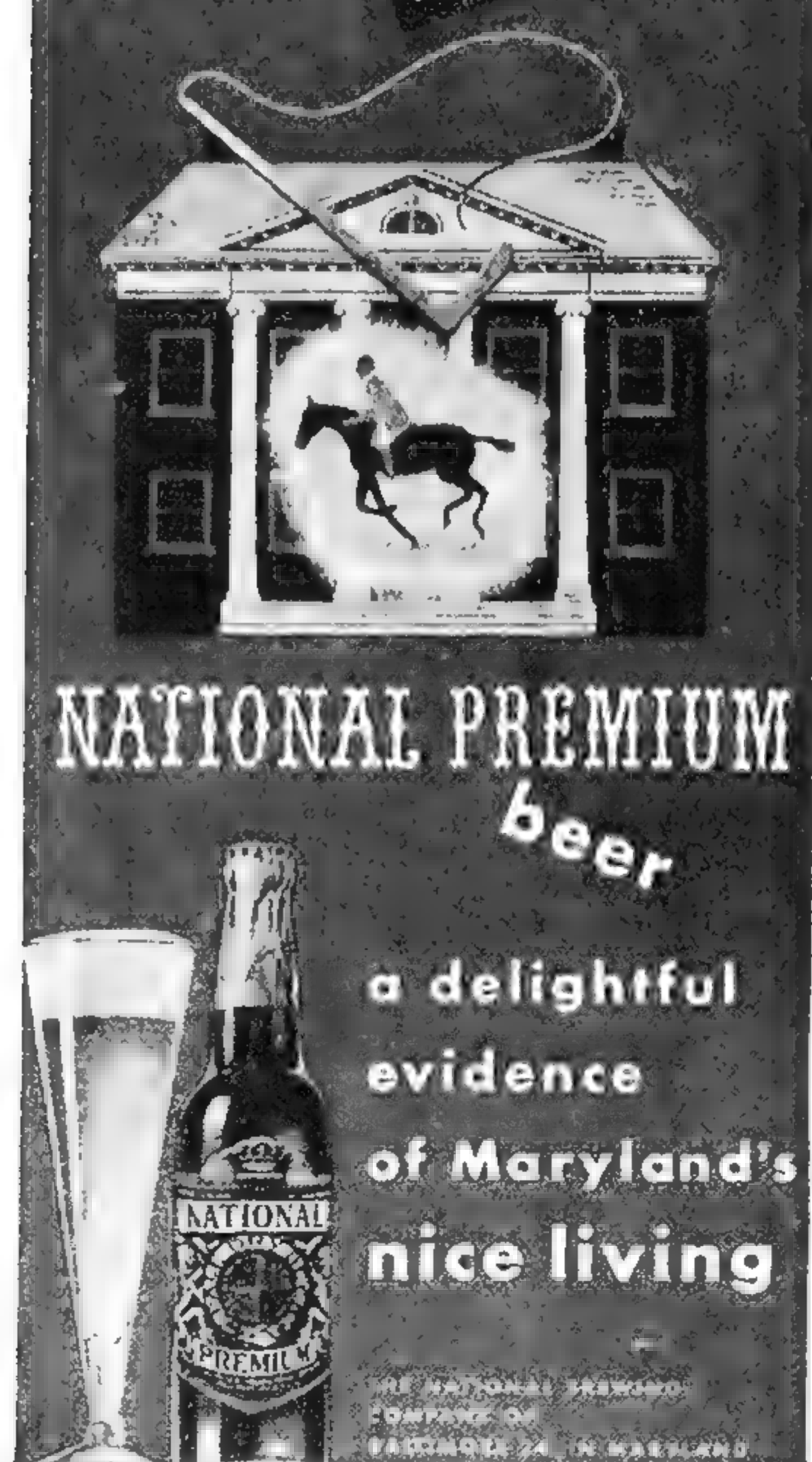
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independent beer

Not how much...
but how well

On menus of
the finer places

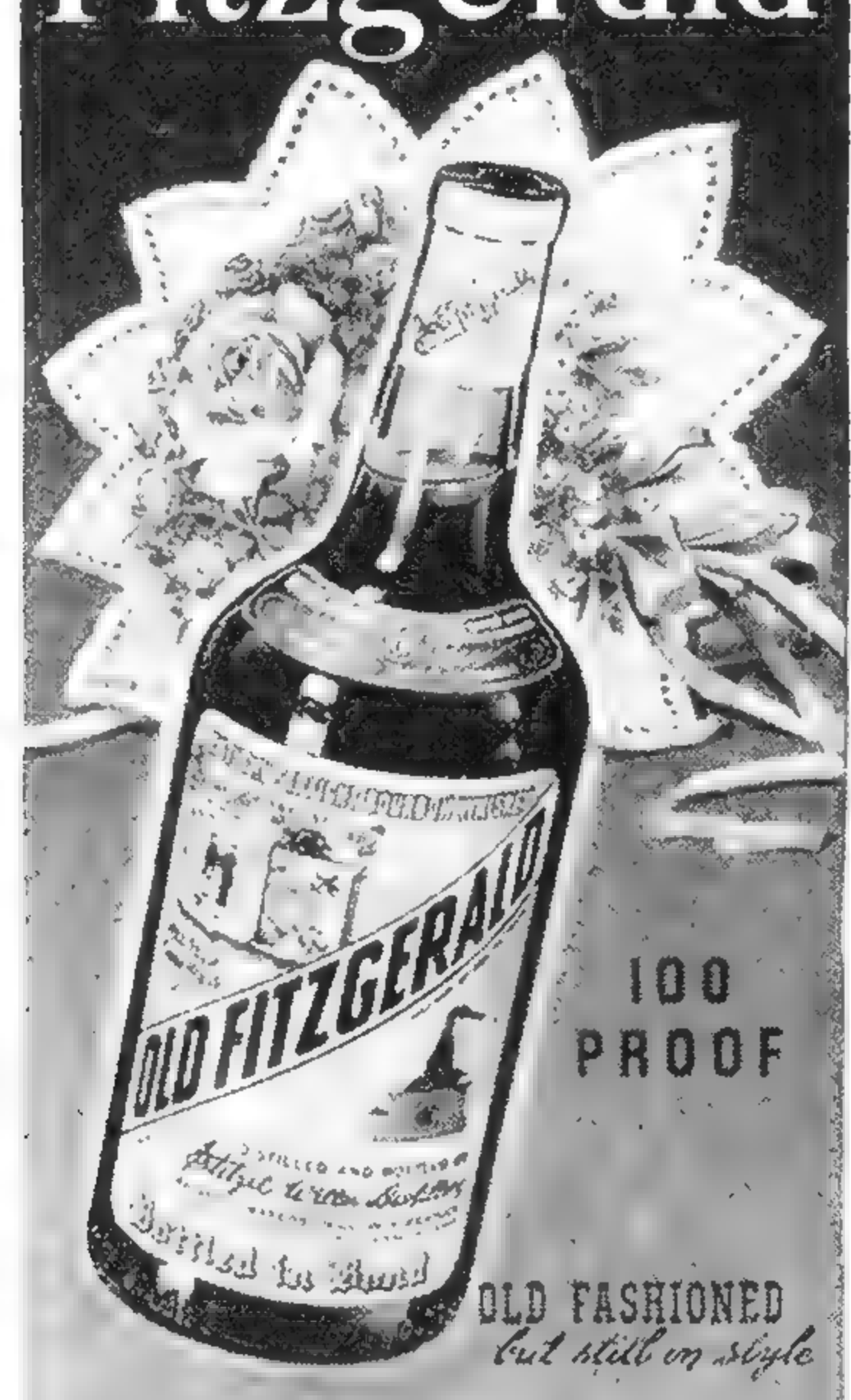


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OLD FASHIONED
but still on style

Bottled in Bond

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY

STITZEL - WELER DISTILLERY, INC.
SHIVELY, KENTUCKY

Painting the Town with Esquire



THAT remarkably unrugged hostelry the St. Regis (one of the juiciest plums in Vincent Astor's real estate pie) is serving up lissome Carol Lynne on ice in its glitterous Iridium Room with a weaving line of gals as garniture. Dance music honors are fifty-fiftied by the orchestras of Paul Sparr and Hammond organ riffer Theodora. From his stance upon the steps of entry, menu generalissimo John (suavissimo) Kroll supervises the platter pageantries and wine-bucket mobilizations. Down underground in the Maisonette, which has donned a new décor, diners and supperers are snared from their tables by the rhythms of George Koch and The Four Stars. This room is beneath the Iridium only as regards location—socially it maintains the same altitude.

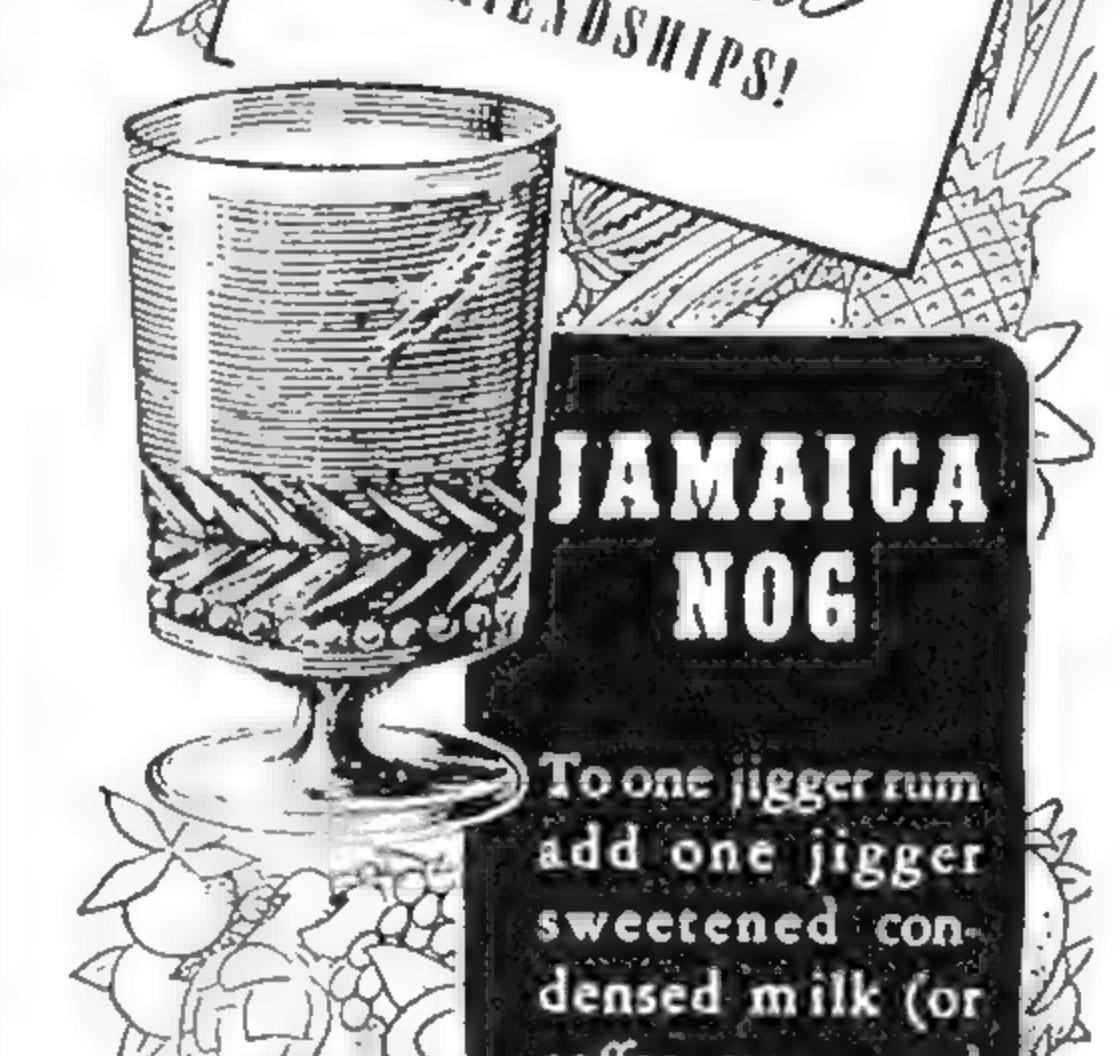
COFFEE has to search hard to find crannies to fit into after a meal at Bob Olin's (128 West 58th), a restaurant which, in existence less than a year, is jammed noons and evenings with sports scribes, theatre and radio personalities, and other members of this ex-prize-ringer's acquaintance circle. His steaks, chops, roast beef, and sea trove bear testimony to the fact that he didn't get to be light heavyweight champion of the world on rabbit food... Late departers

from the Stockholm (27 West 51st) would feel nude-pated if they lacked a nightcap by white-coater Sven... Terrible scarcity of sitting room in the musical chairs game at the Village Barn (22 West 8th), where hobby-horse jockeys wear nylons.

COCONUTS to you!—with liquor in them, at the Hotel Lexington's Hawaiian Room. For clingers to Early American tonsil traditions the Revere Room (Hi-yo Silver-smith!) has rum drinks that rouse the countryside... December 12th incomers at the capacious 400 Restaurant (43rd and Fifth Ave.): Tex Beneke leading the Glenn Miller band—first "on location" appearance in New York since band was reorganized after the death of Major Glenn Miller. Latin rhythms in this young-crowded cavern are bestirred by Monchito and crew as heretofore... Shiver our timbers if we've heard saltier singing than that of chanteyman Paul Villard up in Anthony Mele's crow's nest, Le Ruban Bleu, which is filled with night hawks. As for that Jane Dulo ga!, with her hilarious ditties and sketches, she has us howl-groggy and able to use every bit of the rest-and-sip period for breath-catching before sepians Day, Dawn and Dusk cut loose with their rhythm-singing antics.

For information about any hotels, restaurants, or night clubs, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y., enclosing self-addressed stamped envelope for reply.

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TO Warm
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JAMAICA NOG

To one jigger rum
add one jigger
sweetened condensed milk (or
coffee cream and
sugar.) Ice well,
shake till frothy

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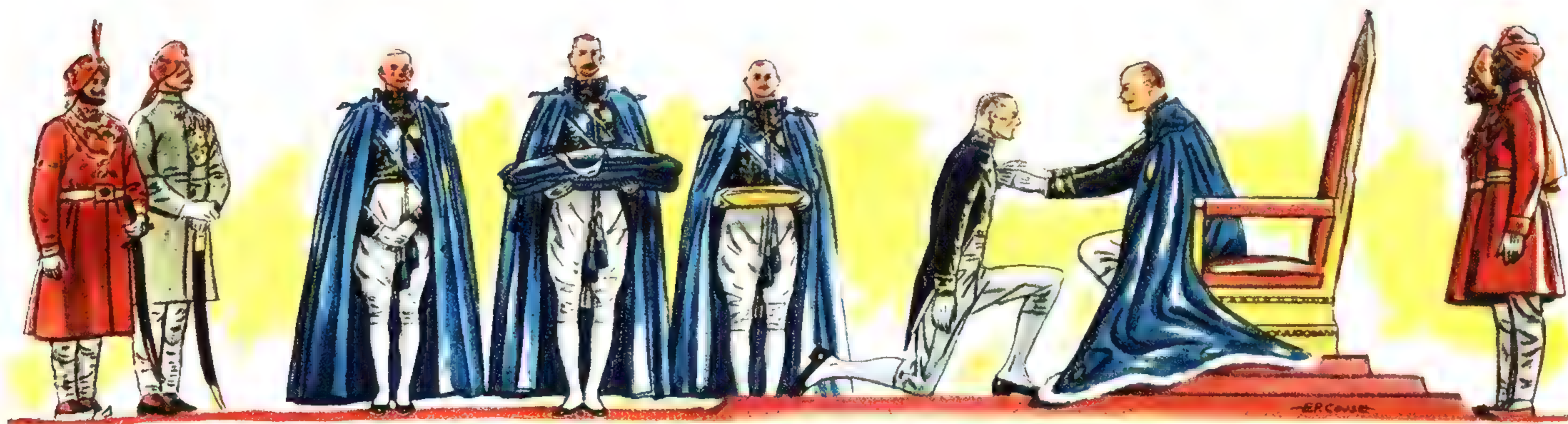
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A leading skier designed it . . . a top-notch tailor fashioned it! Material, workmanship, every detail shouts "Quality." Yes! Even the six Talon slide fasteners that give it streamlined neatness are the finest to be found. But here is the startling fact: This same Talon fastener, that you expect to find in a \$150 ski suit, is actually so inexpensive you can enjoy its quality advantages in a jacket costing as little as \$2.95. Conclusion: Whether you spend a lot or a little, you'll find extra value under the trademark "Talon." Talon, Inc., Meadville, Pa.

\$150 ski suit or \$2.95 jacket, the Talon slide fastener adds extra value to each!

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THE QUALITY SLIDE FASTENER

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G.H. Mumm & Co.

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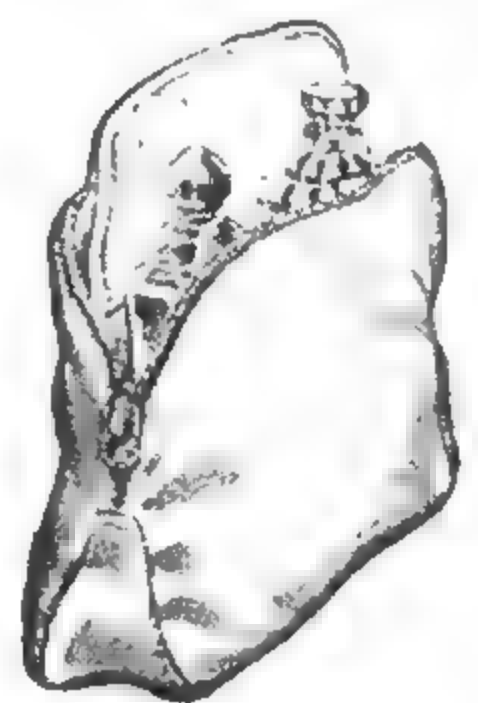
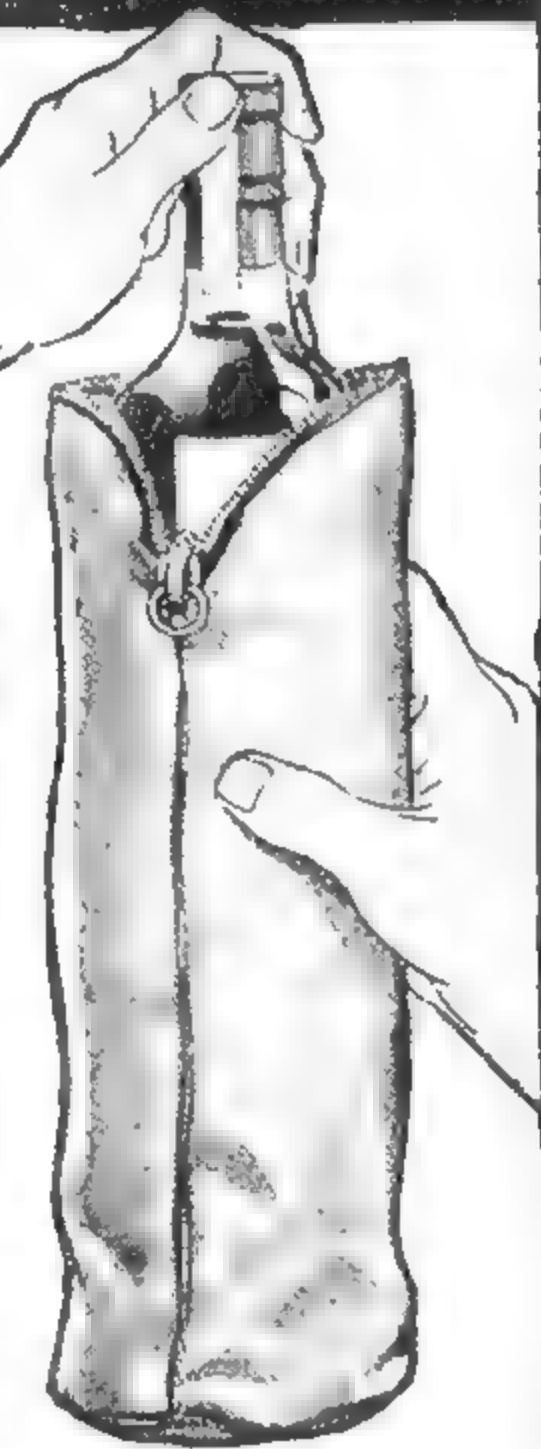
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liquids—liquor, hair
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Highly absorbent
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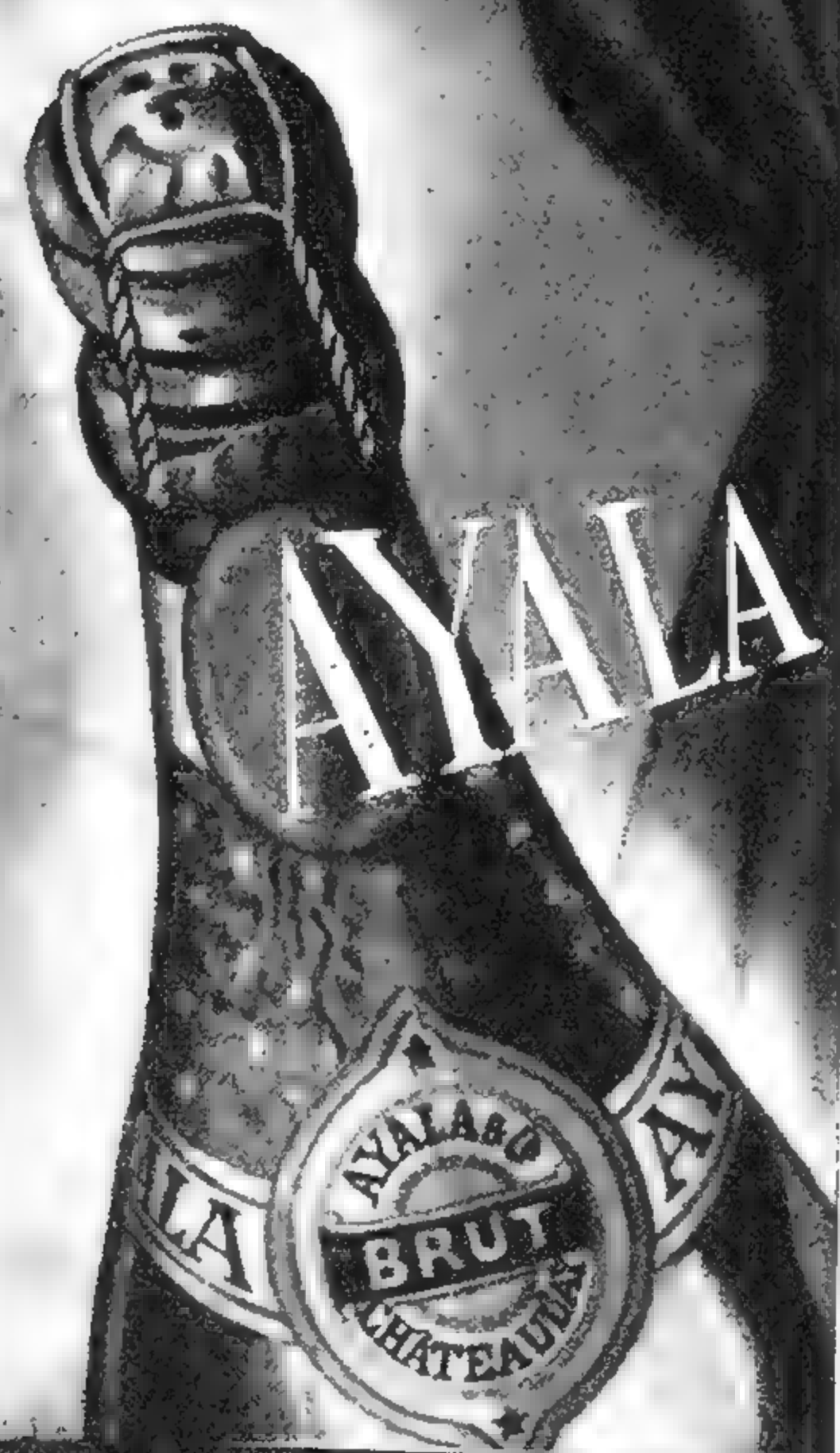
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FULFILMENT of splurge urge at the Versailles is so solid it seems like investment. The room's Dorothy Draper décor, featuring deep-dish sculptings in the paneless show-window manner, encases an atmosphere in which one inhales elegance and, after straightening one's tie, exhales it too. Service is of a superiority made possible by the fact that highly competent waiter-captains are on the alert in all sectors. The one to whose care your welfare is entrusted takes your food order and your wine order and dispatches your waiter; keeps within hail or beckon while waiter is away; carves and serves; makes salad; if crêpes Suzette are commanded, shines as bonfireman. Versailles fodder is as glorious as it looks, each mouthful proclaiming chef Alfred Legrange a benefactor of the human fang. Hoofs have an influential friend in maestro Emil Petti. Hips flick to the click of Panchito and his rumbas. And for the mind there's Dwight ("Bedside Aesop") Fiske with confidential fables at the piano in the privacy of the spotlight.

LATIN QUARTER owner Lou Walters, much touched by the fervor with which the public has flocked to this theatre-restaurant to see plug-hatted Ted Lewis, is preparing a new holiday edition of the Latin Quarter revue, to be unwrapped four days before Christmas. Good wishes will include Georgie Tapps terping out tapagrams, decorum demolisher Dick Buckley, and the colorful Chandra Kaly dancers. The rest

of the package is just girls, girls, girls.

FROM the crowds welcoming the return of Vaughn Monroe to the Century Room of the Hotel Commodore, you'd think this stalwart record maker and breaker had just blown in, instead of with the autumn leaves weeks and weeks ago . . . Do you doodle while others dawdle over their demitasses? Does an expanse of white tablecloth coax the pencil out of your pocket? Do dishes and glasses cramp your inspiration? Then choose the Crest Room (56 East 56th) as your studio. The headwaiter there will, if requested, supply you with an exclusive doodle napkin whereon you can prove yourself a restaurant Rembrandt.

LUSTY-LUNGED Les Elgart, Boy Scout bugler who grew up to lead an orchestra with his "singing trumpet," certainly started something when he reared that toot-utensil in the Hotel New Yorker's Terrace Room a little over two months ago. It was the signal for a collegian invasion in dribs and drabs which are now droves. Don't be surprised if you see this hotel's prexy Frank L. Andrews, in gown and mortarboard, presiding over a planting of ivy in front of the bandstand . . . Many are the nourishment and moistenment facilities of the Ritz-Carlton, but you can't claim all-over acquaintance till you've descended belowground to George's Bar, wellspring of authentic Manhattans duly bit-tered. No caser could ask for a tastier bracer.

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Painting the Town with Esquire



UNABLE to shake off the good provider habit, host impressario Barney Josephson has bestowed upon his Café Society Uptown (128 East 58th) frequenters a burst of entertainment which has beauty, balance, and bounce. Blonde young Patricia Bright does impressions of famous and anonymous femmes, no punches pulled. Petite, pert, brunette dancer Dorothy Jarnac romps and capers in routines of the old oaken bucket era, while sepien chanteuse Hope Foye sets the moods. He-man singing of a free and easy sort is dispensed by big booming balladeer David Brooks. Gagster Jack Gilford starts quietly and builds up to guffaws. The orchestra of Ed Hall, than whom no one plays hot with greater dignity, and Dave Martin's trio, keep the place jive-conditioned. (To hear red-headed folk-songstress Susan Reed and sepiu comedian Timmie Rogers, you've got to hie south to Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Square.)

NEPHEWS of Uncle Samuel who have come back from Tokyo and thereabouts with an acquired liking for Japanese cookery of the *sukiyaki* sort, are re-contacting same at the Miyako Restaurant, 20 West 56th. Housed in a hand-me-down mansion done over with attractive Oriental décor, this establishment is a revival of the Miyako that flourished so many years at 340 West 58th. At English basement level there's a tidy bar lounge or temple of tipple. The dining room above has cooking equipment on every table so that your *sukiyaki* can be prepared before your eyes, to the intense interest of your nose. Thin slices of beef, chicken, or pork (whichever you've chosen) are tossed into the deep sizzle pan along with sliced onions, mushrooms, spinach, celery, bamboo shoots, and one white cube of curd per person. Soy bean sauce is poured over the proceedings and then chicken broth, which transforms frying into simmering. By the time your *sukiyaki* is served and set on a tray before you, you are ready to attack it with chop-sticks or face-saving fork. For preliminary practice, there's *tempura*, meaning shrimp

fried in batter (swell), and for irrigating the entire meal, American wines (even sweller).

SACRO-ILIAC sprains are to be had ecstatically to the strains of the Latin bands at Broadway's Havana-Madrid of Angel ("Call Me Señor") Lopez... Fiends for dominoes, with apéritifs on the side, are clacking the bones on the traditional marble-topped tables in the corner café of the Hotel Lafayette, University Place at 9th St. ... Turtles are in a tizzy over the way the stellar soup at Miller's Restaurant, 144 Fulton St., mocks them... That evening sun wouldn't dare go down if Rainbow Cocktail Lounge violinist William Adler weren't on hand to send it.

YOU DON'T know the sinister perils that sweet innocence is beset with till you see Diane Page do her "Dance of the Devil and the Virgin" at Jimmy Kelly's, where shut-eye hasn't a look-in... It's been 40 years since tomcats were dispossessed from Peter's Back Yard (64 West 10th) in favor of bricked-in snugness highlighted with table lamps made out of chianti bottles. But the snaring of a table is no easier today than it ever was, because this friendly little table d'hôte, with portly Peter still in charge, hasn't lost any of its cheeriness nor any of its gullet lures.

PLANNERS of New Year's Eve recreation projects had better book briskly lest they find themselves faced with a choice of staying home or strolling the streets. So if you've been a slug-gard while others clinched their tables, nail yours now. And don't forget that First Breakfast of 1947 rates event importance. The St. Moritz's Rumpelmayer restaurant, for example, stages a fast-busting affair which, growing year by year—this one will be the 16th—threatens to assume the proportions of a clambake crossed with a six-day bicycle race. It starts at 1:30 A.M., lasts till daylight, and on through brunch time and still onward till 3:00 P.M.—which leaves you nearly a year in which to get ready for number 17.

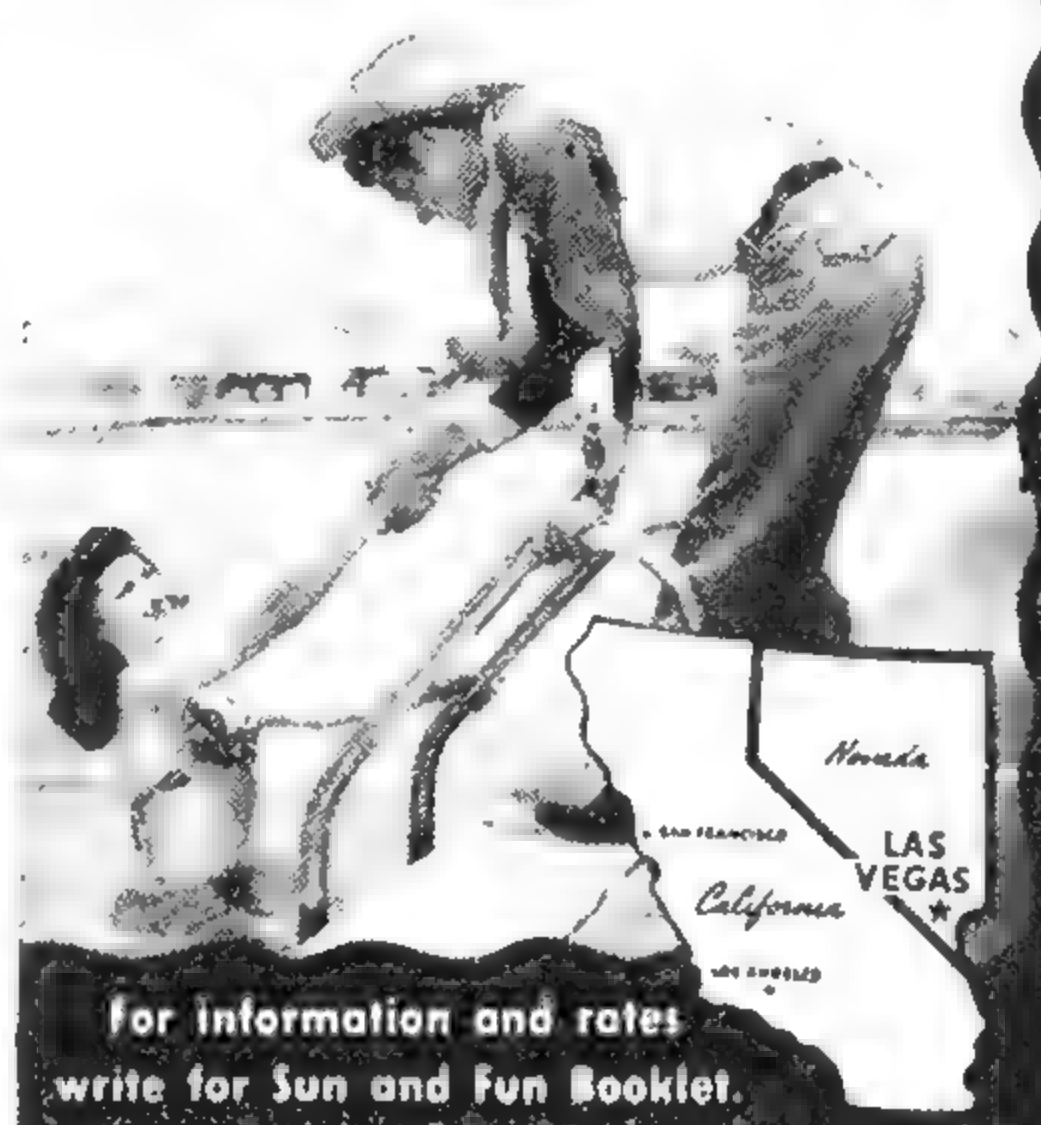
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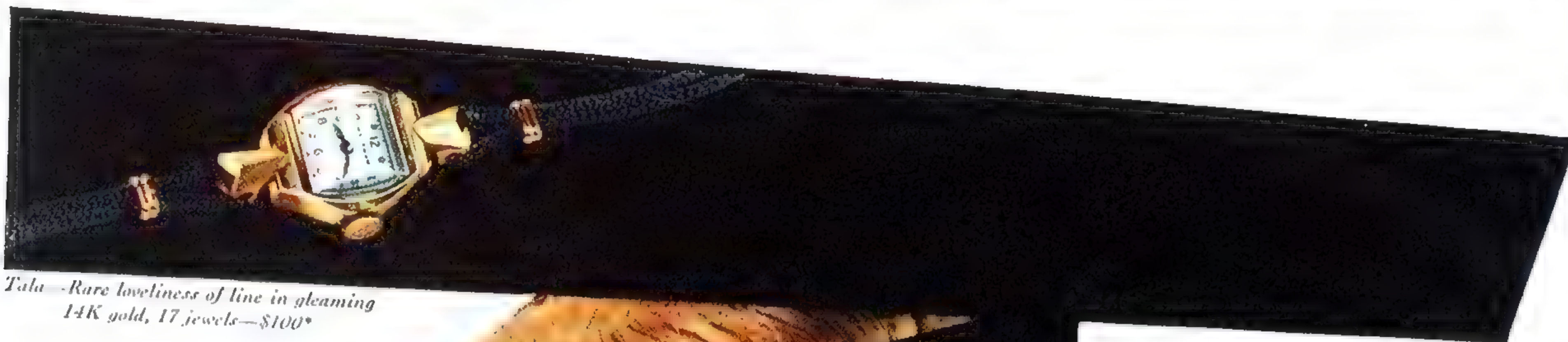
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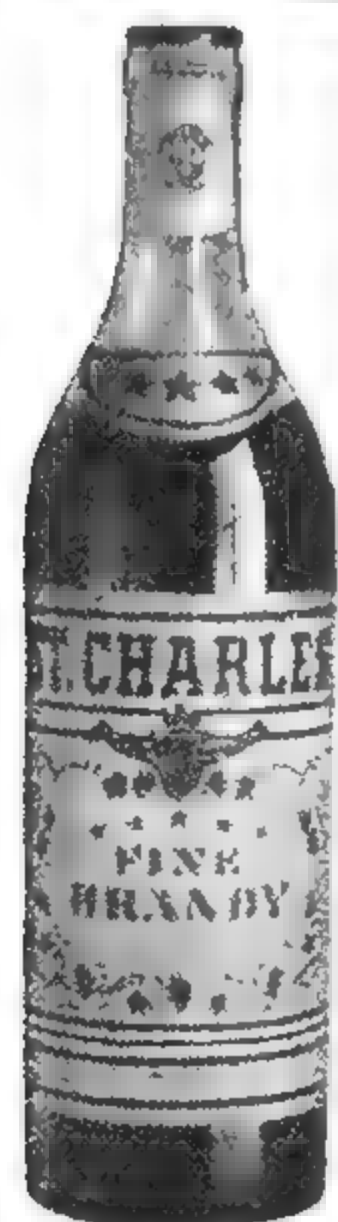
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Painting the Town with Esquire



UP TO HIS old tricks, and slicker at them than ever, ivory sorcerer Emil Coleman, using the bandstand of the Waldorf-Astoria's Wedgwood Room as base of operations, is turning men of substance into floaters. Mischa Borr and orchestra crop up betweenwhiles to prevent letdowns... Caviar from Russia and *pâte de foie gras* from Alsace are meal-starters at the Chateaubriand restaurant, 148 East 58th, which likewise flaunts Escargots Bourguignonne (snails from, and prepared in the manner of, Burgundy) and celery from Belgium, braised with marrow. By the time you've reached your brandy you can assure amiable Alex Hounie that you honestly feel nourished.

THE ZANZIBAR, it's Mr. Howard going hogwild, as usual in shopping for headliners, presents a big basket of them, topped with the Ink Spots and Thelma Carpenter. Then Peg Leg Bates, dancer and acrobat extraordinary and contagious gusto exponent. And other winners. And the bands of Eddie Vinson and Claude Hopkins. If symphony orchestras could be heated to Zanzibar tempo, there'd be a pair of those too... Opportunity of meeting Chicken Cantonese Supreme is one of the cultural advantages enjoyed by chow demolishers at Freeman Chum's, 142 East 53rd. But this dish, which host himself prepares—frying boned white meat in egg batter and adding piquant sauce of secret formula—isn't on menu, nor are dozens of other prides of his repertoire. You've got to ask him what masterpiece is begging to be born.

SCIENCE gluttons are convening at the Copacabana these evenings to get a load of the Joe E. Lewis system of turning woes into wows. When access to this

opulent basement is blocked, the Copa Bar, at street level, providentially affords fidget-soothing facilities. Boothed here in gala-canopied ease, with music to listen to, one may book accommodations for the next show below. So you're planning to heckle Mr. Lewis? Well, meanwhile don't stumble over that deflated little man crawling on all fours in desperate quest of outer darkness. He is somebody who did... Nicky Blair's great big theater-cabaret, The Carnival, happied up with the gold-getting gags of Milton Berle, has pulled itself together with a new decorative dream scheme from the noggin of Russell Patterson—same artist as before, but this time allowed to beggar description, if not Nicky.

PANCHO'S smart tempos are supplying the glide-propulsion in the Casino-on-the-Park of the Essex House, which has gone socialer and socialer since Vincent J. Coyle became its destiny guider... Anybody's a heavy loser if he bypasses the chummy little den of Tony Soma, 59 West 52nd, where Mabel Mercel sings hauntingly... Nothing picayune about the way Robert Maxwell gives up a tune on his harp at the Blue Angel (152 East 55th)... The Russian Kretchma (244 East 14th)—spot where those who've come for the food or the entertainment, or the dancing, settle for all three—is currently a balalaika frenzy-fest with one Sascha Polinoff wielding the pick. Comely canary Beverly Bava soars into the stratosphere. Gleb Yellin leads a good orchestra and no foolin'... Name difficulties resulting from the merger of Leon & Eddie's with Gilbert and Sullivan have been ironed out. It's still Leon & Eddie's. But that Gilbert and Sullivan medley with lyrics à la Eddie is rocking the town.

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Backstage with Esquire

★ The Esquire Gallery

J. FREDERICK SMITH, who actually managed to surpass himself when he created the twelve live and lissome beauties that comprise The Special 1947 Esquire Calendar, is married to Sheila Beckett, another artist. Smith spent the first twenty years of his life on an orange ranch in Southern California. He despised orange juice until he had moved to New York and learned to crave it, at twenty-five cents a glass. Seeing paintings by TOM HALL (as you will on pages 96 and 97) is almost like meeting the artist. For the casual, free-swinging style which distinguishes his work stems from his warm, easygoing personality. And whenever he needs a handsome, lean, masculine model he has only to look in the mirror. One of the struggling artists, Tom came up the bumpy road which starts in the shipping room of a large, catalog type of studio, and, in his case, has led to the pages of leading national magazines. The Halls and their small daughter live in a western suburb of Chicago in a comfortable old house formerly occupied by Ernest Hemingway, claim they find occasional fragments of the Hemingway beard in remote corners. Summers, they spend long week ends at their northern Wisconsin cottage. Next to art, Tom's passion is baseball and when



J. Frederick Smith

the Chicago Cubs are playing on their home grounds he takes prolonged leaves from his studio. Left-handed FRITZ WILLIS and right-handed JOE DE MERS work vis-à-vis in their Hollywood studio, sharing models and constructive criticism with admirable equanimity. Fritz Willis' cocker spaniel, Amber, is expecting pups, which will undoubtedly wag their way into illustrated juvenile fiction by both artists. Amber has already been immortalized in her master's book by the same name and one of Joe De Mers' most successful juvenile books is the story of a cocker spaniel entitled *Smoky and the Red Fire Engine*.



Tom Hall

EUGENE SCHROTT boasts of having attended twenty-one different grammar schools—his mother had the wanderlust—and he got his degree from the University of Alabama. He has traveled widely on this continent and in Europe, spent two years in Norway and three in Hollywood where he interviewed several hundred glamour girls and boys for various publications. He says: "The only other member of my family who writes is my sister, Estelle Schrott, whose novel *Heaven Is for the Angels* was recently published."

ART SEMLE attended De Witt Clinton High School in New York City until the teachers organized and delivered an ultimatum to the principal stating that either he go or they go. The teachers remained. He says: "I have worked at everything and my only claim to success is my family and my ability to make other people laugh. I dislike pompous jerks, like to write about life in a humorous vein." *Pete Was Too Soft* is his first published story.

ALEXANDER WILEY, Republican U. S. Senator from the State of Wisconsin, has been gathering material for his article, *The Laugh's with Congress* since he first went to Washington in 1939. That same year he served as a U. S. Delegate to the Inter-Parliamentary Conference in Oslo, Norway, and last year he was a Delegate to the Empire Parliamentary Conference in Bermuda. He is a member of the Senate Foreign Relations and the Commerce Rules and Claims Committees and ranking Minority Member of the Senate Judiciary Committee. Back home in Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin, he is known as a gregarious joiner—he is an Elk, a Mason, a Moose, a Kiwanian, and a member of the Sons of Norway. He writes extensively, including articles on business, politics, religion and education.



Alexander Wiley

SEABURY QUINN has alternated between law and journalism since he received his LL.M. from the National University in Washington, D. C. His legal practice in Washington was interrupted by Army service in World War I; afterward he became editor of a chain of newspapers in New York and occupied his spare time teaching medical jurisprudence and writing technical articles for medical and law journals and thrillers for pulp magazines. Then for some years prior to Pearl Harbor he was representative of a group of trade papers in Washington. On the outbreak of World War II when the manpower shortage became acute he dusted off his Blackstone to become a government lawyer for the duration. Now he's back in journalism. He is the author of some 500 short stories, and has been represented in many anthologies of horror stories. Among the latter he is currently in *Who Knocks* (Farrar & Rinehart) and *Rue Morgue No. 1* (Creative Age Press).



Seabury Quinn

RALPH J. GLEASON (*Just Can't See for Lookin'*) has been interested in music and horse racing ever since he can remember. His father first took him to Saratoga when he was six months old and he once owned part interest in a beautiful dark bay filly that never won a race. He used to play drums in a jazz band, has contributed to most of the small jazz magazines in America and in England, where he spent some time with the OWI. He is co-author of a documentary picture history of jazz, *The Jazz Story*, which Duell, Sloan and Pearce, Inc. will publish within a short time. At present he is working on a similar pictorial treatment of American racing and a mystery novel.



Jack M. Tucker

JACK M. TUCKER writes a column for *The Democrat & Chronicle* in Rochester, New York. During the war he served with the infantry in the Solomons and Philippines, got to Tokyo as PRO on General MacArthur's staff and came out a major. His stories have appeared in *The New Yorker*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, and *American Legion Magazine*. He says: "The highlight of this meager production emanated from Bougainville, where, temporarily incarcerated in the hospital with a broken foot incurred while outrunning three generals to the nearest foxhole, I stupefied my family by scoring twice with fiction in one month

in the *Post*. Naturally I figured: 'How long has this racket been going on? Tucker has a fabulous future.' Came famine. Came *Mr. Nesbit's Double Life*. Came *Esquire*."

JOHN WINTERS FLEMING, who contributed the quiz called *Our Sporting Fathers*, is a free-lance writer, formerly a reporter and trade-paper editor. He has lived mostly in Buffalo except for departures as a farmer and seaman.

LEONARD STONEHILL, author of *This Mortal Coil* writes short stories only occasionally as relaxation from his nearly completed central project: "a novel relating the engineer to society." He is a mechanical engineer, a graduate of Penn State, and swears he has the three best things in the world: a family, writing and engineering.

ED DIECKMANN, JR. (*The Lost Turkish Bow*, page 95), writes: "Since my father and grandfather had served in the Navy and Army respectively, I was destined to enlist for the Coast Artillery in Panama. After Pearl Harbor I joined the paratroopers and ended up in the famous Eleventh Airborne, known as Swing's Angels. I'm still following in my Dad's footsteps; he's Chief of Homicide in San Diego and I am a patrolman in the Police Department. Archery has always been my hobby. I am bargaining right now for a beautiful Osage-orange bow—an eighty pounder."



Ed Dieckmann, Jr.



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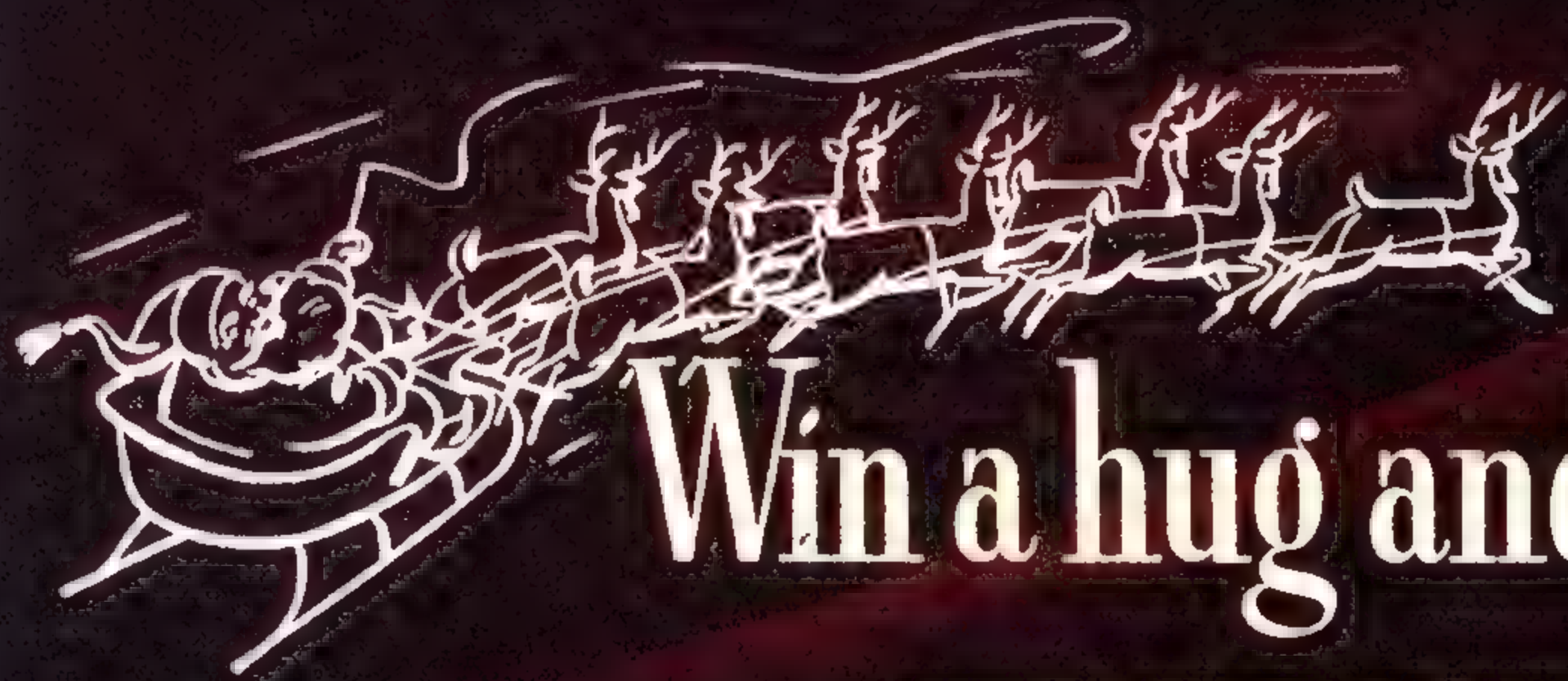
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Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

What in the World . . .

Discoursing on such diverting phenomena as the incarnation of Marie Dressler, Honus Wagner's good right arm, a new world record for porcine paddlers, and a beanery where you cook it yourself



FAULKNER

Paging Wallace Beery

ONE of our favorite girls has turned up recently, one who—even if we wouldn't elect her as a favored companion on a desert island—still would rate by us as the best gal to have by your side in a typhoon.

She's Tugboat Annie, a real one this time, skipper of a Miami tug who brought her craft up coastwise to New York for a screen test as a possible successor to Marie Dressler.

We don't know how the test made out, but Annie's okay with us and a lot of other guys. According to *Tide* magazine (which is not a seafaring sheet, in case you don't know, and doesn't care one way or the other what phase of the moon it is), Annie's a solid citizen, about five feet in any direction you care to measure her, and tips the scales at about 250, fighting weight. *Vogue* magazine has shown absolutely no interest in her ensemble, so far, which is not too surprising in that it usually consists of

a sweat shirt worn in exquisite contrapuntal harmony with an unusual skirt creation in black ("Be nautical: wear binnacle black!"). When the weather is warm, Annie's concession to fashion is a Panama pulled well down on her ears. Her voice, even when modulated, can be heard from Hatteras to Staten Island on a clear night, they say.

The trip from Florida was no land-lubber's outing. Annie ran afoul of the Navy in the area off Virginia where the boys tear up a little water



every now and then with a smattering of sixteen-inch shells, or a fusillade of rockets. Annie took it all in stride, however, and with the icy aplomb of an old salt wired straight topside to the Bureau of Naval Operations in Washington, where her equals gather: "Cease fire. The war is over." There were other rugged moments on the voyage north, particularly in Washington and Atlantic City, where the skipper and her gallant crew ran into some heavy swells and were carried off to a party. Biggest of all was in New York, however, where the joyous festivities reached an hilarious climax as two of the guests were hurled overboard. Rumor has it that one earned the ducking because he made a pass at Annie—the other got the heave-ho because he *hadn't*!

Heave

Sometimes when Grandpappy gets red in the face, thumps on the floor with his cane, and makes a strong point about the good old days, we wonder if he isn't right, after all, particularly in the matter of sports.

Mr. Thomas Hornsby Ferril, for example, writing in *Harper's* magazine, calls to mind that a certain high jumper by the name of M. J. Brooks cleared 6 feet 2½ inches in the year of the Custer Massacre, 1876. That was just plain jumping, without benefit of the scientific styling any high school boy of today learns from his coach on the first day out.

We had cause to philosophize thus last summer once again when old Honus Wagner was winning new laurels as the coach of the Eastern baseball team in the Esquire schoolboy all-star classic played at Wrigley Field in Chicago. The kids loved Honus, who at seventy-three can still handle a hot grounder with an ease any big-league

shortstop today might well envy. But his most amazing stunt came off quite casually. The boys asked him how the famous wing was. Could he still peg 'em as of yore? Honus wasn't saying, but after a warm-up toss or two, he let one go from home plate in the direction of center field. It hit, on the fly, high on the wall out there.

"Can't see what it says out there," said Honus squinting a little, "but that's it for today."

The boys, who knew damn well what it said out there, could scarcely find the breath to tell the old man. Where the distance has been measured with absolute accuracy from the *bottom* of that same wall to home plate, it reads for all to see: 400 feet.

Note: The world's record for the baseball throw was made in 1910, by Shelden Lajeune, who tossed it 426 feet, 9½ inches. Still unbeaten.

What do you say, Honus? Shall we take down that wall?

Cook It Yourself

There's a restaurant after your own heart up in old Greenwich, Connecticut, where you may grill your own steak and potatoes, make your own change, and wash your own dishes, if you feel like it.

The place is run by a veteran, Jay V. Smith ("Scootch" to you) who was wounded when the cruiser *Atlanta* took forty hits and sank in the slot between Guadalcanal and the Savo Islands in November, 1942.

After his convalescence, Scootch enlisted his brothers, one fifteen and the other sixteen, borrowed a barn and some advice from his father, and the Humpty-Dumpty Sandwich Spot was launched. You'll find screen stars, foreign correspondents or Wall Street titans breaking down the door these days to get inside and clamp down on one of Scootch's "Golden Glows" hamburgers, but it won't be on account of the décor. The joint is still the old man's barn, even if it's only a few yards from the Post Road. You have to take such things in stride as a plank falling on your head, the lights failing, or a dowager in an evening gown smoking up the place with her cooking.

The boys used packing cases for lumber—you can still see addresses, routing notations, serial numbers, and the like as part of the design of the furniture. Several old telephone poles were sawed into lengths, scraped and varnished, to furnish counter stools and supports. There's no paint in the place, only varnish. The generally rustic effect is helped along by a potbellied stove. But Scootch didn't try to be rustic. He just had to save money.

If you'd like to cook up your own mess, you may grill your own steaks-and-potatoes, hamburgers, omelets, and other uncomplex dishes in the charcoal grills in the fireplace. You may select your own food from the icebox, using the Smith's aprons, crockery, fuel, salad, tools, and advice, at \$3 a head. If you burn your steak to a crisp, it's still \$3.

The normal condition of the place is a cordial bedlam. The boys do plenty of cooking in their own galley, dealing out the specialties of the place with gusto and friendly invitations to pipe down and wait your turn, in case you're getting noisy over the waiting. The Humpty-Dumpty Sandwich Shop, lest you think we are being whimsical about all this, serves about 4,000 fanatically partisan customers per week, mostly drawn from among the intelligentsia in near-by writers' and artists' colonies.

The boys frankly doubt the intelligence of



their customers. "Anyone who comes here since we got so busy, is nuts," they crack. "Notice the terrific prices we charge? That's to scare 'em away. We've got so we hate customers. Too many of 'em. Advertise? Don't make us laugh. We're looking for ways to cut business down."

It was not always thus. Customers were slow in coming, and there were notable crises in the growth of the H.D.S.S. On one fairly busy Saturday night, just as the boys were figuring they were going to do all right, a huge rat appeared from beneath the old stable floor. Screaming females leaped on stools, escorts flung crockery, and eating was suspended until the boys explained that this was all part of the "atmosphere"—an extra service provided by the management at no extra charge. The brothers' nameless magnetism went to work, and in no time the crowd was again happily seated and stuffing hamburgers and Mrs. Smith's brownies down the hatch. Another high spot was notched when a skunk wandered forlornly into the restaurant wearing a glass jar over his head. The customers were divided between those trying to free the little fellow from his Buck Rogers helmet, and those who would have none of him. Before it ended, however, they all had something to remember him by. Another dark episode was due to the lack of washroom facilities, climaxed when the scion of a wealthy family wandered outside on a search-mission and fell into the ancestral cesspool out back. After his cries penetrated inside over the noise of the happy diners, he was rescued in deplorable condition. The boys took all this philosophically. The shortage of plumbing, they argue, keeps the public from getting too smug and developing feelings of false security.

If you'd still like to go out there, better try it at an off hour. On week ends the Smith boys periodically lock the door to prevent the famished from bursting the barn at the seams. But lest external pressure build too high, those leaving must do so via the windows. A fond Smith recollection is the time Robert St. John, the foreign correspondent, made his exit this way. "He was such a big shot I figured we should be extra nice," says Speed (the fifteen-year-old), "so I helped him by pushing." Hollywood's Jean Arthur has been known to leave by the same exit although whether or not assisted by the proprietors has not been disclosed.

What the elder Smith thinks of his sons' enterprise is another story.

Massacre

An Arikara Indian by the name of White Crow has come up with a bit of teepee gossip which may alter some of the accepted versions of what Custer's last stand looked like.

We always thought that the massacre was pretty well covered by the popular and gory painting of Custer's Last Fight which is featured in so many barrooms. This is one of those animated jobs (in case you've missed it by some mischance) in which everyone is getting his money's worth. A scout is shooting an Indian brave right between the eyes at point-blank range just as another wily redskin eases a spear in between his (the scout's) shoulder blades, and a charging U. S. Cavalryman tramples him (the guy doing the spearing) etc. etc. until you've finished off all of Custer's men and a hell of a lot of Indians, and come back to where you started—on your first beer.

White Crow, who should have stood in bed, we think, and let the Indians win that one hands down even with Errol Flynn on the other side, claims now that General Custer's men were drunk when they made their stand—a pretty good feat in itself. That they could shoot straight enough to knock off a fair number of their annoyers, and keep scrapping until the last scalp was lifted, says much for the boys that you wouldn't think an Indian would care to admit.

The only survivor on Custer's side, a big bay horse named Comanche, never said a word as to whether the boys had been drinking or not.

Not a Big Shot

President Truman, by instinct a homebody, may be pleased to hear of at least one citizen who probably will not gawk at him or interrupt his early morning walks.

The tale goes that when the President was still Vice-President he attended one of the evening fights at Madison Square Garden. He was invited to the dressing rooms to meet the winner of the main event, Tony Janiro. Truman was introduced to Janiro as the Vice-President. The fighter gave him a warm handshake, but later turned away and asked, "Who is that guy?"

"The Vice-President of the United States," he was told.

"Hell," said Tony disappointedly, "I thought he was Vice-President of the Garden."



Winner by a Snout

Pig No. 311, famous for his swimming stint in the radioactive waters of Bikini Lagoon after the Navy and the atomic bomb had done their worst, has now been vindicated for his amphibious habits.

Pigs can swim as well as go oink and provide bacon, it has now been proved. UP dispatches report that "Rose of Normandy," 212 pounds of porcine streamlining, won the first National Pig Swimming Derby by thrashing 75 yards through the staid waters of Lake Washington out near Seattle, in a cool 3:57.1—a world record.

The Rose broke to an early lead, using a frantic but steady paddle stroke, and outlasted her 17 other opponents who lost the curlicue in their tails in vain efforts to break into the money.

A crowd of 10,000 witnessed the pork-chop derby and cheered as Senator Hugh B. Mitchell of Washington started the field with a blast from his double-barreled shotgun.

No. 311, therefore, was no freak, but a regular guy.

Something to Ember Her By

Irving Hoffman, who spins many a neat yarn, keeps up his batting average with this one. A former movie scenarist, still stationed in the South Pacific, has been carrying on quite a correspondence with a cinemadorable. It started with a friendly letter to the gal back in Hollywood. She answered in a more-than-friendly manner. When he reciprocated warmly, a succession of increasingly passionate love letters ensued, culminating with the girl penning a missive of such torrid temperature that she thought surely her South Pacific Romeo would be unable to outdo it. The word "inflammable" was even stamped in red ink. A few weeks later she received an answer—an envelope containing mere ashes.

Gingos are Lousy Lovers

A Mexican author, Luis Quintanilla, writing for the magazine, *Modern Mexico*, has given us the retort courteous in a piece covering some of the Latin American notions about the U.S.A. With the utmost friendliness—since he later compliments us on our culture, our architecture and our education, among other things—Señor Quintanilla lets us see ourselves in a south-of-the-border mirror. Some of his quips:

"Not only is every American a businessman, but he *must* be a millionaire. Therefore, as a welcome tourist he should pay more for what he buys."

"Sexually a gringo is completely indifferent and cold. To a gringo, business and even golf are more important than women. He no more knows how to handle the latter than he knows what to do with a cane."

"The business office is the natural habitat of a gringo. When he works—and the poor devil must work because 'his wife spends all the money'—he always does so in shirt sleeves, propped back in a swivel chair, with feet on the desk. He seldom takes off his hat, and once seated never gets up, even to greet callers. Also he never shakes hands; but instead calls you by your first name almost on sight."

"American women *all* have beautiful legs . . . they *all* are blondes . . . they are completely untamed."

"Gringas love to divorce. It is a habit with them . . . When you take one out, she will get you into trouble unless you talk her into behaving with Latin circumspection. When gringas go to Latin America, they are in quest of romance and adventure. That is why hotels and public places popular among American tourists are crowded with prospective Latin lovers ready to gratify their beautiful admirers . . ."

The kindly Señor makes it clear, however, that he finds these notions quite absurd, even though so many Mexicans have them.

Where could they have got such silly ideas, we wonder?

Pin Money

The United States Rubber Company has created a fabric from chicken feathers which it says "is designed for use in suits, dresses, sweaters and other wearing apparel of the future", according to *New Riches from the Soil: The Progress of Chemurgy*, by Wheeler McMillen (D. Van Nostrand Co.) The chicken, who has used his feathers for just about that same thing for some time past, may well be unimpressed, but may also get his comb-uppance from the following figures: thirty-eight broilers needed for a suit for the average-size man, for a woman's suit, size 18, thirty broilers.

Take it easy when you're driving through the country, then . . . you may run over a pair of pants.

Readers are encouraged, even requested, to send in ideas and reactions to the What in the World editor, *Esquire*, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11. Contributors will be paid \$5 and upwards for anecdotes and editorial musings accepted. Material must be accompanied by source of information. Sorry, but rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.





Concerning Mexico's tribe of domineering,
fantastically alluring and lovely Amazons

Barefoot Beauties of Tehuantepec

by EUGENE SCHROTT

BEFORE any good-looking male ventures into the Isthmus country of Tehuantepec in the southern part of Mexico, the natives of the north issue a double warning: "Beware," they say, "of the winds of Tehuantepec, but be even more careful of the spell of its beautiful women!"

The same admonishing natives believe, and with good reason, that if the men of Sonora were to mate with the women of Tehuantepec, Mexico would eventually produce the proudest and handsomest race of human beings in the entire world. On the other hand, the skeptics point out, if the populace of these states were to wage war against each other, the Tehuanas would easily emerge victors over the men of Sonora.

Completely ignoring these suppositions, the women living on this narrow isthmus are probably the strangest sect of womanhood alive today. Proud, haughty and beautiful, they condescendingly look down—both literally and figuratively—on the mere male animal. This courageous characteristic alone has convinced the greater part of the Latin American natives that only women directly descended from the gods can be possessed of the strange, mystical powers that have enabled them to keep their menfolk in a continual state of subjugation.

Fascinating as is the history of Tehuantepec itself, it makes dull reading when compared with the story of its women. Their dignified beauty and warm charm conjure visions of stately palm trees resisting the embraces of the wind. Tall, willowy and graceful, they resemble bronzed Greek goddesses. On their faces pride has left the mark of centuries, but in their eyes is the light of a siren beckoning plentiful pleasures.

The paradoxical attraction of these Tehuanas shows itself more clearly in the complete sophistication with which they dress themselves for their every day pursuits and the complete naïveté that they so quickly assume when they go bathing naked in the river. In their street clothes they do not bear even the slightest resemblance to any other tribe of Mexican Indians, but when they take off their clothes to bathe, they shed every vestige of conventional inhibition and revert to the primitive standards of their ancestors before the conquest of Mexico.

A white man who takes the trouble to stare at them while they are bathing is casually reprimanded with the verbal equivalent of "rubberneck." He may gazelong and longingly but if he tries to photograph any of them, he will invite such wrath as only a woman can let loose.

Though they cannot be called sirens or sorceresses, these sensuous señoritas have something of Circe in their warm, passionate blood. In their presence a man can experience the reaction a pretty girl knows when a bunch of drugstore wolves audibly appraise her as she runs the gauntlet of their glances. No women in any country of the world flirt as boldly or as charmingly as these masterful maidens. No women pursue their men as subtly or as skillfully or hold on to them as surely as the Tehuanas of Mexico. Theirs is an art that cannot be acquired during the brief span of a lifetime. It is something that has been successfully developed

through a dozen generations and will be handed down to a dozen successive ones.

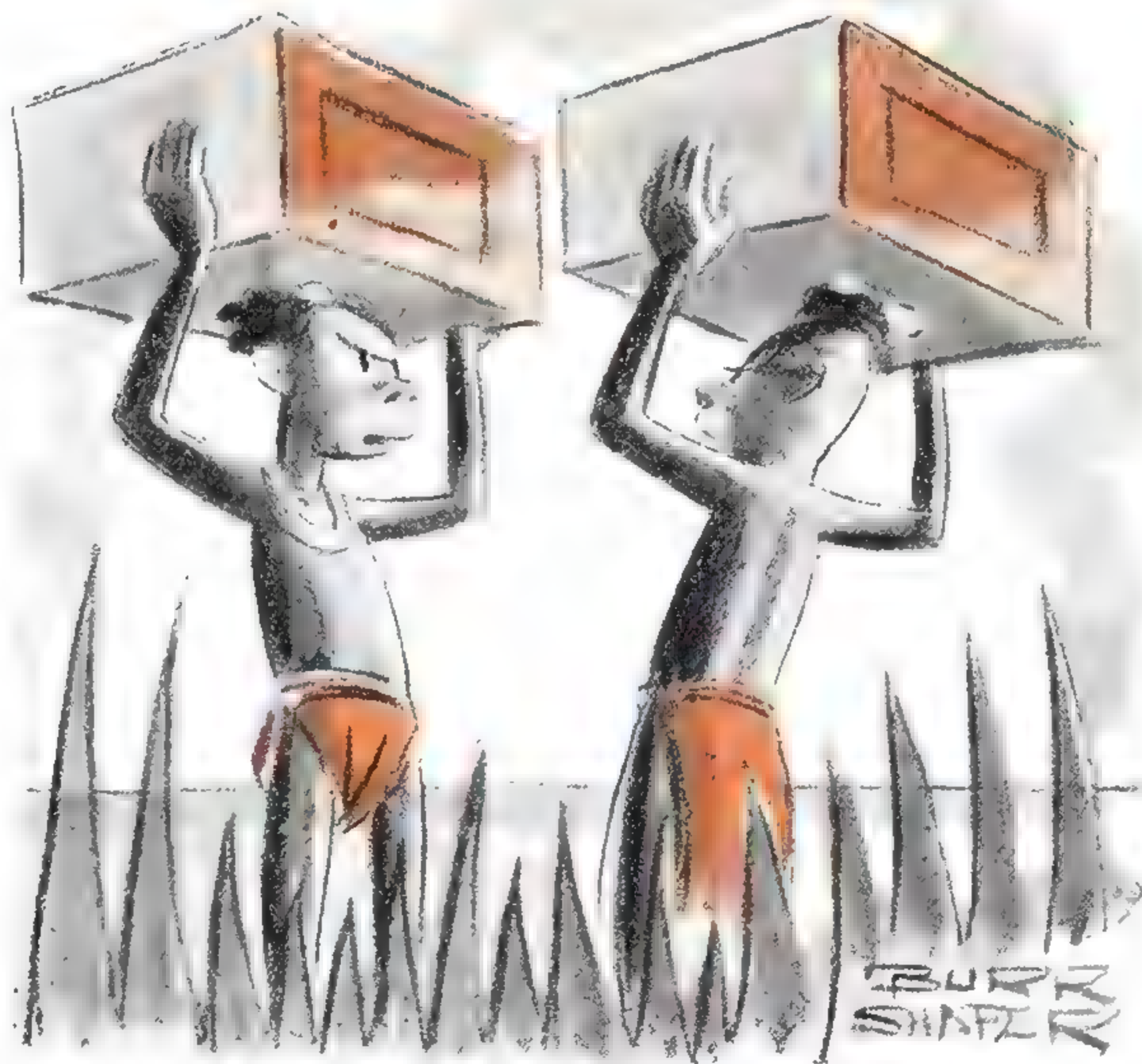
A blond man, whether he be an Englishman, Swede, Norwegian, or Gringo, is hardly safe in their presence. There is something about fair-haired men that arouses a tribal memory that has been suppressed in these domineering damsels. It is like the cry of the past—a yearning for the men from whom they inherited their long-cherished and jealously-preserved pride and beauty. Every tall, blond man who enters their country is the soul of their dead forefathers returning in another incarnation to revive the blood strain and revitalize and replenish the proud race.

Several years ago a famous Hollywood director who was married to one of the most beautiful women in the world at the time went to Tehuantepec for a holiday. Beautiful women were his stock in trade. In the film colony they passed in a continual parade before his jaded gaze. In Tehuantepec he scarcely hoped to find their equal. But he had been there only ten days when he succumbed to the lure of the tawny Tehuanas. For one in particular he yearned sufficiently to forsake a successful career, a palatial Beverly Hills home and unlimited wealth. He divorced his beautiful wife and today still lives in the Isthmus country with his native mate whom he considers as far surpassing any other woman in beauty.

Tall, stately and dignified, the women of Tehuantepec average close to six feet in height. When they walk along their dusty, windy streets, they look like gaily-painted caryatids. Nowhere else can there be seen so much grace, beauty and dignity embodied in a single individual as in each one of these bronzed belles. Their beautiful carriage is probably due to the fact that they are always carrying baskets of vegetables or gourds of flowers on their heads. Each morning the Tehuanas come to the market place with the colorful gourds of brilliantly colored flowers but the golden marigolds and purple-red coxcombs are not as beautiful as the vendors themselves. Whenever a group of these women gather in front of a house or along the drab streets, they present an array of color any artist would be hard pressed to reproduce on canvas.

In their very dress as well as in their proud bearing lies the basic clue to successful domination of their men throughout several centuries. The ten best-dressed women of America do not spend as much time and effort on their clothes as does the average female of Tehuantepec. Each one of them looks as though she has just stepped out of a painted frieze. No matter how many well-dressed and beautifully groomed women a man may have seen on the boulevards of Paris or on New York's Fifth Avenue, he can never forget the tall Tehuanas as they walk with lithe, swaying bodies braced against the north wind that always seems to be blowing down from the mountains.

The history of Tehuantepec goes back to the distant past when it was the principal city of the Isthmus and when the Zapotec king defeated the Aztecs at Quin-gola in 1497. Originally, it was founded by the Huave Indians. The Tehuanas are proud of their Zapotec blood and speak in their native idiom almost all the time. Their (Continued on page 225)

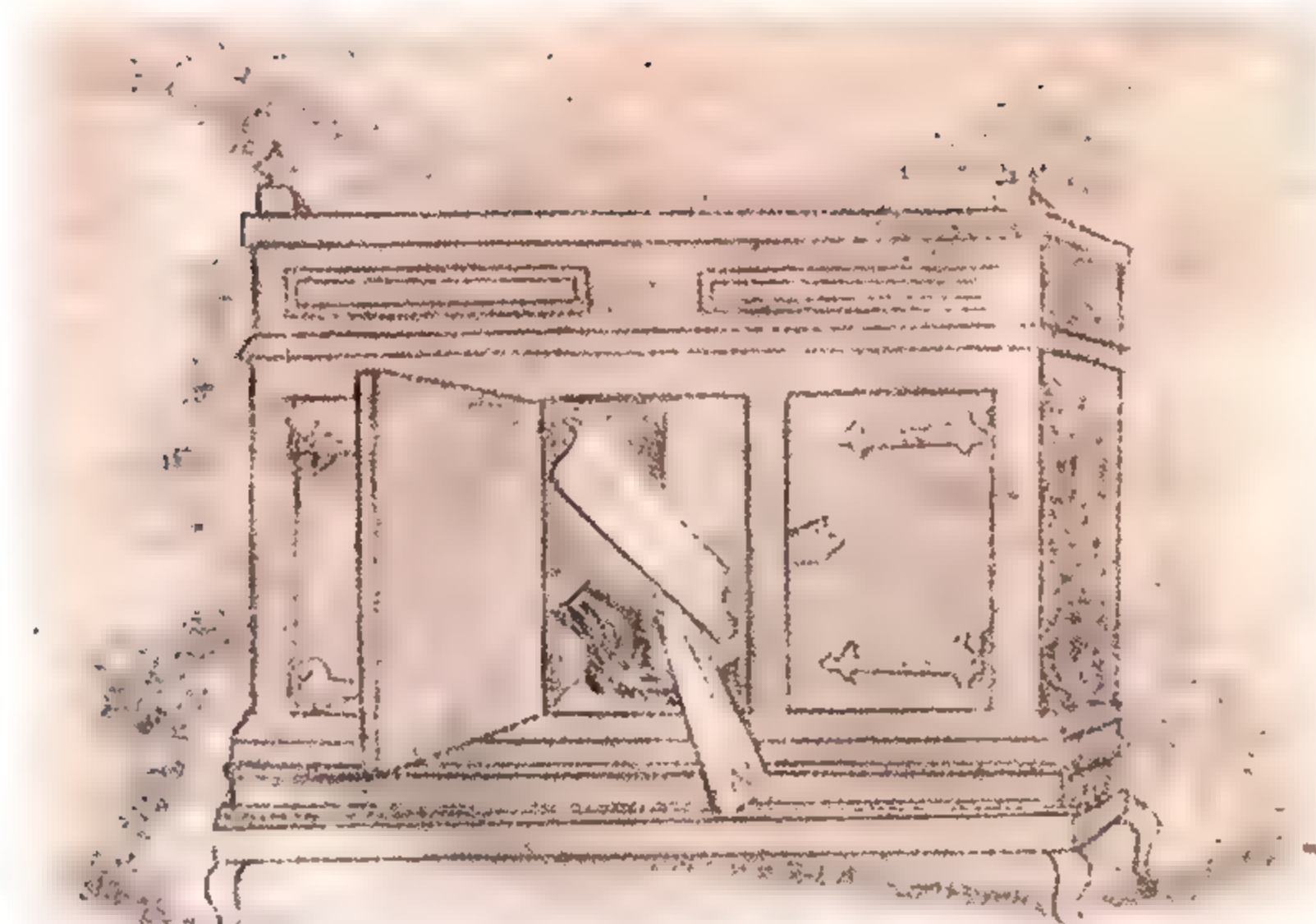


"Who was it made that crack about the white man's burden?"

When they opened this masterpiece of the ancient cabinetmaker, they discovered much more than they had thought would be inside

The Strange Chest

by FRANK VELOZ



GREENE

A BLINDING flash of light reflected from the sides of the gleaming chest as the men gently placed it on the soft earth above the excavation.

High in the sky the hot sun shone brightly over the Mountains of Lebanon and the warm breeze which fanned us below blew particles of dust from the lid.

My vision blurred as I felt a spell coming on again. The pain rocked in my head and burned out of my eyes and the steady hum in my ears gradually grew in volume. Holtzman's shout, exploding from his lips, startled me.

"Look," he cried joyfully, carefully rubbing his fingers over the smooth surface, "it's flawless. Petrified."

Oblivious to the roaring in my ears, I knelt down, minutely examining the corners and joints, and marveled at the complete state of perfection of this cabinet which I gathered to be at least nineteen hundred years old.

The confused babble of the Arab laborers drowned out Holtzman's voice and, as they excitedly crowded around shutting out the light, he roughly ordered them back.

I experienced an odd tugging at the back of my mind: an inexplicable sense of apprehension. I looked up and dimly saw Crawford glancing queerly at Holtzman. He, too, evidently sensed the strangeness.

Suddenly, I knew. Holtzman had spoken with another voice.

It was an open secret amongst us that Holtzman apparently suffered from a malignant condition in his throat causing his vague vocal efforts to sound weak and as if they came from afar. Here, in the midst of the excitement, he spoke with clear resonance and authority. Unaware of the transition, Holtzman continued happily: "I predict this is the greatest discovery in the entire history of archaeology." Crawford hobbled over to the cabinet. "It could be more than that," he said evenly. "It may hold the key."

We three mentally met on common ground. Our years of research had uncovered definite proof there still existed undiscovered manuscripts of both the Old and New Testaments which would unfold the true science of religion, a science we believed to be based on fourth-dimensional time and space rather than on any spiritual theory. Thus, we pooled our individual resources which were particularly suited to our quest and now had good reason to believe we were finally approaching the great goal.

Ironically, we who sought this infinite perfection were collectively its physical opposites. Visually, Crawford was the most so, with his misshapen mouth perpetually twisted into a hideous grin, his right arm and hand knotted grotesquely by paralysis. He and Holtzman, however, were considerably better off than myself. Rapidly failing sight due to a tumor at the base of my brain indicated I would soon be visited by total blindness, insanity or, of course, the only other ultimate alternative.

The buzz in my head gradually cleared and, as Crawford sprawled down beside us, I saw the eagerness in his eyes. Holtzman pressed his ear against the cabinet and tapped it lightly with a wooden mallet. It gave a faint hollow

sound. Holtzman's smile faded to a frown. He said solemnly:

"It's merely a veneer of petrification. We'd better not move it."

"We must," Crawford retorted, spreading his good hand. "It's too dangerous to handle scrolls out here."

With all four of the Gospels being written in Greek and he being considered the leading authority on Greek translation, Crawford was naturally thinking of the possible missing pages of the New Testament. We were contemporaries for my forte was Hebraic interpretation and, in this, I confidently felt I had no peer. Although I am not of Semitic extraction, my translations of many books of the Old Testament, all of which were written in the language of their creators, had received wide discussion. Holtzman, oddly enough, knew but little Hebrew. But his outstanding accomplishments in archaeology were visual monuments in many of the world's foremost museums.

I glanced at the box, curiously wondering whether its contents held some of the lost pages which might culminate our quest. My opinion concurred with Crawford's for we sought the written word and, in my case, time was an element. I knew Holtzman's interest was in the tangible, material object.

"Open it here," I said.

"But," Holtzman protested.

"There isn't much time," I cut in gravely.

Crawford glanced at me thoughtfully and nodded.

Without a word Holtzman began applying his unique aptitude. He cursed as a tiny piece of petrified wood fell off the chest. But with his fine ability he quickly seamed the lid and with expert fingers partially opened it to view.

My heart leaped at the sight. Two thick, rolled scrolls lay among the other relics.

"Don't touch them," Crawford screamed foolishly. "They'll fall apart like ashes."

Holtzman smiled as he gently closed the lid and summoned the guards.

With the aid of his intricate instruments, Holtzman removed the scrolls which he took to our temporary shed near the excavation.

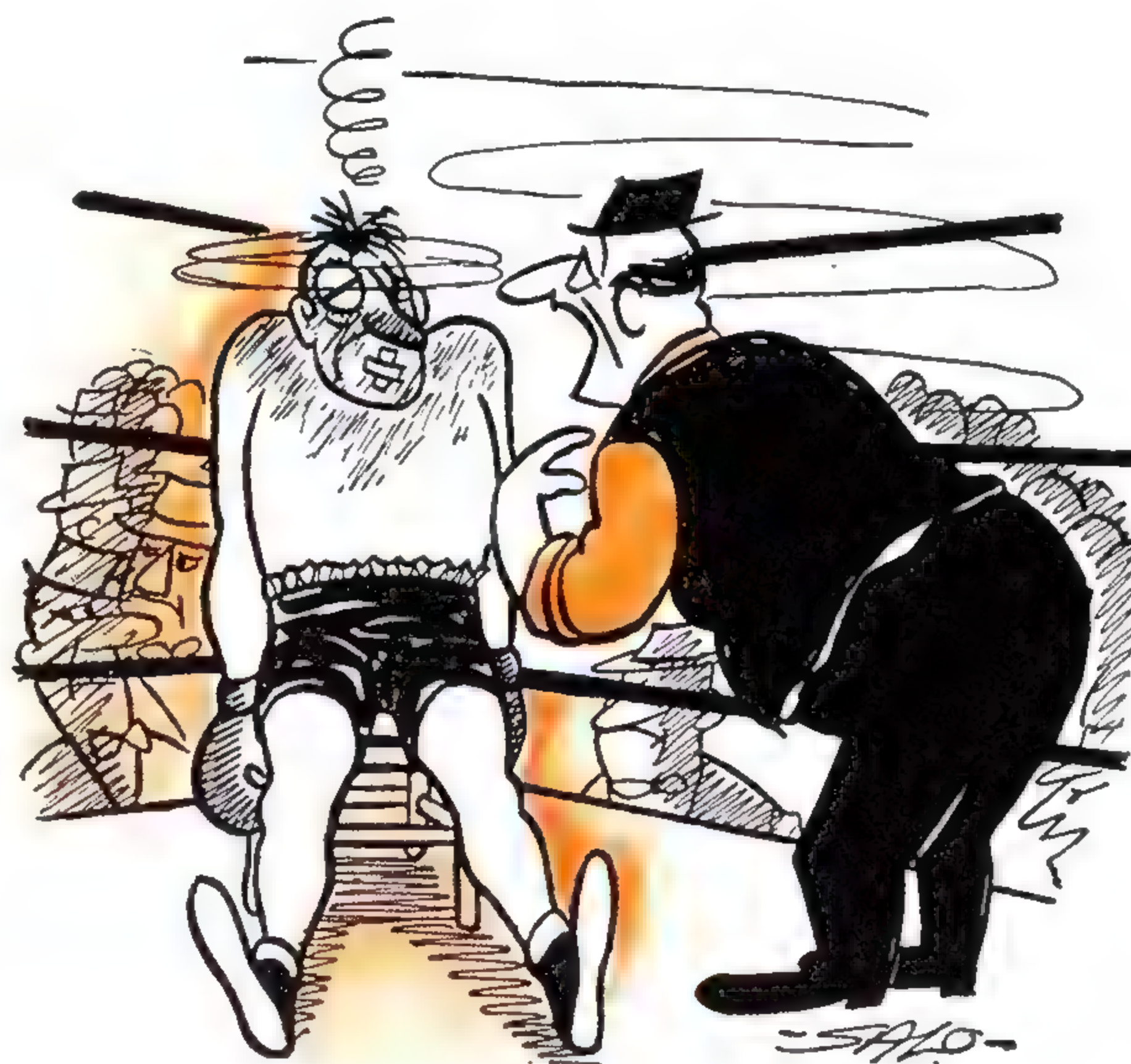
Crawford and I dogged his footsteps like frightened children. But my heart swelled with gratitude for I knew no other living man could have so expertly removed the scrolls from their haven.

He placed them carefully on the long table and began the long tedious process of backing the ashlike parchment. After an inestimable lapse of time, he turned wearily and motioning to me, said with a smile: "They're yours, Ben. Hebrew."

A sudden wave of sound burst in my head. Not another spell now, I pleaded inwardly. I sat down heavily on the bench beneath the light, gently fingering the parchment. After a little while the buzzing subsided.

"Please, Ben," Crawford pleaded. "Hurry up, will you?"

I adjusted my thick bifocals and, with the further aid of the glass, began scanning the faded scroll. It was very difficult reading for it appeared as if it had been written by one of great age. I turned (Continued on page 238)



"Lemme do the worrying, willya!"



Preoccupation by FRITZ WILLIS

This is the night of a million beginnings again, and for our Esquire Girl of the moment it is an occasion of bemused and anxious wonder as she cogitates the exciting unanswerable: What and whither in '47? This may be but another New Year's Eve to some, yet for her there will never again be an-

other quite like it. Hence the faster heartbeat, the extra-studied preening, the air of profound expectation. The White Knight, she knows, is no commonplace male to be encountered casually. However young, beautiful and gifted, she who would be Princess must first mold herself to the 14-carat and ermine.



*Fritz Willis
Joe De Mers*

Admiration **by JOE DE MERS & FRITZ WILLIS**

Observe a perfectly matched duo for whom Mr. and Mrs., so often one of the more prosaic relationships, has blossomed into something of mutual affection and continuing warmth. For theirs is the dual blessing of looking back with satisfaction and looking ahead with anticipation. The hands that now fasten the snap are feverish with

an old, well-remembered feeling. She is more exciting to him than ever, and his pride in that wonderful fact is the pride of a man who has seen many women but none like his own Esquire Girl. And now that wars have gone by the board and a man can be formal again, they will usher out one year and welcome in another in appropriate style.



Nosegay for Yesterday

There will be, someday, a shrine at Johns Hopkins dedicated to ten of the loveliest belles Baltimore ever knew

by W. A. S. DOUGLAS

ALFRED JENKINS SHRIVER used to say that his father—a Maryland Gentleman as were all the Shivers back to the days of the Barons Baltimore and Proprietary Government—had recreated a lost rose, the loveliest of all roses.

After Josephine, Empress of France, had been discarded and divorced by Napoleon, she retired to Malmaison, her own imperial domain—still preserved as one of the most beautiful gardens in the world—and gave the rest of her days to the renaissance of the rose, culturing and domesticating almost two hundred lovely flowers, most of which had previously grown wild.

Among the achievements of the beautiful Creole was the bringing of a blush to the Rosa Laevigata, a pure white flower—a comparatively simple job for the hybridists of today—but a mystery which seemed at the time to have died with Josephine. One summer of the 1850's the elder Shriver returned to Baltimore from Paris, agog with a secret which had been whispered to him in a French garden. He had known the Empress' Rosa Laevigata as the Cherokee Rose which western-heading pioneers of his day had found climbing in Tennessee wilds after the evacuation of the Cherokees to Indian Territory in 1838.

Now the Cherokee Rose was a plebeian flower, rough, hardy, albeit pretty. Its roots had risen superior to the chill of hard-frozen ground, its climbing stems had withstood the raw, early springs of the prairie. It had budded and blossomed in the accorded month of roses just as the daughters of the pioneers budded and blossomed on the wild land in process of being tamed by their parents. A pretty flower indeed, with the creamy white of a young girl's skin, its soft, smooth leaves enfolded in the dark cool green so like the kirtle of a Highland lass among the cattle. Josephine of France had brought a blush to this lovely flower, then passed away with her secret. Alfred Jenkins Shriver's father, coming home from France, believed he knew how it had been done.

He took the wild Cherokee Rose, did Mr. Shriver, and he fondled it and babied it; he warmed it and he fed it. But, like a human being, it came to bask in its improved condition and, like many human beings, came to like the feel and the savor of its bedmate, the red strawberry. All this took time just as it takes time to make a haberdasher into a President of the United States; but if you have something good in you it will come out eventually—with proper treatment.

On a long ago lovely June morning Mr. Shriver and his gardener came to gaze in silent, paternal ecstasy at what they had labored and brought forth. Shell-pink in the green of an Irish meadow after the rain! A blossom as softly colored as the cheek of a girl-bride:

*Standing with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet.*

(Please remember that when Mr. Shriver stood in his Baltimore garden, lost in admiration of his cultured Cherokee Rose, the Civil War had yet to be fought, girls young and old washed their faces with soap instead of greasing them with pomades; paint and powder went no farther than the theatre footlights and first-hand observation and report on inadvertent display of a well-shaped feminine calf had to be whispered in the Mary-

land Club; otherwise the nasty-minded gossip was more than likely to be called out to pistols or swords for two.)

But back to the shy and altogether lovely flower Mr. Shriver and his gardener had conjured out of the hardy Cherokee Rose.

"Mr. Shriver, sir," whispered the gardener who stood beside the flowers, hands clasped in front of him as a young painter might stand before Raphael's Madonna. "Mr. Shriver, what will we call her?"

"There's dew on the rose leaves," said Mr. Shriver as though talking to himself. "Like the lips of—well, no matter; I'm a married man. So compelling, so inviting, so lovely but, withal, so unaware. What were you saying, John?"

(Again we must remind our readers that all this happened long before even girls who weren't so nice had come to use lipstick at all; never mind with the reckless abandon of a painter sloshing white-wash on a cowshed.)

"I was saying, Mr. Shriver, sir," replied John, "what will we call this lovely? The Empress Josephine? It was the poor soul's idea..."

"That's it, that's it," interrupted Mr. Shriver. "John, we'll call it the Josephine. But wait a minute! These petals are as the cheeks of a pretty girl who has suddenly come to realize—uh, uh—John, we'll call it the Blush Rose! After all, I doubt if Josephine ever blushed. But, here in Maryland, we breed the loveliest and, withal, the sweetest, shiest women in the world. And John, my man, this is now a Maryland rose. Come in the house and we'll drink a glass of sherry to our lovely, blushing flower—and to the ladies."

And so, as the Blush Rose, the Cherokee Rose made its return to the High Society of Flowers.

* * *

Alfred Jenkins Shriver, son of the rose-grower, stared through the windows of his expensive Atlantic City hotel suite. He had had his bed drawn up so he could view all the boardwalk activities, the roller chairs, the hawkers, the lovers, the promenaders for health's sake, the exhibitionists, the happy children. The sands were covered with near-nudists basking in the sun; the water was a mass of bobbing bathing caps in the distance, a throng of densely packed figures close in. This was the last summer of a world at peace for six sum-

mers to come—August of 1939. Ugly rumors were afloat regarding conditions in Europe, ugly actions had already taken place in remote corners; but most of us still had the crazy idea that the old ocean, lapping at the pier piles of Atlantic City, was insurance enough against our being dragged into another world war.

Alfred Jenkins Shriver of Baltimore, millionaire, world-traveler, gourmet, patron of the arts, admirer of everything beautiful—be it flowers, women, paintings or architecture—was dying. This condition of dying, inescapable alike for the least of us and for the greatest, held no terrors whatsoever for Mr. Shriver. He had had a long life and a full life; true enough, there had been something missing but that was in the long ago and he had got over it, or had he? At any rate Mr. Shriver was a trifle impatient, let the boatman hurry, let's see what's doing on the other side. So many old friends waiting there.

Alfred (Continued on page 189)



Bob Gallivan

"I'm the senior partner of the act and Stan here is—shall we say—junior partner?"

Mr. Nesbit's Double Life

For as long as he could remember his life had been dull; then suddenly he found this miraculous formula which changed everything

by JACK M. TUCKER



SOYER

THE uniquely double life of Mr. Henry Nesbit, a frustrated married man of forty who had taken to brooding on his unhappy lot, began precisely at 5:45 one rainy afternoon in the bar of the Shawnee Hotel in Manhattan.

Mr. Nesbit's entry into this mild schizophrenia was accidental.

As had been his custom for many years, he emerged from his office at the Round the Globe Export Corporation on the stroke of five, boarded a subway train, and emerged downtown with the sudden and terrifying conviction that his life was nothing but a large vacuum.

The feeling enveloped him so quickly and completely it was almost paralyzing and, because it happened that the rain began falling at that instant, Mr. Nesbit paused beneath the awning of the Shawnee's cocktail lounge to collect his thoughts.

Briefly and without elation, Mr. Nesbit began reviewing his career. And as he traced it from college and great plans for the future to the more recent years of his connubial relationships with Bernice, a mood of such monumental depression engulfed him that he found some difficulty in breathing.

"Trapped," he thought dully. "Trapped, tied and washed up. That's me. May as well face it, Henry. You're all through, kid."

He knew what the trouble was. He had no glamour. True, he was presentable enough, in his neat pencil-stripe grey suit, the conservative fly-front topcoat and the rather battered felt hat which he could not bear to discard, but he knew there was something so usual, so commonplace and well . . . so rather uniformly drab about his appearance that no attractive women ever looked at him twice.

Bernice didn't even do that. She merely looked *through* him.

But Mr. Nesbit knew it wasn't entirely his physical appearance. He was not unhandsome. He still had most of his hair. He had only a little paunch, and he was neither too tall nor too short. It was that damnable lack of glamour. The truth was that never once had Mr. Nesbit done anything exciting.

Even his wedding hadn't been exciting. He and Bernice went through a dignified courtship, during which Mr. Nesbit never made what even could be roughly construed as a real pass at her; they had fumbled through certain hesitations the first night or two of their

honeymoon . . . and effortlessly, she drifted into taking him for granted after a very short time.

Bernice had taken him for granted ever since.

Involuntarily, Mr. Nesbit groaned, for, unfortunately or not, depending on the way one looks at it, he loved his wife.

Mr. Nesbit looked at the rain, which persisted in falling harder, and he looked at his watch. It was 5:45. He should be on his way home. Not in years had he been later than six o'clock, except for the occasion of his tenth anniversary with his firm, when his co-workers tendered him a banquet and succeeded in getting him giddy by loading his glass which, in the mounting trepidation of knowing he'd have to make a speech, he kept draining feverishly.

He hadn't been "overserved"—a term used scathingly by Bernice—since.

Mr. Nesbit cannot tell you to this day why it was he turned and entered the Shawnee's bar. He never had particularly noticed the place, except that he had heard it catered to celebrities like writers and artists and war correspondents—people whose world was utterly foreign to him.

But enter it he did, nodding curtly to the doorman.

At the crowded bar, Mr. Nesbit, who hadn't the vaguest notion what kind of drink to order, overheard the well-dressed stranger next to him call for a Scotch Old Fashioned.

"Make it," said Mr. Nesbit, "the same."

The stranger said, "Well! A kindred spirit." Mr. Nesbit said, "I drink 'em all the time," and immediately wondered if he had really said that.

The drink tasted pretty good, Mr. Nesbit thought, in some surprise. He decided to have another. The second one tasted even better, and a warmish, comfortable glow percolated through his stomach; his muscles relaxed, and his mind eased somewhat.

It is possible, at that critical moment in the life of Henry Nesbit, he might have called it a day, walked out into the rain, boarded a bus or subway, and gone home to the pleasant, neat and unromantic flat for his supper with Bernice. But fate in the person of the stranger intervened. The stranger said to him, "Why not have another one with me?"

"Thank you," Mr. Nesbit replied gravely, wondering fleetingly what he was doing in a hotel bar when he should be home behaving himself.

They touched glasses and the liquid skidded down insidiously and easily. Mr. Nesbit, not quite knowing why, suggested he buy one also.

After the fourth drink, Mr. Nesbit was a gone goose so far as going home immediately was concerned. He began to get ideas, wonderful ideas, ideas that sprang up automatically and amusingly and startlingly, and his conversation perked up. Mr. Nesbit noticed the stranger was actually listening to him.

It was the first time that had ever happened, and Mr. Nesbit, happily impressed, proceeded to discuss the world situation, President Truman, the war, and even ventured to tell a story—the one about the parrot with strings tied to either foot which had bored Bernice for the past year—that elicited loud and appreciative guffaws.

"By the way," his new friend announced, "my name's Billings. What's yours?"

It is doubtful that even a psychologist could tell what clicked in Mr. Nesbit's mind at that juncture. Mr. Nesbit, for no intelligent reason other than that he had read a certain novel the previous evening, replied, "Mine's Huxley. Hugo Huxley."

The man's eyes goggled.

"Hugo Huxley! Why . . . wait a minute . . . you



"Dear—can you open this?"

don't mean Hugo Huxley, the fellow who wrote, now, let me see, the one who just wrote another best seller . . . uh . . ."

"Blow, Gale, Blow," Mr. Nesbit said firmly. "Poorish thing. Did you read it?"

The man stared in admiration.

"Well, I'll be damned," he gasped. "Wait till Grace hears about this. Grace, she's my wife, Mr. Huxley, back in Des Moines. Why, say, she'd be thrilled to pieces to meet a famous novelist! No kidding, this is extremely interesting to me. Extremely, sir."

"Not at all. Pleasure's all mine. Assure you."

"Well now . . . well now . . . say, this calls for a drink. Please, Mr. Huxley. Barman!"

Benignly, Mr. Nesbit permitted himself to touch glasses again, and they were off to the races, along with several other customers—most of them from out of town—who couldn't help but overhear bits of the conversation and pressed for an introduction to the famous author.

Mr. Nesbit, who never had dreamed that an evening could be so exciting, enjoyed himself no end. In fact, he got good and "overserved," but it didn't matter.

Nothing mattered to Mr. Nesbit now. His double life was under way.

Mr. Nesbit awoke the following morning with the Battle of Bougainville ringing between his ears. His eyes hurt, and his tongue tasted like uncured fur. He felt awful. Bernice regarded him fixedly at the breakfast table.

"You have been drinking," she announced, in tones conveying the impression that he might as well have murdered her mother.

"Yes, dear," Mr. Nesbit said. "Please say no more. I hurt."

"Go right ahead and hurt. Serves you right. And to think I kept supper waiting for hours. What's got into you, Henry Nesbit?"

"Nothing. Nothing at all. Good-bye, dear." He bent dutifully to kiss her cheek, which Bernice turned in irritation. Mr. Nesbit then said a strange thing, for him. He said, "The hell with it," and started for the door. Recovering somewhat, Bernice cried, "Henry, I don't understand."

Mr. Nesbit said, "Naturally," slammed the door for the first time in his adult life and departed for the office.

It would be interesting to report that Mr. Nesbit's militancy continued, but Remorse—that indefatigable creature—set in somberly that evening and for several days. Bernice, her composure regained, was on the verge of forgiving him until the following Thursday, when he decided to leave his office early.

For some time, Mr. Nesbit had tentatively been eyeing a grey flannel suit in a high-priced men's store. The suit was of rich texture, perfectly cut, and, to Mr. Nesbit's way of thinking, the kind of suit one sees on one of those distinguished diplomats or explorers or industrialists who pose for whiskey ads.

Now, on this Thursday, Mr. Nesbit paused outside the store's window and realized that the suit and he should not be separated. He went inside, discovered without surprise that only a minor alteration was necessary, peeled off eighty-five of his ninety-dollar-a-week salary, and said, "I'll wear it. Send my old suit home."

Mr. Nesbit, his ego mounting, prepared to depart when he noticed a G.I. wearing a discharge patch on his corporal's uniform, looking at him with undisguised envy. The G.I. said, "That's a mighty nice-looking suit. But too much money for me. Just my size, too."

"H'm," Mr. Nesbit said, and an inspiration struck him.

"Look," he said. "You like this pencil-stripe suit I've been wearing? Take it. Really, it isn't in bad shape. Probably help out until you can find something."

The corporal's face reddened. "Oh no. Thanks a lot, sir, but I couldn't think of it. It's a nice suit, but . . . well . . . I . . ."

"Nonsense," Mr. Nesbit replied. "Clerk, try this old coat of mine on the corporal. Ha! You see—fits perfectly."

The corporal said slowly, "Well, if you really don't need it. Wait

a minute." He dug in his pockets. "Here, what's a fair price? Would twenty dollars be enough?"

Mr. Nesbit, a sentimental man, experienced a lump in his throat. He was about to refuse, but something in the soldier's eyes, a sort of hard and proud glint, changed his mind.

"Son," Mr. Nesbit said, "if it'll make you feel any better, give me five bucks. Good afternoon, all."

On his way out of the store, Mr. Nesbit thoughtfully purchased a brilliant foulard tie for \$3.50, which was \$1.50 more than he ever paid for a tie, bought a gay boutonniere from a floral shop for his topcoat lapel, and, feeling like a minor man of destiny, dropped in the first hotel bar he found.

He quickly ordered a Scotch Old Fashioned.

After his fourth drink, a detached and crystal-clear state enveloped Henry Nesbit. His mind grew sharp. Idly, he speculated on the foolishness of the human race, the confusion and bustle and fruitlessness of petty ambitions which achieved what? Nothing, he decided.

In this comfortable state of mind, Mr. Nesbit's attention was attracted to a heated discussion between two corpulent bar patrons next to him about the effects of the atomic bomb on Hiroshima.

One contended that the bomb had exterminated, immediately, 30,000 people. The other pish-tushed and insisted it was 35,000.

Mr. Nesbit thereupon leaned over and remarked, "Gentlemen, the figure was 37,247."

Both examined Mr. Nesbit incredulously, and one said, "Yeah? How do you know, Mac?"

"I," continued Mr. Nesbit, with an amusedly authoritative expression, "was the first war correspondent on the scene." He gave the first name that popped into his head. "Murdoch of AP," he said. "Yours, gentlemen?"

That did it.

Within the hour, Mr. Nesbit found himself a minor lion as the two impressed gentlemen began informal introductions around the bar. And as the Scotch Old Fashioned flowed, Mr. Nesbit's vicarious mood soared to rhetorical and new imaginative heights.

He tore General MacArthur apart, then put him back together again; he expounded on geisha houses, Tojo, the Japanese mind, the strategy of island hopping, war criminals, and, for good measure, threw in an arresting account (recalled fortuitously from an old news story he once had read about an actual AP man who was forced to parachute into the New Guinea jungles and wandered 43 days before being picked up) of an electrifying occasion when he, Henry Murdoch Nesbit, was lost in New Guinea while on the track of a hot news story, and only escaped death from natives by undergoing a mock marriage ceremony with the chief's daughter.

Mr. Nesbit arrived home tipsily at 2 a.m., to be greeted by an angry Bernice who had practically

memorized a blistering speech which should have laid him low. Instead, Mr. Nesbit climbed happily into bed, pulled up the covers and cut his wife short.

"I am a bigamist," he said. "My heart belongs in New Guinea." Bernice passed a sleepless night.

* * *

As time went on, it became apparent to Mr. Nesbit, who by nature was governed tightly by conscience, that his occasional and extremely heady flyers could not obtain forever.

He knew this only too well on the buzz-bomb mornings-after. Although he detected a perplexed and faintly respectful attitude in Bernice, who couldn't quite make up her regimented mind whether her husband was merely passing through a temporary period of dereliction or had been concealing a genuine and completely renegade trait in his character, Mr. Nesbit felt he was riding for a fall.

He began suspecting the day of reckoning more acutely when, under the influence of the Old Fashioned, he found himself impersonating a series of newspapermen, ranging from Kelley of the *Herald Tribune* to Hipple of *Newsweek*.

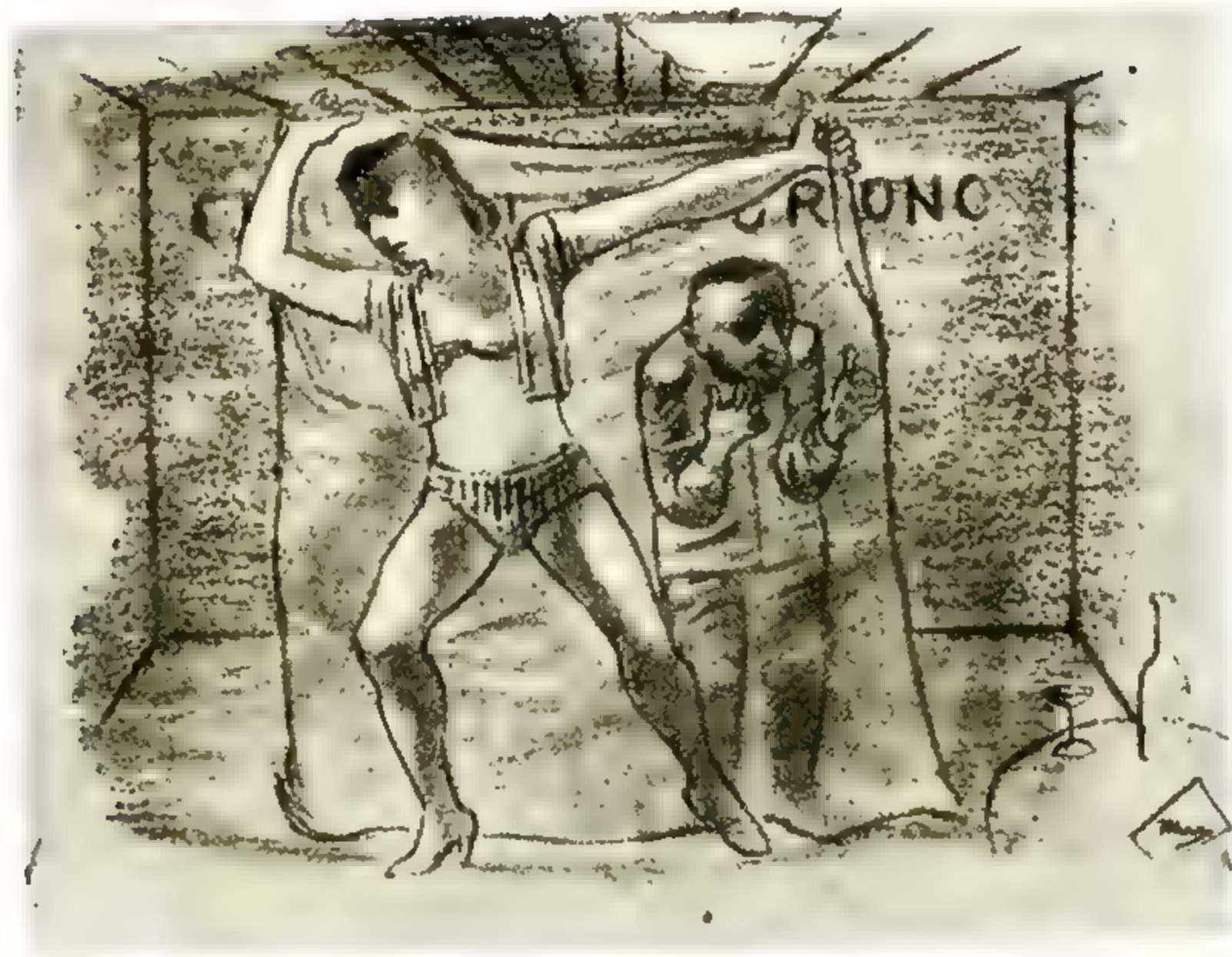
Once he even announced he was Earl Wilson, the self-styled saloon expert, and got away with it so brilliantly (*Continued on page 175*)



"Oh, George, don't be such a gentleman . . . people will think we're not married"



"Don't get up, dear—I just want the keys to the car"



GREENE

No-Sided Professor

When Dr. Slapenarski was challenged to prove his amazing statements, he did so in a most shocking and startling manner

by MARTIN GARDNER

DOLORES—a tall, black-haired striptease at Chicago's Purple Hat Club—stood in the center of the dance floor and began the slow gyrations of her Cleopatra number, accompanied by soft Egyptian music from the Purple Hatters. The room was dark except for a shaft of emerald light that played over her filmy Egyptian costume and smooth, voluptuous limbs.

A veil draped about her head and shoulders was the first to be removed. Dolores was in the act of letting it drift gracefully to the floor when suddenly a sound like the firing of a shotgun came from somewhere above and the nude body of a large man dropped head first from the ceiling. He caught the veil in mid-air with his chin and pinned it to the floor with a dull thump.

Pandemonium reigned.

Jake Bowers, the master of ceremonies, yelled for lights and tried to keep back the crowd. The club's manager, who had been standing by the orchestra watching the floor show, threw a tablecloth over the crumpled figure and rolled it over on its back.

The man was breathing heavily, apparently knocked unconscious by the blow on his chin, but otherwise unharmed. He was well over fifty, with a short, neatly trimmed red beard and mustache, and a completely bald head. He was built like a professional wrestler.

With considerable difficulty three waiters succeeded in transporting him to the manager's private office in the back, leaving a roomful of bewildered, near-hysterical men and women gaping at the ceiling and each other, and arguing heatedly about the angle and manner of the man's fall. The only hypothesis with even a slight suggestion of sanity was that he had been tossed high into the air from somewhere on the side of the dance floor. But no one saw the tossing. The police were called.

Meanwhile, in the back office the bearded man recovered consciousness. He insisted that he was Dr. Stanislaw Slapenarski, professor of mathematics at the University of Warsaw, and at present a visiting lecturer at the University of Chicago.

Before continuing this curious narrative, I must pause to confess that I was not an eyewitness of the episode just described, having based my account on interviews with the master of ceremonies and several waiters. However, I did participate in a chain of remarkable events which culminated in the professor's unprecedented appearance.

These events began several hours earlier when members of the Moebius Society gathered for their annual banquet in one of the private dining rooms on the second floor of the Purple Hat Club. The Moebius Society is a small, obscure Chicago organization of mathematicians working in the field of topology, one of the youngest and most mysterious of the newer branches of transformation mathematics. To make clear what happened during the evening, it will be necessary at this point to give a brief description of the subject matter of topology.

Topology is difficult to define in non-technical terms. One way to put it is to say that topology studies the mathematical properties of an object which remain constant regardless of how the object is distorted.

Picture in your mind a doughnut made of soft pliable rubber that can be twisted and stretched as far as you like in any direction. No matter how much this rubber doughnut is distorted (or "transformed" as mathematicians prefer to say), certain properties of the doughnut will remain unchanged. For example, it will always retain a hole. In top-

ology the doughnut shape is called a "torus." A soda straw is merely an elongated torus, so—from a topological point of view—a doughnut and soda straw are identical figures.

Topology is completely disinterested in quantitative measurements. It is concerned only with basic properties of shape which are unchanged throughout the most radical distortions possible without breaking off pieces of the object and sticking them on again at other spots. If this breaking off were permitted, an object of a given structure could be transformed into an object of any other type of structure, and all original properties would be lost. If the reader will reflect a moment he will soon realize that topology studies the most primitive and fundamental mathematical properties that an object can possess.*1

A sample problem in topology may be helpful. Imagine a torus (doughnut) surface made of thin rubber like an inner tube. Now imagine a small hole in the side of this torus. Is it possible to turn the torus inside out through this hole, as you might turn a balloon inside out? This is not an easy problem to solve in the imagination.

Although many mathematicians of the eighteenth century wrestled with isolated topological problems, one of the first systematic works in the field was done by August Ferdinand Moebius, a German astronomer who taught at the University of Leipzig during the first half of the last century. Until the (Continued on page 231)



GLANTZ

Annie Oakley of the Piano

Chico Marx has played trick piano since his early teens, when he also obliged as wrestler and raconteur. Ever the practical joker, Chico used to give brilliant auditions when a piano player was wanted, then send brother Harpo to fill the job, having taught him two pieces: Waltz Me Around Again, Willie and Love Me and the World Is Mine. Harpo's engagements proved frequent if brief. Teamed as the Four Marx Brothers, Chico, Groucho, Harpo, and Gummo amused vaudeville and movie fans almost to the point of pain by their zany comedy. When a Chicago judge sent a locked-up jury to relax at a Marx Brothers movie, a lady jurist had hysterics and fainted. After each picture, the Marxes have vowed to retire. Their excuse for making *A Night in Casablanca*: to keep Chico away from race tracks.

Ever since the Louisiana dictator caught that happy slug, the novelists have been having at his story with amazing results

Metamorphoses of Huey

by A. J. LIEBLING



FAULKNER

A MAN named Huey Long once parlayed the misery and credulity of Louisiana peasants into a threat to democratic government in the United States. Beginning with his election as governor in 1928, which was a reaction to the neglect of the rural citizenry by the old clique that had long run the state, he set up a machine so strong that he virtually disenfranchised the opposition. Some of the old politicians he bribed with jobs and others he blackmailed into silence, by the use of a secret police organization that compiled the personal dirt on every citizen of the state. He used the State National Guard as a personal army, sending it around to close the gambling houses of fellows who wouldn't pay off, or to seize ballot boxes in corners of the state where there was still local opposition to him at the polls. He completed the process in July, 1935, by getting his personal Legislature and governor to proclaim martial law—he had himself elected to the United States Senate by that time—and simply suspending all legal process. His pretext was that there had been threats against his life. He was by then running the state as an absentee proprietor, since he was playing on a larger board in Washington. Starting his career by attacking the oil companies that were exploiting state oil lands, he wound up on their payroll. His obituary in the *New York Times*, in September, 1935, says that during the first six months of that calendar year he had received \$100,000 in fees as a representative of oil companies in hearings

before the state boards which he personally appointed. This represented only what he chose to take in a public manner; he owned the oil of Louisiana as absolutely as Ibn Saud owns that of Arabia.

Outside his own state he at first tried to ingratiate himself by posing as a clown, a kind of medicine-show Bob Burns, but his roguish clodhopperisms fell flat. So did he, when an insulted citizen took a swing at him in a state where he could not call out the militia. His speeches before audiences in the North, as the *Times* obit notes, never had the same effect upon the listeners as on himself (he always found himself uproariously funny), and he once tipped the girl at the theatre ticket counter in the Hotel New Yorker four cents, which was his idea of being a hot sport.

Out of his own area he had no possible appeal to voters. But he was a smart back-room operator in Washington politics, he had a powerful friend in politics in another Southern state who had a machine almost as absolute as Long's, and he was extending his operations successfully into a couple of the adjoining backward commonwealths when the end came. That would have given him, in a couple of years, a block of eight or ten senators and fifty or sixty electoral votes to trade with, the balance of power in most presidential years. So no outside politician would have interfered with his rule over the states he annexed to his shoeless empire, and he might have governed and milked twenty million white and black Americans all his life, and left them to his heirs, if he hadn't happened to get shot through the gut with a small but sufficient slug.

The man who shot him, a twenty-nine-year-old eye, nose, ear and throat doctor named Carl A. Weiss, Jr., had at least one strong personal reason; Long was trying to rearrange the boundaries of four state judicial districts so that he could unseat Weiss' father-in-law, a judge, in the next election. People in his corner of the state had held out against the machine for seven years. Whether he felt that in his person he was avenging other victims and the whole system of constitutional government will never be known, because Long's bodyguards left him with sixty-one wounds in his body (and probably missed him with a hundred more bullets in the same burst) exactly three seconds after he had shot Long. So he never had a chance to explain. But the people in his parish gave him a big funeral, with a high requiem mass, and all the surviving anti-Long leaders in attendance. There seemed to be more genuine feeling in it than the ceremony put on for Long, whose political lieutenants started cutting him up before he hit the marble floor of the Statehouse where Weiss shot him.

There is nothing new or original in these few preliminary remarks about the late unlamented Mr. Long. I never saw Louisiana until five years after his death, and then I stayed only three days, hidden behind a set of whiskers I had grown on a wartime tanker trip, and eating and drinking magnificently before moving on to New York, my home port. The only time I ever talked to Long was in New York, where he appeared at a disadvantage, putting on his clown act at the Waldorf for a group of reporters used to more subtle routines. I merely wanted to refresh your memories as to the record of the real-life Huey Long before telling you about *All the King's Men* (Harcourt Brace, \$3) by Robert Penn Warren, which is the fourth "Huey Long" novel to appear in the last five years.

Nope purports to be historically exact. Many of the characters in the (Continued on page 206)



"Who wants the check?"



1. *He makes with bow and pencil*
(JANUARY 1)



2. *Rifle-packin' Annie*
(JANUARY 16)



3. *His is the last word*
(JANUARY 22)



4. *The enemy's enemy*
(JANUARY 1)



5. *55 G's dress him well*
(JANUARY 1)



6. *King of the heat beat*
(JANUARY 16)

JANUARY'S CHILDREN

Caricatures by Alan Jedla

The six subjects of this month's pictorial guessing game are among the brightest garnets in the crown of two-faced Janus (the deity who knows where he's going as well as where he's been). Born in the snowy, blowy month that follows the winter solstice, they follow the signs of Capricornus, the goat, and Aquarius, the water-bearer. Theirs is the

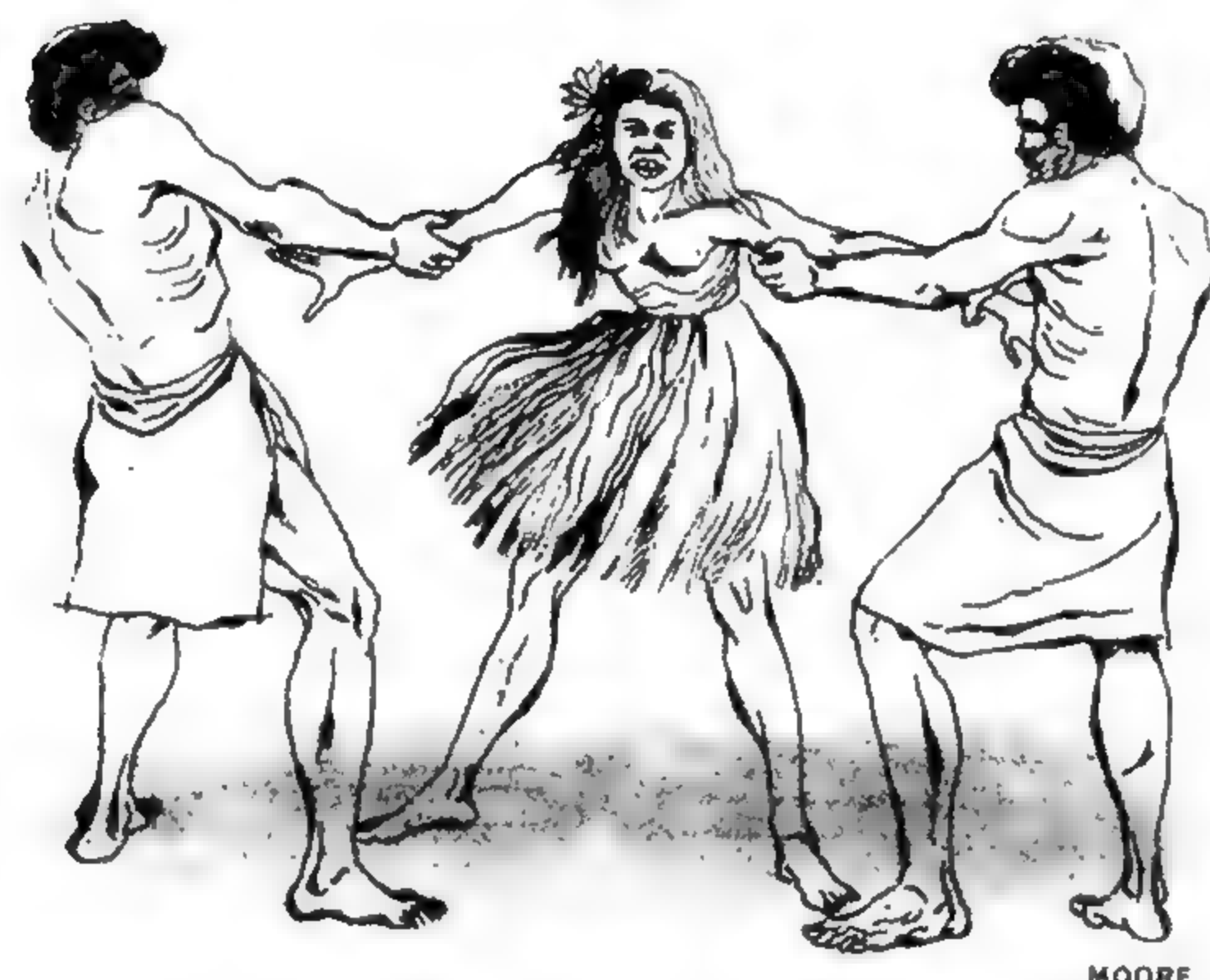
sanguine season of libations and resolutions, theirs the hopeful heritage of open doors and open roads which each one has followed with brilliant achievement, according to his special bent. Their famous features, depicted here with Puckish design and deliberate overemphasis by Caricaturist Jedla, are familiar to you even if you only know what

you read in the papers. For you have often seen their photographs, variously captioned, under the headings of Sports, Amusement, Punishment and Crime. But just to remove the last vestige of doubt, we give you their celebrated names: 1. Xavier Cugat; 2. Ethel Merman; 3. Frederick M. Vinson; 4. J. Edgar Hoover; 5. Hank Greenberg; 6. Gene Krupa.

A brisk tour through some backward lands
in search of a courtship formula to help
boost our own slackening splicing record

Man Proposes

by JULES ARCHER



DON'T blame the war for the fact that these days an alarming number of females are eschewing the indirect method of hypnotizing males to propose, and instead are actually popping the question themselves. This sad state of affairs has been a long time coming.

The truth is that year after year our neurotic civilization has been marked by an increasing reluctance of the male to (1) renounce variety, (2) shoulder responsibilities, (3) summon enough determination to get the question out of his throat, (4) face the humiliating possibility that he may be rejected, giving rise to a devouring inferiority complex.

The compulsion that is driving women into the role of marital aggressors is also taking its toll of female nervous systems. If the male soul quails at the thought of being spurned, even hell is famous for having no phenomena like the distaff side despised.

More men would propose, and more women would relax, if our social customs were revised to permit less embarrassing and nerve-racking techniques of popping the question. We have only to look at more ancient, less jittery civilizations than our own for guidance in getting males and females to pair off for posterity.

In India when a young Hindu takes a fancy to a girl, he sends a pal to visit her folks, operating on the principle that even his best friend will tell him if he's got social B.O. If the friend reports that

the welcome mat is out, he trots along to pay a call—providing no cat, fox or snake crosses his path, indicating he'd better go home and wait for a day when the signs are more promising that he won't be tossed out on his ear.

To butter up the girl's parents, he brings gifts of cloth, coconut, bananas and saffron. Even so, Pop puts off his decision until he hears a wall lizard chirp. Since India is literally lousy with these reptilian Sinatras, it isn't long before Pop informs the young man that "the lizard has spoken," and his bachelor days are numbered.

The Chinese are well-known for their practical outlook on betrothals. Usually children are engaged in infancy by their parents. In many cases marriages are arranged between children still unborn—provided the sexes turn out properly opposite. Often a bride and groom never see each other until their wedding day.

In Japan if a young swain lives alone and doesn't like it, he ties the branch of a certain shrub to the house of his romantic attachment. Branch neglected, suit rejected. If it's taken inside, his stooges call on her folks to arrange for the "lovers" to meet, and a date for the wedding is set.

Boy meets girl at a matchmaker's house. If, having peeked at him from behind her parents' parlor curtains, she regards him as an oriental Van Johnson, she will then turn up with blackened teeth, a dentalized version of swooning. Properly chaperoned they go to a dance, the theatre or a temple. If her folks are shockingly modern, he may even be allowed to speak to her.

Should the girl prove a washout on this first date, the deal is off. However, if *he* turns out a stinkweed, that's of no importance, since only *his* impressions matter. Gifts are then exchanged and the girl can look forward to living unhappily ever after.

Among the Arabian Bedouins of Mt. Sinai, a young man not only proposes to the girl's father—he goes through a betrothal ceremony with the old man as well! This charming romance begins when Ali Ben O'Brien calls on Pop to bargain over the wedding dowry—which comes out of Ali Ben's sheet pocket, not Pop's. Horse trading completed, a public notary is summoned. He places the right hand of each on Ali Ben's turban and asks Pop, "Are you willing to give your daughter to Ali Ben O'Brien?" The old man, clinking his dowry, nods complacently.

"Do you," the notary then asks Ali Ben, "take the girl to wife for better or worse?" The impatient bridegroom agrees that's the general idea. These \$64 questions are then repeated twice more, to make sure everybody knows what he's doing. When the betrothal is official, it's about time to let Ali Ben's fiancée hear about it.

She gathers that something is brewing when the notary steals into the family tent and throws a mantle over her, chanting, "The name of Allah be with thee, none but Ali Ben O'Brien shall have thee!" She usually attempts to escape, but the women in the family bring her down with flying tackles, on the theory that a husband is a husband—even if he looks like Ali Ben O'Brien.

Among the Ewe-speaking natives of West Africa, Pop is also the first object of a lover's affections. When a wooer wants Pop's daughter to wife, he sends a man and woman to Pop with two large flasks of rum. If the emissaries return with the flasks empty, it signifies that Pop is now cockeyed drunk enough to approve (Continued on page 211)



Seven Chinese Dolls at the China Doll

These CD's (as you can see from the angle above) are probably the most beautiful and talented Oriental young ladies in America. The most intriguing part of the show at the China Doll, a night club at 51st and Broadway in New York, they are as American as San Francisco, having been born there the right number of years ago. They like sports, read American books, and speak English that has no accent other than on charm. Some of them do, however, speak Chinese (or take Chinese lessons) and they insist on having one Chinese meal a day and buying their clothes in the Occidental-baffling maze of Chinatown. If you have a taste for the exotic, Mara Kim and Jesse Tai Sing (foreground) will certainly make you glad you left home when you see their specialties in the all-Oriental floor show.



"If they don't watch out, we're going to have fruit salad again for supper!"



“Poor Rollo! Who would have dreamed he was planning to do away with himself?”

Every Man a Movie Hero!



KENNEDY

Comment on a new screen technique which enables all men in the audience to solve the mystery and make love to the heroine

by JACK MOFFITT

You, too, can be a smart-cracking movie hero—without even one easy lesson. You don't have to give up your job or win the "most beautiful boy contest" conducted by your local newspaper. You don't have to wear pancake make-up or join the Wig Wags Club (composed of wags who wear wigs) of Southern California.

All you have to do is buy a ticket to *The Lady in the Lake*, which should be playing in your town pretty soon. This film, one of the most ingenious photographic novelties of the season, ostensibly stars Robert Montgomery. But after a short introduction, in which he explains the picture's technique, Bob steps aside and lets the audience (and the camera) take his place as the detective hero amid the sexy slaughter of a Raymond Chandler mystery.

This means that you and you and you will be the target for svelte and lovely Audrey Totter, who is alternately sweet and sinister. She'll kiss you and nurse you and minister unto you in her boudoir. How well you make out in these situations is up to you. Of course, you also get beaten up by Lloyd Nolan, but a guy can't ask for everything—even amid the highly touted perfections of a postwar world. But being vamped by Miss Totter isn't a bad way to start out the New Year—if you happen to be a man.

Naturally, if you are a woman, all of this may fall rather flat. You may feel that playing a love scene with Miss Totter is about as tame as practising the rumba with a sorority sister. You may wish that Montgomery had remained visible and that the camera (and the audience) had taken the place of Audrey. If so, you must remember that this audience-participation technique is in its infancy. If the thing really catches on, the studios may have to make two versions of every picture, shot with male and female cameras respectively—with, perhaps, an additional children's version, shot with a Brownie.

The possibilities of this photographic innovation, even in its limited masculine form, are infinite. Any man who feels he has done well in the passionate passages with Miss Totter can go home and write himself a fan letter. If he's been sensational, he may be able to organize the wife and kiddies into a fan club and give out autographs when he makes personal appearances at the dinner table. This will put a touch of Hollywood into every home.

But, as with all scientific steps forward, some bugs still remain. You will notice that when you (and the camera) look into a mirror, it is not your image that appears—but Montgomery's. However, this only happens once in a while, and never in the big scenes. Bob makes no effort to hog the show from you.

Unlike theatre audiences, movie patrons have a way of popping in at any point during the hour and a half of screen performance. For this reason, Bob interrupts the story a couple of times to orientate any late arriving captains of industry who (having fallen behind in their reading of *Screen Secrets* and *Movie Romances*) may be surprised to learn that they're supposed to be acting in a movie, and not just looking at it.

There once was a dear dead time (which has fallen into the limbo of discarded days) when the customers at a whodunit movie could look forward to having the mystery thoroughly unraveled before the newsreel came on, and E. Thorgersen started bringing them "highlights from the world of sports." But this practice of public enlightenment invariably led to long dull scenes, in which the detective wound up sounding like the late Bob Benchley explaining the inner workings of the OPA.

To avoid this, the movies invented a new type of detective story in which nothing gets explained. One punchy scene follows another. Action-packed

sequences are motivated by off-stage happenings and characters who never appear. Plots move within plots and unidentified heels pump bullets into other unidentified heels. This makes for excitement—and confusion.

The audience is kept guessing. But the trouble seems to be that it keeps on guessing long after it is home in bed—and these fretful ruminations sometimes continue until four or five o'clock in the morning. One of the gravest charges against Macbeth was that he "does murder sleep." The same indictment is being hurled against Hollywood's homicide boys by a public that's being made a little tired and hollow-eyed by the current trend in horror entertainment.

Last week I received a letter from Mr. O. D. Hotchkiss, of Scranton, that was typical of other complaints I've been receiving from all over the country. Mr. Hotchkiss felt I let him down by failing to explain what all the shooting was about in *The Big Sleep*. The fact that I'd seen the picture once and read the book once and still didn't get it wasn't accepted as a valid excuse by Mr. Hotchkiss. He felt that a reviewer who had explored the history of Asia to give him the background of *Anna and the King of Siam* and who had slugged his way through Shakespeare's chronicle plays to expose the over-all pattern of *Henry V*, was slacking when he failed to fit all the intricate mosaics of a Raymond Chandler massacre into place.

Mr. Hotchkiss is a man who likes to leave the movies with a plot all buttoned up. Maybe he is right. In the old days the producers begged critics not to give away the solutions of mystery plays. But *somebody* ought to solve them—or mystery fans won't be able to report at the office in the morning in condition to do a good day's work. Since the producers are shirking the duty of explaining, the burden seems to fall upon the press.

So in the interests of public service, here is the background of *The Lady in the Lake*.

Once, long before the film opens, there was a girl named Florence Almore, who doesn't appear in the picture. Florence was murdered by a girl named Mildred Haviland (for reasons which the picture does not state). Mildred tried to fake the murder to look like suicide, but she wasn't quite smart enough. (Continued on page 217)



"—on the other hand in a case very similar to this handled by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's young Doctor Kildare—or was it Paramount?"

Handy Man in the Air

Pilot on a super scale, Paul Mantz flies Hollywood's toughest sequences, owns the world's seventh largest fleet of planes

by **WILLIAM F. FRENCH**



KNIGHT

THE plane swept into the deep gorge, its wing tips brushing the towering rock walls and its landing gear ripping leaves from the treetops. It landed in the boulder-strewn ravine beside the injured man. Director Howard Hawks whistled his relief, and stars Cary Grant and Jean Arthur "whewed" out their long-held breath.

That action was the real thing—with no "Hollywood" touches, no flimsy break-away cliffs, no canvas boulders, no miniature plane, no glass shots, no process printing. The pilot was flying a wild, ragged canyon high in the Rockies, and risking his life to get the sequence on film. A few feet to the right or left, a second's loss of control or the tiniest miscalculation meant a splintered plane and a mangled body.

Director and stars had known the flier could do it—if nothing went wrong. He had done it before. The very picture that had brought them on this wild location, *Only Angels Have Wings*—was written around his amazing feat of flying a rescue mission into a gorge very like the one in which they were now standing.

Then there were no cameras grinding, and only the citizens of the little mining town of Mountain City, Nevada, and a few denizens of the surrounding wilderness, had witnessed his landing. Only they and the injured man who lay on the rock-studded ledge in the ravine.

The real-life rescue had developed after a man named Harold Riddle had fallen down the shaft of the Rio Tinto Mine. Mountain City had contacted Salt Lake City, Reno, Sacramento and intermediate flying fields for a plane to fly him to a hospital. But the terrain was so forbidding, the sky so overcast and both the landing and the take-off so hazardous none would attempt it. In desperation, the people of Mountain City appealed to Hollywood, the home of the daredevil fliers.

That's when Paul Mantz stepped into the picture. Taking flying chances was Mantz' business. So he flew his plane to Mountain City, circled for a look-see over the ravine where the injured man lay, and skimmed in, loaded the stretcher into his plane, and took off.

That was not the only time socko sequences had been built around Mantz' actual experiences, nor the only time pictures had depended upon his skill and daring to drive home the old punch.

He has staged the air sequences of practically every big production in the last ten years, and his flying stunts have high-lighted half a hundred films. Even his *Honeymoon Express*, a plane that flies impatient film lovers to out-of-state hitches, has supplied the romantic theme for a couple of movies, and his present interstate "divorce taxi" is being featured in another.

But Paul Mantz has been branching out, and today practically every studio in Hollywood is figuring ways to utilize the fruits of his latest exploit—the purchase of 470 planes in one covey from the U. S. Those planes cost our government \$117,000,000. They now give Paul Mantz—personally—the world's seventh largest air force. Included in this gargantuan private air fleet are 75 Flying Fortresses, 228 Liberators, 10 Mitchell medium bombers, 22 twin-engine Marauders, 8 Mustangs, 6 Airacobras, 90 Warhawks and 31 Thunderbolts, as well as 30 other planes of various types, including several World War I models. Although Mantz contemplates using these planes in movies, he has other plans as well. The movies pay him a couple hundred thousand dollars a year, and he's not prepared to pass up that kind of money. But stunt flying and developing and directing air sequences are only a part of his activities.

Even before his recent government purchase, he had 32 ships. Most of these were for charter, and with them he whisked film celebrities to out-of-state marriages, taught stars to fly, air-expressed animals to Hollywood for screen tests and flew Clark Gable and Carole Lombard on Mexican hunting trips he loved to share.

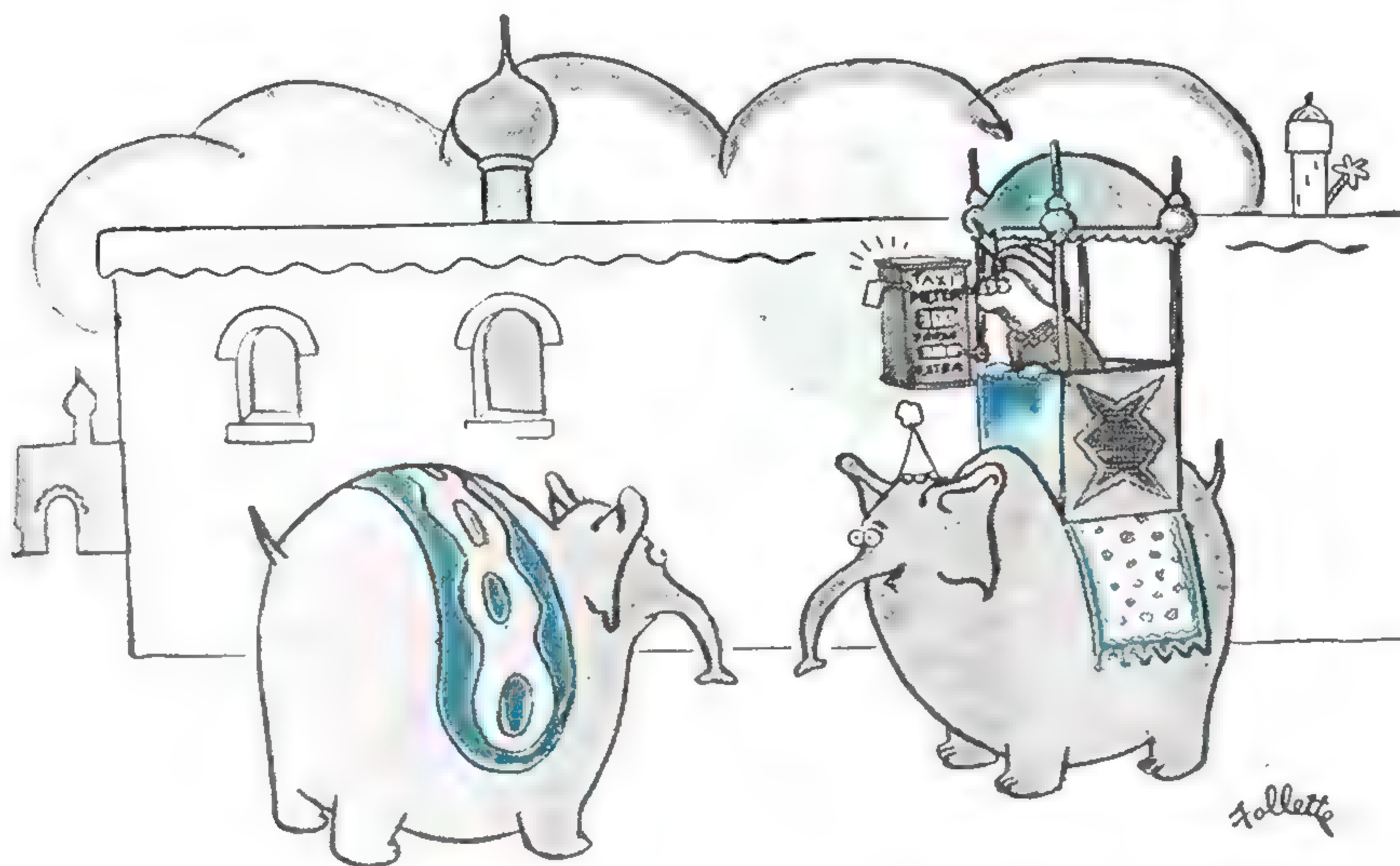
Those flights were good fun and great publicity—but far from his most important jobs. For every spectacular stunt that hits the wire services he performs a half-dozen routine flights fully as strenuous and often as dangerous.

Stunt: he set the world's record with 46 outside loops. Routine: he flew 700 miles in bad weather to rescue 15 men from a fishing boat breaking up off Playa del Mario, Mexico; he combed the desert Panamint Mountains to find the lost Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Fraes and Wm. Holman; he flew through searing flames in the Santa Barbara mountains to drop water and food to the 53 forest-fire fighters trapped in Potrero Seco for five days.

Stunt: at the 1946 National Air Races, he averaged 435.6 miles per hour in one of his recently purchased P-51 Mustangs to take first place in the Bendix Trophy prize race, beating the previous record for the 2,045-mile dash by 150 miles per hour. (Another of his P-51 surplus planes took third position.) Twice before he won third place in the same race. Routine: he rescued Harold Riddle; he beat his earlier Bendix Trophy Race time by rushing a man with the "bends" from Santa Maria to the decompression chambers at the Mare Island Naval Yards in San Francisco.

Paul Mantz has spent a fortune buying planes for use in pictures, including a hopped-up one for photographing air sequences, and another that bristles with automatic camera mounts and special focusing paraphernalia. One stunt plane is equipped for blind flying and has an engine with an oil pump and gasoline feed that will function indefinitely while flying upside down. (More than one stunt man has been killed because his engine went out while he was flying head down.) Mantz bought three planes flying as slow as 20 miles an hour to shoot the glider flight in *Gallant Journey*.

All this, however, isn't permitted to interfere with his air ambulance service, for which he maintains planes that can be converted into ambulances in a few minutes. Only his air ambulance and his rescue service for ships in distress at sea take precedence over his contracts to fly special patrols for



"He gets a kick out of seeing exactly how much dough I'm saving him"

the U. S. Forest Service and to transport its men to forest fires.

Some of the planes Mantz just bought will be used for these purposes. One of his ideas is to commission an ambulance plane that will be little short of a flying hospital and will travel smoothly enough to permit emergency operations in flight. Other planes will be equipped for special movie jobs. Still others will be dismantled and their aluminum and other materials sold.

They say that Mantz can retire on what he's going to make from the sale of the planes he doesn't keep for his business. But he has no intention of abandoning the fun of flying—which is the top sport of them all to him. He sails into a flying job like a kid sails into a watermelon. Shedding the last word in sport coats and the ultimate in loud ties, he crowds in beside a mechanic or a grease monkey to help get his plane ready for a movie shot or a rescue mission. And whichever it is, as he makes his pass before diving down to risk his neck, his voice comes over his two-way radio, singing off-key or kidding with the people on the ground below.

For years wise ones have been saying Paul Mantz' luck is due to run out, and that someday the laugh or the song coming out of the plummeting plane will snap off like a disconnected radio. But experts in the game, like Bill Guthrie, location manager at Warner Brothers studio, claim old age alone will call "cut!" to Paul's flying. Because his "luck" is a combination of close calculations and infinite pains. He is a perfectionist in the air. Almost every studio in town calls him into production conferences on pictures with airplane sequences, and he has the last word on what can or cannot be done in the air. The sequences he okays are turned over to him for development and then shot under his supervision.

In a huddle with studio executives Mantz stands out like a firefly in a hatful of moths. He's always on the move and the people who get under his feet as he circles the office are usually about three thoughts behind him. He figures like he flies: Zoom! Zip! and he lands with the solution in his mouth. He talks as fast as he thinks, and when he's sold on something his clipped "Good Deal" shows it.

Unlike most picture people, he doesn't go all out for playing the horses, or for any type of gambling except taking on big jobs or risking his neck in stunts or rescue missions. Also unlike most of the picture fraternity, he is not superstitious. The one thing that disturbs him is having a stand-by ambulance where he is doing stunts, or a first-aid man handy when he's trying out something new. That insults him. Neither Mantz nor any of his passengers have ever been hurt in one of his planes.

When the action in a sequence is too dangerous for a cameraman to go up, Mantz flies a plane with cameras mounted in the gun positions, and shoots them by pressing the button that fired the guns.

To do this he must understand not only flying and "action," but also distances, speeds, focusing and photography. Because the film shot in a flying sequence sometimes represents a studio investment of over a hundred thousand dollars, Hollywood is willing to pay a premium for Mantz' services—which he admits come high.

Paul often earns as much as a thousand dollars a day in the air by his own flying. And, he says, it's not so dangerous, if you know how. He calls his tricky work "precision" flying, not "stunt" flying. Stunting is performing the tricks of the old "flying circus," while precision flying is doing the mathematically exact flying required to get a certain result for a picture. According to him, when a flier has control of his plane a miss by a foot is as safe as a miss by a mile.

The star you see in the flying picture is probably sitting comfortably in a cutaway plane cabin in the studio, exposed to nothing more dangerous than the flicker from the hairbreadth escapes being flashed on the transparency screen before him, and into which he seems to be plunging. But the pilot of the camera plane that shot the scenes shown on that screen had to go where the star was supposed to go—and do what he was supposed to do. And because the camera photographs things to look farther away than they are, the "misses"

you see on the screen are almost always narrower than they seem.

When you see the fellow who's doubling for the star or the comedian in a runaway plane, or hanging on a pilotless crate that is grazing the tops of buildings, just missing trains or scraping mountain sides, think of the flier hidden somewhere out of sight with only a peephole to see through—and probably a camera to operate while he flies. It is to make such stunts a little less dangerous that Paul Mantz has his special instrument plane fitted with an engine that will percolate upside down.

He contracted to fly a plane through a hangar in Abbott and Costello's *Keep Them Flying*. He figured the seven-foot clearance through the doors was ample, but when he came out the far end he discovered he couldn't get enough elevation to clear the next hangar. So he had to fly through five hangars in a line—with one allowing a clearance of only three feet!

In *20,000 Men a Year* Mantz had to land in a little bowl in the mountains back of St. George, Utah. The country was so wild that the camera had to be brought in on muleback, and the take-off was so cramped that when he landed in Zion National Park after the stunt he found leaves from the treetops in his landing gear. Incidentally Paul is the only person to set his plane down in this Park.

In *Captain Eddie* Mantz took off from a race track in Santa Rosa in one of the first of the antique pusher planes. The studio had told him that he had a 2200-foot runway. But when he flew over it he discovered there was an inner track, and that he had less than half that space. The only way he could take off was by cutting some trees—and then he had to tilt his plane to get between the others.

Mantz not only flies all types of planes, he also furnishes them. Bill Guthrie, who arranges all locations and all equipment for Warner Bros. films (including the use of the Pacific Fleet, West Point, Annapolis, and the Army Air Force), says:

"Paul works out anything we want done in the air, and finds anything we want flown—no matter what it is, or when or where it was made. Anything with wings that our writers put in a script Mantz will get—and fly. His scouts dig up old planes for him all over America and Europe."

Mantz' close margins have not all been in the movies or while he was flying rescue missions, however. He had quite a stable of them in the Army Air Force during the war. General "Hap" Arnold put Mantz in charge of producing pictures to train youngsters to fly. One of Lt. Col. Mantz' methods of doing this was to make a series of "horrible example" pictures showing air cadets the things they should not do. Air trainees all over the world saw these films, and Mantz was the screwball star in millions of feet of film for millions of prospective airmen in America, England, France, Australia, China

and India. Besides these "horrible example" films, he also made pictures demonstrating each step in flying—and had more "close-ups" than a glamour queen.

The job that especially appealed to him was "mapping" courses over Canada and Alaska and across the north Atlantic. To accomplish this he first flew the various courses to Alaska and the Aleutians, using a map as a script, and shooting the film for a travel picture that would save the lives of many fliers. Later he duplicated the feat along Labrador and over to Iceland and Greenland. Before flying these theaters pilots were briefed with repeated showings of the films. Photo maps were also printed from these films, and furnished the fliers for reference en route.

Mantz' dream of a 16mm projector mounted in the plane and synchronized with the flight so it would run movies of the exact spot over which the pilot was flying was not realized before the end of the war. He is still experimenting and later may have such an apparatus for use as a safety device for commercial flying.

If Hollywood considers Paul Mantz the greatest flier in the air, Washington apparently regards him as the safest. When the question arose of who should fly Eleanor Roosevelt on her inspection tour of the migrant camps in the thirties, (Continued on page 241)

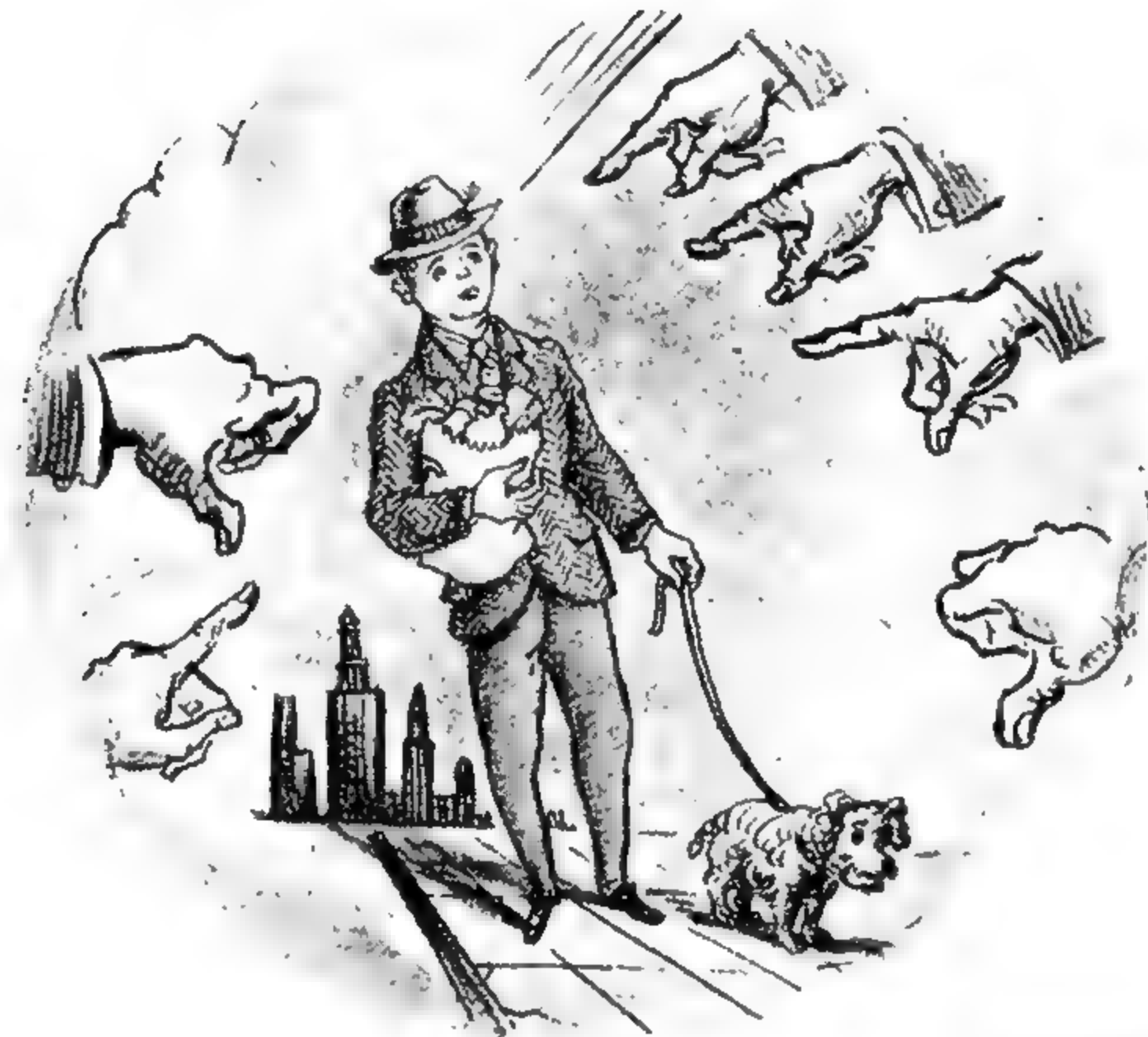


**"Just tell me if it makes you nervous if
I watch you work"**

Author strikes blow in defense of that
maligned citizen—The American Male

The Wrongest Guy in the World

by HERB GRAFFIS



REISMAN

Do you ever get tired of being the wrongest guy in the world? You realize, of course, that's the label again hung on you, the regular American male citizen, now that the war is over and residents of this sorry sphere are free to resume their usual critical whining. This freedom to disparage you was won when you stepped in and with your might and mind decided the outcome of the hostilities. You never expected to receive glory or gratitude from those you saved or those you whipped. That's good. You won't get it, and you never have.

During the late unpleasantness the Germans, the Japs and the Italians were spoken of somewhat harshly. But that's over. No longer are the scolds enjoying that novel hysteria. Conditions are normal again and you, the American, are Wrong Guy No. 1 by the verdict of those who make it their black business to beat their typewriters and gums in fault-finding.

By the judgment of these gabby irresponsibles, the Germans now are a suffering people, misled into ruin because you didn't accept your responsibility after World War I. The Japs today are sweet and clever little people who were deluded by you into worshiping the false gods of Yankeeland. The Italians at present are a wrecked race of singing, dancing, wine-imbibing romanticists who fell into the fatal fault of a fascism founded on the sinful principles of American capitalism.

You'll see such indictments against you in the words of mouthy intellectuals here and overseas who never cease condemning the American for success. The pattern and the patter is old.

The distinguished Samuel Johnson stated the too general attitude toward our folks when we were just getting into business on our own. "I am willing to love all mankind, except an American."

There is a surplus of American bubble-heads repeating the idea in more words today. Are they peculiar in their apologies and in their damnation of their fellow nationals? Not at all. They're merely continuing a bad habit that had prior displays in the remarks of such compatriots as Emerson, Whitman and Taylor.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, whose biography by Phillips Russell was labeled *The Wisest American*, moaned in his *The Method of Nature*: "We are a puny and fickle folk. Avarice, hesitation and following are our diseases."

Walt Whitman gave us a 50-50 break in declaring, "The Americans, like the English, probably make love worse than any other race." And thought highly of himself as an authority on love. The first of our globe-girdling correspondents, Bayard Taylor, reflected sadly on his fellow American as "an Anglo-Saxon relapsed into semi-barbarism."

No such faint condemnation appeared in the writings of smug foreign literates. The correspondence of Robert Southey and Walter Savage Landor gives a frank and popular pitch, although it must be granted that the letters were written in 1812 during a period when we were strenuously resenting certain arrogant performances of England, and the English were resenting our resentment.

Wrote the sweet singer Southey: "See what it is to have a nation take its place among civilized states before it has either gentlemen or

scholars. They (that's us) have in the course of twenty years acquired a distinct national character for low, lying knavery."

To which the celebrated Mr. Landor replied: "I detest the American character as much as you do."

Thus typical comments of the early birds who pecked at the Americans is forming a precedent that is much too faithfully followed by numerous of those who give us double talk with the brotherhood of man speech fluttering one tonsil and "The Yank is a worm" agitating the other one.

Has the American man become indifferent or calloused to the calumnies and bossing that beset him from the cradle when syndicated newspaper pediatricians advise his mother not to yield to him in a clash of wills because he's a stubborn mean little brat, to the finale when the respective advocates of cremation and burial argue over the disposition of his remains, with one of the two saying the late American goes as a wrong guy to the throne of judgment?

What really is so bad about the American man, anyway?

Let's cover some of the articles of the indictments so persistently issued against him.

According to the critics, you, the American man:

Get the wrong food prepared in the worst of all possible ways;

Are a victim of chronic constipation;

Sleep at the wrong hours;

Don't get rested because you don't know how to relax;

Waste most of your time in false motions at your work;

Work so hard you're culturally a Grade Z specimen;

Loaf and let machines do your work;

Are physically inferior to the peasants of other lands;

Are mentally inferior to the masculine flowers of older nations;

Spoil American women by treating them too considerately;

Spoil American women by not being polished suitors;

Are disappointingly deficient in the fine arts of the boudoir;

Don't get enough exercise;

Are mad about winning at sports;

Smell gamy and don't mind it when you do sweat;

Are a sucker for tipping too much but are tighter than a warped door when foreign panhandlers pass their palms;

Are guilty of nationalism when you don't blindly and heartily endorse the strictly nationalistic designs of other nations;

Are rabidly intolerant;

Provide green pastures for phony cults;

Are irreligious;

Are lawless;

Are always clamoring "there ought to be a law against . . ."

Are in the power of racketeers;

Are always looking for a chance to get into a racket;

Are all of one pattern;

Let yourself get bald;

Don't keep your hair groomed when you do have it;

Are too dependent on mechanical aids to living;

Are lacking in craftsmanship;

Allow your shirt to show between your vest and pants;

Permit politicians to boss you;

Use politicians to "fix your tickets";

Don't take quite enough interest in the pol- (Continued on page 191)



Fred Lundy

"But don't you really like twin beds, dear?"

The Special
1947 Esquire Calendar

by
J. FREDERICK SMITH



Anticipation

JANUARY

This New Year's lassie looking into the future with the dazzling, quizzical gaze knows that for one as lovely as she, it can hold only joy, gaiety, and the magic of the unknown. And January, under the sign of Aquarius, the Water Bearer,

puts this miss right in the swim with her garlanded pitcher. If your mind runs to sentiment in January (although the garnet is the stone), a star ruby not only would be the right thing for her but would justify that dreamy sparkle in her eyes.



Artiste

FEBRUARY

There's something bold, determined, purposeful, about this gal as she cuts the pattern of things to come. After the dress rehearsal she'll be sweet and lovely, wearing her clothes disarmingly, like an untroubled afterthought. But the artist

caught her unawares, rapt in concentration, a far, albeit lovely cry from what you'd see. Yet, remember, she's not only capable of fashioning her wardrobe with this determination, but can equally apply this patterned scheming to your own future.



Temptation

This Twentieth-Century Eve is eyeing the apple, but, unlike her renowned forebear, with relish rather than curiosity. She is vigor personified. And woe to the man who's not bolder than Adam, for she's the type who admires subtlety less than

action. There's not a man who won't look when she sweeps into the room, but few get the glance returned. A wink, a nod, are not for her and fall off as pellets cast against a statue. Her favor may be yours for the asking—if you know how to ask.

MARCH



Plumage

APRIL

Which came first, the jay bird or the girl? The artist patterned the one after the other. The jay bird is a roving bird, a schemer, a planner, a mischievous flyer swathed in soft plumage, and even a plunderer of nests. Looking at our sparkling

April lady, though a gal of soft plumage—note the corsage in her hair—her eyes and pose give her away. Though gaiety is her nature and she is a creature of sudden whims, there is method to her charming madness, so look before you leap.



May Wine

Here's spring made real with all the props—the emerald green of new-grown grass studded with flowers—a picnic basket for the inner man—and she, sprouting from the earth like some fantastic flower. But, although she may seem as warm and in-

viting as the spring sun, hold on to your heart. This, gentlemen, is no "gamble on the green," but requires planning and the tactics of an astute strategist. Here's a field of glory where the world's greatest generals would be proud to engage.

MAY



Grooming

JUNE

This modern Venus reborn, not from the sea foam perhaps, but in more up-to-date form, could well be today's goddess of beauty, love and marriage. It certainly would fit this month of June when convention has it that marriages take place and

brides should be grooming. But this lovely damsel doesn't need the classic trapping. She can stand on her own, a laving beauty who knows it and shows it. And she doesn't have to wait for the right man, because the right man has to wait for her.



Hauteur

JULY

This sultry wearer of the seaside sarong gets her golden glow, not because she loves the outdoors, but because she loves to be seen at the proper beaches lolling before the right cabanas. She's the reigning queen wherever she is and wears her hau-

teur as becomingly and naturally as the cape she's draping. Although born to rule, we suspect that she'd prefer to be ruled. But you must be a king to do it. However, July is under the sign of Leo, the Lion, so the planets are right behind you.



Mirage

AUGUST

When the artist did this one he was inspired by the lines:

"Mother, may I go out to swim?"

"Yes, my darling daughter.

Hang your clothes on a hickory limb;

But don't go near the water."

Look closely, though, at her charming pixie face, where there lurks a mischievous twinkle. As a word of caution, don't pin your hopes on this hickory limb; she's not a naïve daughter.



Candlelight

SEPTEMBER

Behold a lovely vision of the night, about to melt into darkness. Her piquant face conjures up the thought that perhaps the zodiac, with its hocus-pocus, has something to it after all. For September is the month when Libra reigns the heavens and

Libra stands for balance, which is what she shows. Neither flighty nor purry nor fluffy, she can toy with the flame in your heart with the insouciant ease with which she's blowing out the candle. She's worth your time, but you've got to be careful.



Danseuse

OCTOBER

Who could be gay on a chilly October morn, when there is wind and wine and fall in the air, but this sprightly skipper? From dancing feet to laughing eyes she's syncopated joy; rare indeed would be the man who could read the newspaper at break-

fast in her presence. And, for that matter, who would want to? But we throw in one word of warning—it takes a man who's on his toes to keep step with her, slim and feminine as she is. If you're not careful, she'll be leading and you'll be following.



Sphinx

NOVEMBER

When fans were the fashion and a well-turned ankle the acme of revelatory thrills, this lovely of the Sphinx-like gaze was not even a lassie—she wasn't even born. She's the girl of 1947, the cerebral type, controlling her heart with her mind.

Beware though, for she's a terror to sophomores, a menace to unsophisticates, a dangerous trap for the unwary. But she's a delightful challenge to the man not afraid of her claws and agile enough, through experience, to keep away from them.

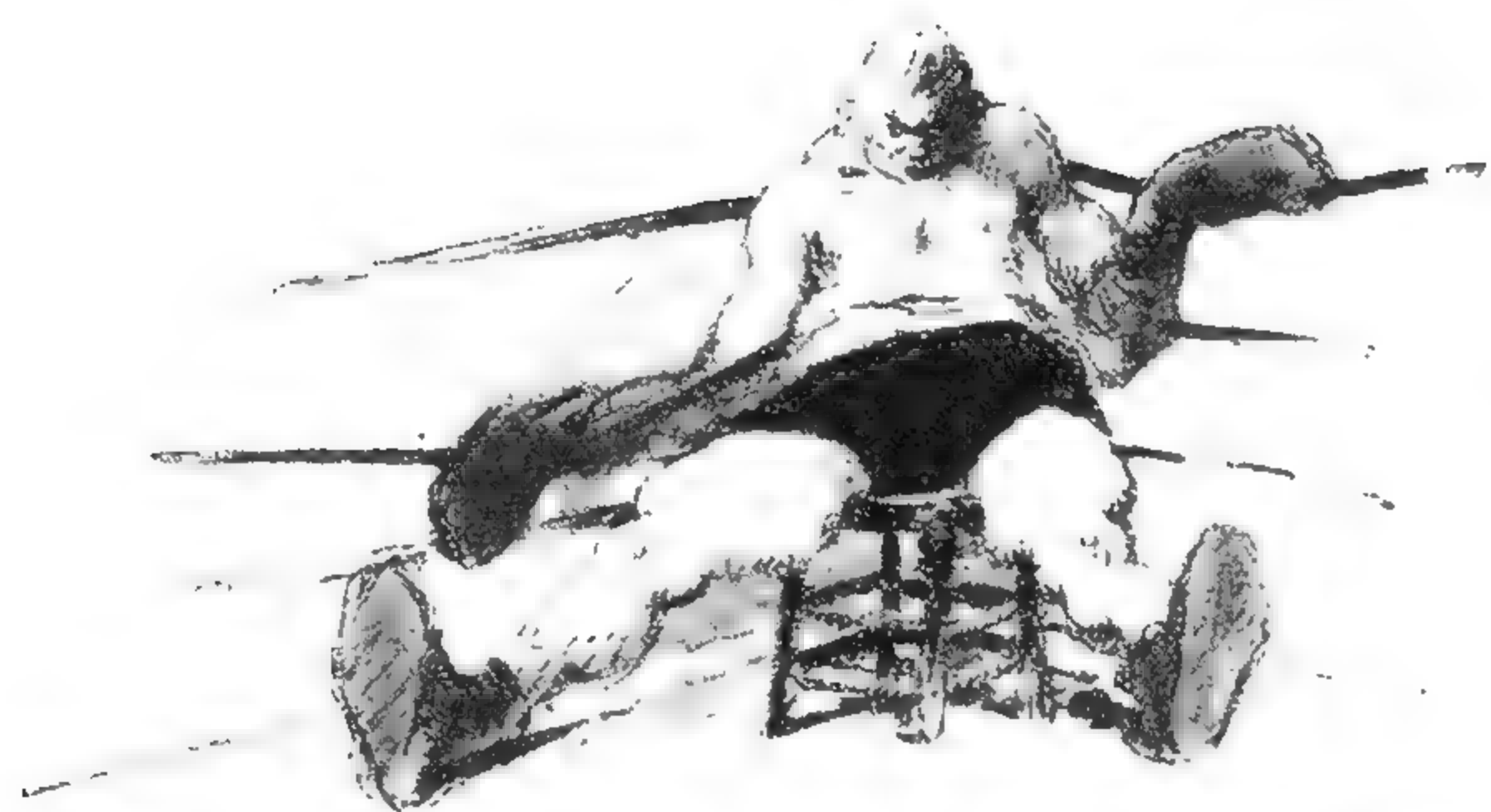


Presentation

DECEMBER

This vision of a Christmas Eve needs no mistletoe catalyst or hidden present to snare a kiss. She's the embodiment of every man's ideal—candlelight, Christmas lights, wife, sweetheart, holiday spirit, Esquire Girl, fast-track skier in winter, mer-

maid in summer, a wizard at the bridge table, and a magician in the kitchen. She's forever youthful, and always truthful. She neither nags nor scolds. It goes on and builds, getting better as it goes. Did you say we men don't believe in Santa Claus?



REHBERGER

Domingo Valin fought his way onto queer street only to find the voice from the gallery never speaks up for a has-been

Punch Drunk

by **ART COHN**

No author could invent a Domingo Valin. He defied imagination, reason and half the cops on the Pacific Coast.

Domingo had about 150 fights inside a ring and twice as many outside. He fought such prominent heavyweights as Lou Nova, Lee Savold, Pat Comiskey, Tommy Tucker, Eddie Mader and Phil Brubaker but gloves cramped his style and he never could get used to a canvas square after the sawdust floor at Delano's Bar, his training headquarters in Hayward, California.

Valin loved to fight. At the age of sixteen he gave his elder brother Tony such a fearful pasting that someone called the police.

A couple of months later Domingo was arrested for licking Tony Souza. Tony was a pug but Valin had slugged him after business hours, incapacitating him so that he could not fight professionally for several weeks. Neither could Domingo. He was given ninety days in the county jail.

"Valin, you're a fool," Judge Jacob Harder commented as he passed sentence. "You could have been well paid and highly praised for doing the same thing inside a ring."

He served his time and celebrated his liberation with a tremendous party at Delano's, one that surpassed even his anticipation. Three of his guests were rushed to the hospital and he was taken back to jail to start a new ninety-day sentence.

After his release he behaved himself for a few weeks but one night there was a riot call from an Oakland hotel and when the Black Maria backed up to the entrance Domingo was awaiting it, a battered welcoming committee of one. A tolerant judge gave him fifteen days in the tank and 165 days on probation.

A few months later the riot squad was called to a café in the suburb of Niles. There had been a typical Valin free-for-all with a typical Valin heroine caroming a crockery pretzel bowl off his head. The following morning he awoke with a subpoena in his hand, a newly embroidered scalp and a headache built for Gargantua. Domingo was unable to remember anything in court so Judge Harder suggested a memory course and gave him four months in the cooler to study.

After graduation he learned that his wife had been granted a divorce during his absence. Domingo had forgotten all about a girl he had married in Reno and left three hours later.

"I was bored," he explained.

Two days later he was arrested again, on a battery charge pressed by his brother Joe. Joe charged, through badly puffed lips, that Domingo had bashed him unconscious after lying in wait for him behind the porch of his home.

Valin was as familiar in Judge Harder's court as the bailiff. "Domingo, you're a menace to the community," said the judge. "My only surprise is that you're out of jail." But he wasn't out long. That night he was back in his private cell for a six months' stay.

The only time Domingo wasn't behind bars was when he was in front of them.

It was a new year and a new Valin when the sentence was served. His first stop was Judge Harder's chambers.

"I've been t'inkin' what you tol' me, Judge," he said. "Now I realize I've been a sucker for not

belting dem bums for dough." "That's the way I like to hear you talk," beamed the judge, an inveterate boxing fan. Harder looked at Valin. "Tell me," he said, "have you ever trained for a fight?"

Valin hesitated. "Well . . ." he began haltingly.

"Listen to me, Domingo," the judge pleaded. "You start training tomorrow. Ten miles road work. Chop trees. Heavy exercise . . ."

The following day police found him swinging a sledge hammer.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?" asked an officer.

Valin didn't even deign to look up. "What the hell do *you* think?" he grunted. "I'm trainin', just like Judge Harder tol' me."

Before the cops took him away Domingo split one more stone. He was booked for destroying monuments in the Hayward Cemetery.

The California Athletic Commission ultimately lifted his "life suspension" and gave him back his boxing license. He was strong; his tough hide seemed impervious to blows, and he could punch. He knocked out Sunny Jim McVey in the first round, finished Tony Cancela in the second, Nash Garrison in the eighth, Jack Petrie in the third, and Moose Irwin in the first.

Domingo was on the road to the heavyweight championship. So was another young man named Nova. Their meeting was inevitable and it was the turning point of both careers.

They had grown up together, trained together and there their resemblance ended. Nova, handsome, blond, blue-eyed, fair-skinned, represented the forces of Good. He ate his crunchies every morning, never smoked nor drank, saved his money and married a college professor's daughter.

Across the ring sat the town drunkard, bleary-eyed.

No man had ever put Valin on the floor, ring or bar, for ten seconds. And Nova didn't that night, although he hit him with everything except his Yoga manual. But he couldn't knock him off his feet. If Valin had won there is no telling what summits he might have scaled. But he didn't; Nova did. And Nova went on to fight for the heavyweight championship.

Domingo was never the same fighter again. He lost interest and, with his pockets full of money, his belly full of beer and his head full of ideas, he left Hayward for the first time, on a vacation. He planned to stay in Spokane six days but he remained six months, by request. He was sentenced to six months in the county jail.

The ground hog came out late in the Spring of 1939. So did Valin.

He was home a couple of nights when Delano's was the scene of a slight misunderstanding. A woman was slapped. Her husband was slugged. And the ubiquitous man in the middle, Domingo, came up with a nine-inch scalp wound.

Valin strutted into the courtroom in high-heeled boots, pale green slacks, chaps, a purple silk shirt, red bandana, ten-gallon sombrero and a sheepish grin.

Judge Harder examined the wayward son of Hayward. "Where's your horse?" he sneered.

The woman in the case testified that Valin had slapped her face, knocked her off her bar stool and kicked her in the teeth when she refused to dance with him.

"I suggest a woman opponent for your next professional bout," the judge snapped at Domingo with (Continued on page 181)



*"I won the fight and told my mother
I'd be right home!"*

Old Rafferty was dead and although it looked obvious, it took a lot of figuring to find out what really had happened

This Mortal Coil

by **LEONARD STONEHILL**



REHBERGER

OLD Rafferty was as much trouble dead as he was alive, Ed Manckwicz thought humorlessly. He shifted his weight where the sharp edge of the desk top on which he was seated began to annoy him, and stared over the heads of L. B. and Richards, the two bosses, seated in the only chairs in the laboratory. He disliked them both and discounted most of the dislike as the normal attitude towards superiors from whom he had to take orders, but at the moment he was thinking of other things, looking at the people in the cluttered laboratory.

Even L. B.'s secretary, Janey, who was young and had a shyness that was deceiving, was standing, her hands clasped limply in front of her. The two factory guards were leaning gingerly against the sodden wall. They were all looking at the three policemen in the center of the room.

Everything in the laboratory was wet. The desk blotter curled dismally and the backs of the books on the shelves were burst and peeling. Paint stood away from the walls in soft leprous blisters; the interlacing pipes under the ceiling were beaded with hanging water. The three policemen were standing in front of a complicated column of apparatus. The heavy humid air made their wool uniforms unbearable and their faces were beginning to show irritation. The sergeant was talking:

"This is as much as we know about it: The watchman passes by the door at about three-thirty this morning and he sees smoke coming out from underneath. The door is locked; he opens it up and finds out it isn't smoke—it's steam. He can't go in until he shuts off the steam and waits for the room to cool down. He goes in about an hour later and finds this Rafferty dead on the floor, cooked medium well, a hole through the bottom of his chin and out through the back of his neck."

He wiped his forehead with the back of his hand and continued. "The window is shut tight; the screen hasn't been taken out in ten years. We can't find any bullet. We can't find any fingerprints anywhere—the steam washes everything off. We can't even find out anything about this dead guy Rafferty."

L. B. stirred uneasily. "We told you everything we knew, officer."

The sergeant snorted. "That ain't enough to fill a thimble. He'd been working here fifteen years. So what?" He turned to the shorter burly man beside him. "Tell them what you found." The third policeman was writing busily and Manckwicz guessed that he was recording the conversation. His pencil paused an instant before the man began to talk.

His voice was entirely devoid of inflection. "I went to the address I got out of the files—221 South Filbert Avenue. The house was torn down three years ago. No one in the neighborhood knows anything about a Rafferty. The last known inhabitant was a man named Dorwin. He says he moved out in July, 1940, and that the house was vacant from then until the time it was torn down."

Manckwicz winked mildly at Janey. The sergeant saw him and frowned and then ignored them. "I don't get it. This is supposed to be an important plant. Don't you run a security check on your employees?"

Iglehart, captain of the guards, answered before L. B. had finished clearing his throat. "We do."

"Then what about this guy?"

"I'm new here," Iglehart said apologetically. He shifted his gun belt slightly. "We recheck everybody periodically, but we hadn't got around to Rafferty."

"How many work here?"

L. B. beat him. "Seven hundred and thirty-two."

The sergeant shook his head and beat his hand against the column of crisscrossing pipe he stood beside. A loose coil of tubing chattered audibly. "A guy who has been working here fifteen years gets a slug in his head in a locked room and nobody sees anything, nobody hears anything, nobody knows anything." He spoke to Manckwicz.

"What do you do around here?"

Richards answered for him. "He's an Experimental Research Engineer." He pronounced it in capitals, even though it paid in lower case.

"What's that?"

"I do the dirty work," Ed said.

"This Rafferty work for you?" The questions came quickly.

"Yes," said Ed in a harsh voice.

"What'd he do?"

"Nothing."

The sergeant was not amused. "What was he supposed to do?"

"Anything that came up. Pipe fitting, carpentry, sheet metal—odd jobs like that."

The policeman was more sensitive to nuance than Ed would have guessed. He shot a question at Richards. "How'd they get along?"

The boss squirmed. "Not very well."

"What's that mean?"

"It's an understatement," Ed said. "I hated the ground he walked on. In fact, I told him yesterday that if I ever caught him in the lab again I'd kill him myself."

There was an instant of silence. His hands curled around the projecting ledge of the desk top. Janey twisted her handkerchief, and her wide eyes darted from the sergeant to Ed.

"Why?"

"He was the world's worst mechanic," Ed said. "He thought that he was the world's best. He made a botch of everything he touched."

"Why didn't you get him fired?"

"He had too much pull."

The sergeant stared at him briefly. "What did you tell him yesterday?"

Ed sighed. "Just what I told you. I said that if I ever saw him in the lab again, I'd kill him."



Bill McElroy

"That's a very good question!"

Janey dropped the handkerchief. The sergeant picked it up and then looked sharply at Ed.

"Did you?"

The pencil scribbled furiously. Ed watched it, shook his head. "No. I never saw him again. And I didn't kill him, if that's what you mean."

The sergeant walked toward him, and his two flanking companions followed, a step in the rear. "Then why are you telling me this?"

"Because Janey heard me," Ed said, "and because she doesn't know what to do."

The policeman whirled toward her. "Is that true?"

Janey nodded mutely. She was of medium height and moderately pretty, but the lipstick she wore was too blue.

"What did you see?"

Her voice trembled. "It was just like Mr. Manekwicz said. When I came in, he was talking to—to him. He was very angry. I heard him say: 'If you ever come in the lab again, I'll kill you myself!'"

The burly policeman was behind and beside Manekwicz. Without warning he prodded him sharply in the ribs. "What'd you do with the gun?"

Ed jumped, startled by the unexpected onslaught. "What gun?"

"The gun you killed him with."

"I didn't kill him," he said patiently. "I never saw him again after I told him to get out."

The sergeant was firing questions at Janey. "What did you come in for?"

"I had some letters to be signed."

"Ever see anything like this happen before?"

Janey shook her head. "Never so bad as this."

"Why was he so mad?"

"I don't know."

The sergeant turned on Manekwicz. "Why were you so mad?"

"I'd been working on an evaporator for a week, and that idiot broke it."

"What's that?"

"It's a glass—" Richards started, but Ed overrode him.

"It was three glass tubes, one inside the other, the whole thing twisted into a fancy shape. It took a long time to make."

"What happened?"

"I was almost finished, and I put it down on the workbench for a moment while I went over to the fountain for a drink of water. Rafferty was over on the other side of the lab bending some copper tubing, and he tossed a short piece onto the bench. It landed right on top of the evaporator and broke it."

"What did you do then?"

"I threw the pieces into the trash bin and bawled hell out of him."

"Where's the trash bin?"

"Under the workbench." He pointed.

The sergeant hauled it out, looked into it. The other policeman stayed behind Ed. The room was almost unendurably hot.

"There's nothing here," the sergeant said after a careful search.

"I threw it in there," Ed insisted.

"Anything been taken out of here since the body was found?"

Iglehart answered. "Nothing. I saw to that myself. I had two men at the door and a man outside at the window."

The sergeant spoke to Ed. "You're giving us a cock and bull story. You knocked him off and you're trying to lie out of it."

"I didn't touch him. I signed the letters and then I went upstairs to wash up and get out of my work clothes."

"Did he go out with you?" the sergeant asked Janey.

She nodded. "We went up the steps together. I was very worried because he was so angry." She hesitated and her face turned red. "I even told Mr. Bernard what had happened." Janey was the only one who ever called L. B. by his name.

"Maybe the dead guy made a pass at the girl," the policeman behind Ed intoned.

L. B. started out of his chair and Richards followed obediently. "Look here! You can't!"

"Sit down," the sergeant said rudely. "I'm not doing anything except trying to find out who killed a certain guy. What about it?" he snapped at Janey. "Did Rafferty make any passes at you?"

Her hands moved uneasily at the throat of her dress. She tried to speak. Ed spoke first. "Of course he did. If there was any lousy trick, Rafferty was the man for it."

"You stay out of this," the sergeant said. "You're in enough hot water already. You better think up a better story."

"I'm telling you the truth."

"Then where's the broken glass?"

"Maybe the rubbish was collected between the time I left and the time he was killed."

The sergeant scowled at him. "You!" to the policeman behind Ed. "Get someone hopping on the rubbish angle." There were steps and a sound of the door opening. Someone spoke, the door closed, and the steps returned. The man did not come into sight and Ed did not look around.

"You better hope they find it," the sergeant said.

"They will."

"You're on the wrong track," Iglehart muttered. "This was an outside job, Captain."

The sergeant plucked his damp shirt away from his skin, turned a baleful stare on him. "I'll run my own business," he growled. "And I hope I do it better than you do yours."

Iglehart flushed, moved his gun belt again. There were worn places on each side where he kept picking it up between his thumb and forefinger.

"If it's an outside job, you tell me how it was done," the sergeant said sarcastically. "There's a guard at the door of this building twenty-four hours a day. They swear that nobody they didn't know came in or out all day. The window's in plain view of the guardhouse at the gate. Or doesn't that mean anything?"

A policeman entered without knocking, a shallow cardboard box carried traylike in his hands. Ed looked into it as he went by, and grinned, recognizing the fragments of the evaporator. The sergeant shoved the box under Richards' nose.

"This what he was talking about?"

Richards nodded. "That's an evaporator, all right."

"Any more like it around?"

"No. It's very unusual. It had to be made especially." He picked up a piece of the glass. "You can see that it's handmade."

"What'd the janitor say?"

Richards looked puzzled until he realized that the question had been directed to the man beside him, the policeman who had just come in. "There was no one here when he took out the trash. He thinks he remembers the mechanic coming in just as he left."

"What time?"

"A quarter after four, as near as he can place it."

"Okay." The sergeant grunted his dismissal, and the policeman went out, anxious to get away from the oppressively hot room. Ed grinned.

"You aren't in the clear, yet," the sergeant said nastily. "You could have come down from the washroom and shot him afterward."

"I didn't. Besides, someone would have heard the shot."

The company guard beside Iglehart spoke. "No, they wouldn't. This is a noisy place. No one would pay any attention."

"We'll find out soon enough," the sergeant told Ed. "We'll take paraffin tests of your hands and see if we can find any powder grains on them."

Janey looked at Ed and his heartbeats were suddenly loud and thundering in his ears. "What's that?"

"If you've fired a gun recently, there are small particles of gunpowder imbedded in your hand. It's no use washing or anything like that. You can't see them and they've got to wear off. But the paraffin test will show them up all right. We'll be able to tell."

Ed began to perspire, and he looked over at Janey. She stared at him with a slowly growing expression of horror on her face and she looked as though she might scream. "But I was at a shooting gallery last night," he said weakly. It sounded like a feeble and unconvincing lie; his scalp began to prickle as he realized it was no longer a joke. "Ask Janey," he said, not too success- (Continued on page 242)



"I am going to plead guilty—so I had it tailor-made"

**Their marriage was a union of hatred, and
Nora seemed more deadly than her spouse**

The Ghost of William Shea

by LAWRENCE CARDWELL



DE MARTELLY

WILLIAM SHEA moved his favorite chair an inch and peeped over his evening paper into the mirror above the mantel. His face had all the sly cunning and mobility of an overaged monkey's. The mirrors had taken a bit of doing: He'd had to lengthen the cord in the dining room and stuff a wad of paper under the corner of the one over the mantel, unobtrusively of course. He watched the hefty, bosomy bulk of Nora, his lawfully wedded wife. She was fixing a snack in the serving pantry. His eyes gleamed but not with love light.

The Sheas were not nice people, even when they still lived down behind the coalyards before the advent of the hundred thousand dollars. Nora had forced their marriage by an age-old ruse because William's thirty dollars a week was better than working in the fish cannery. She then had the temerity to laugh when his obligation failed to materialize. Many times they had resorted to fisticuffs to settle differences but they were too evenly matched. What William lacked in brawn he made up for in wiriness and experience.

Their fortune was amassed through one of two sweepstake tickets they'd bought one Saturday night out of William's pay. The good news came while he was at work and Nora quickly penciled her initials on the back of the winning ticket as proof of ownership. In due time they settled by putting the money in an account that required both their signatures. The big suburban house on the riverbank and expensive silks and tweeds had only shown each of them seductive vistas of pleasure in which the other had no part. Nora made it plain that without William in her hair she could really go places with the money. William was equally confident that with unhampered control of the fortune he could find playmates far more to his liking. If there was a degree of moral difference it was in William's favor—he had not happened to think of murder as a solution.

In the mirror Nora looked around furtively. Her beefy arm reached out and sprinkled the contents of a little blue bottle over one of the sandwiches. William's flexible brows skidded up among his thinning hair and he caught his breath inaudibly. But considering the circumstances of watching her prepare his poison he was very calm. He even mustered a sardonic smile. He knew it would happen some Thursday night when the servants had gone into the city.

When William discovered the first evidence of Nora's homicidal intentions, his impulse was to catch a boat to China. However, he realized this would just suit Nora. Never! After the first agitation had passed, the native Shea cunningly turned his mind to countermeasures. First, naturally, to remain extant, and secondly to teach Nora a wifely respect to which he had every wish to become accustomed.

With the ponderous elegance of a tugboat in a silk dress, Nora towed a little table with a sandwich and a bottle of his favorite ale up to William's chair before settling down across the room with a dainty double-decker and a quart of wine for herself. Such unprecedented solicitude would have been alarming under any circumstances.

William took a tentative bite. True, he had substituted plain baking soda for the lethal dose in the bottle, but he could not restrain a queasy feeling in the region of his stomach. Nora forgot to chew; she watched him with rapt fascination.

William swallowed the bite carefully and waited to make sure that Nora had not been doing some counterspying and stymied his most essential countermeasure. Nothing happened. He took another bite and sipped his ale. His innards responded with a belch of healthy enjoyment. Nora leaned forward, her little eyes round with anticipation. William finished his sandwich and drained the last of his ale. He relaxed in his chair and fiddled around lighting a cigar. Nora sat tense, her first bite still unchewed.

William flung his cigar in the ash tray, clutched at his stomach, rolled his eyes wildly and slid to the floor. He twitched realistically a time or two and relaxed.

"Ah," said Nora. She picked up the still form and threw it over her shoulder like a sack of potatoes and hurried out of the house toward the river. At the boathouse she slid it quietly into the water.

William was glad it was warm weather. He swam under water and climbed out at the downstream side of the boathouse. Nora untied the skiff he had used many warm evenings for catfishing and tipped it over. He almost yelled out loud when she threw his best rod and reel into the water before she ran back to the house.

William changed into the dry clothes he had cached in the boat-house and swathed himself in a sheet he'd filched from the guest room. He gathered up the keys and a chain he'd also cached and let himself in at the back door.

Nora had cleaned up the evidences of his repast and was just composing herself with the remains of the wine. William tiptoed to the archway of the dining room and clanked his chain.

"W-o-o-o-o-o," he wailed eerily. "Raw head and bloody bones."

Nora whirled around. Her mouth fell open and she dropped her bottle. William spread his mouth wide and let his upper plate fall forward. He caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror and it even scared him. "O-o-o-h," he groaned through the misplaced dentures and pointed a condemning finger at Nora.

"Eeeeeek!" she shrieked back at him, and exploded out of her chair. She made the front door in two bounds and went through it without opening the screen.

William uncapped a bottle of ale for himself and settled down to await the next development. He was interspersing his swigs with hearty chuckles at the caper Nora had cut going through the screen door and was on his fourth bottle when the telephone rang.

"This is Psychopathic," a voice said. "A couple of the boys just picked up Mrs. Shea breaking the speed limit afoot. She's babbling about sandwiches and rivers and ghosts. What shall we do with her?"

William thought real fast.

"Keep her," he replied. ##



GEORGE WOLFE

*"But Mr. Gibson—I have only your word that you're
a millionaire!"*



"Did Madame enjoy her stay in Hollywood?"



"Tell us more about your husband's hobby, Mrs. Selsmeyer"



Over a century ago champion archers of Istanbul sent arrows 800 yards and more by using a powerful, secretly made bow

The Lost Turkish Bow

by ED DIECKMANN, JR.

WARING, the English archer, watched with satisfaction as the arrow from his longbow sped beyond the white flag for a new record. And as the judges moved the flag to where his arrow had fallen, he heard the exclamations of the crowd: "Three hundred and thirty-five yards: Mr. Waring, you've done it again!"

He could well feel proud, for previous to this year 1795—the greatest distance attained had been 330 yards. So jubilant was the gathering of spectator sports at this meeting of the Royal Archery Society, that the small figure of Mahmoud Effendi, secretary to the Turkish Embassy, was scarcely noticed. He stepped to the mark behind Waring and waited for the assembly to settle down. When Waring turned, Mahmoud gave him a nod of approval which the Englishman ignored. For he was staring at the strange bow the Turk held. "Why did these Orientals always have to be different?" His bow seemed a mere toy compared with Waring's weapon. What could be expected of one only half the normal length, a pitiful three feet?

Mahmoud, apparently unconscious of the stares, notched his funny little bow and faced the flag 335 yards down the green. Those nearest him must have wondered at the piece of grooved horn attached to his bow hand. As he drew his bow, they saw his muscles leap and writhe. Despite his small size, he was a giant in muscle. With a sharp click he loosed his shaft. Up and out it raced toward the banner which marked Waring's arrow. Before the astonished Europeans, it went over Waring's mark, falling well beyond it. Even as the judges paced the yards, no one could quite understand just what had happened. But in a few moments, Waring himself returned the approving nod of a moment before, and said, almost unbelievably: "Four hundred and eighty yards!"

Mahmoud bowed his head modestly and actually apologized: "I'm sorry that I'm not in better condition, but I have never been a first-class bowman. I once saw our Grand Seigneur shoot eight hundred yards. Many have surpassed six hundred!" To say that Waring was shocked would be to put it mildly.

What was it that enabled Turkish bowmen to make all others seem little better than Cupid with his tiny darts, however accurate? The answers are simple. First: The great cultivated strength of the Orientals which they built up from childhood. It took a pull of 160 pounds to draw the more powerful bows. Second: Superior equipment. The composite-reflex Turkish bow, although only three feet long, was the best bow in the history of man!

It consisted of three main parts: a thin strip of wood on one side of which was fastened a strip of sinew; and on the other a strip of horn. They were held together by a very strong elastic glue. Like all bows, it derived its power from the tendency to regain its unstrung shape. For when unstrung, it bent in the opposite direction almost horseshoe fashion. Hence, when strung, it literally fought to resume the former position. Few modern archers, if any, could string it without some mechanical assistance similar to that used by heavy crossbowmen of the middle ages.

In the suburbs of old Constantinople, now Istanbul, there is still a "Place of the Arrow" where the records of champions are preserved on marble columns placed at the respective ranges. They run from 625 to 838 yards!

A light, 25½-inch arrow was used, which was fired along an ingenious horn groove attached to

the thumb of the left hand. As this extended back three inches, it allowed a draw of 28½ inches which sent the flight shaft to those miraculous ranges. The champions also had a thumb ring to hold the bowstring between the base of the thumb and the forefinger. When the two were separated, the string was released with a click and without the slight drag that the usual three-fingered method gives.

The secret of making the Turkish bow vanished over one hundred years ago, as the formula for the glue, with which the parts were held together, was lost. The treatment of the flexible sinew, which formed the back of the weapon, is also a mystery. All we know is that it was taken from the neck tendon of an ox or stag. This tendon is extremely powerful, contracting and expanding as the animals raise or lower their heads.

That men could send arrows over 800 yards with their "composite springs" or bows is an amazing fact even in this atomic age.

Today the bow that Mahmoud Effendi used is in the museum hall of the Royal Archery Society. The Turk gave it to Waring upon his respectful request.

If you are ever so fortunate as to see it, don't let that transparent fellow in green hovering around bother you. Although the color of envy is appropriate enough, it's only the ghost of Robin Hood. He is probably muttering as any good Christian yeoman would: "Gad! An Englishman beaten by an Infidel! And in Merry England too!" #



PARKER-BURNS

Four Jokers on the air

What Joe Miller did for the old ones, the team of Ed Ford, Harry Hershfield, Joe Laurie, Jr. and Peter Donald (above, looking for source material) does for new jokes and an odd million twists on the old, once a week over NBC. Starting as a small wave in the brain of "Senator" Edward Hastings Ford, the show has now climbed to the top-ranking spot of Saturday night comedy programs, drawing a mass of material from listeners which is regularly used to needle the evening. The total joking experience of the present cast reads like the tightly packed pages in a mythical Six Million Nights of Fun—forty years of after-dinner speaking, scripts for Cantor and Jolson, over a hundred vaudeville acts. It's hard to think how you would answer their most innocent of questions: "Can You Top This?"



Soubrette by TOM HALL

The saucy charm of the theatre in the gay nineties, as told in the saga of Charley One-Hit and his "exposed" chorus line, is reflected in Tom Hall's Esquire Girl soubrette. Life with father must have been much more bearable if he could take his cane and gaiters to an edifying evening at

the theatre and observe the cavorting of such "bold" hus-sies as this one. Enough to electrify any handlebar mus-tache, her exposed "limbs" and fine figger made the long trip downtown by horsecar well worth it. And even on New Year's Eve, there was always a glow about the Stage Door.

Charley One-Hit

Recalling *The Black Crook*, a fantastic blending of sex, corn and ballet which sent the folks of little old New York back in the days when grandpa was a callow youth

by SEABURY QUINN

SHORTLY after three o'clock in the afternoon of Thursday, April 3, 1873, a long parade of coaches headed by a flower-laden barouche and a black-plumed "funeral chariot" wound through the Vanderbilt gate of Green-Wood Cemetery in Brooklyn.

The elevated railway that was later to disturb the peaceful quiet of Green-Wood was then no more than a promoters' dream, and the only accompaniment to the clop-clop of the horses' hoofs was the twittering of a few early robins and the distant, mellow baying of a Staten Island ferry whistle. The black coach horses did not trot. They had traversed New York from the new Grand Central Terminal to Fulton Ferry, labored up the steep hill to the triangular small park that faced Brooklyn City Hall and down Fifth Avenue to the great plot where New York laid her dead.

When the procession halted, the persons stepping from the box-like shiny black "berlins" represented a full page of Who's Who in the Theatre. There was Edwin Booth, the great tragedian, and his managers, Walker and Magonigle. There were Zimmerman and Jarret who had brought the Paris ballet to New York. The managers of Buffalo's and Cincinnati's leading theatres had come posthaste to attend the rites.

And who was the celebrity they had turned out to honor? A man of whom not one in fifty thousand present-day Americans has ever heard, Charles M. Barras, one-time unsuccessful comedian, later a hack writer for the theatre, picking up ten dollars here and there by grinding out a skit for a variety team, but finally the most successful

playwright of his generation. He could have been a product of no country but this and of no period of our history but that rowdy, profligate and almost conscienceless decade that followed the Civil War and churned up such characters as Jay Gould, Jim Fisk and William Marcy Tweed.

In the Spring of 1866 the firm of Jarret & Palmer conceived the grandiose idea of importing the ballet of the Opera Comique from Paris to New York, a scheme that might have given Phineas T. Barnum pause. A few years earlier, attempts to popularize Italian opera had ended disastrously with the troupe left stranded and the entrepreneur accused of embezzlement. Still in its cultural swaddling bands, New York was about as ready for a steady diet of the ballet as Dogrun, Alabama, would be to accept Astrakhan caviar as a substitute for "grits and cracklins."

The veteran showmen realized this and cast about for a play to act as vehicle for their *artistes*. Grand opera could not be considered as an enveloping action. Americans were not ready for such entertainment in allopathic doses, and the longest run they could hope for opera would not stretch past four weeks, which would mean ruin.

A play with music was the answer, something grandiloquent, spectacular and not particularly credible—and ready at the psychological moment was Charles M. Barras with the manuscript of something utterly unclassifiable he called *The Black Crook*.

In general form it bore a faint resemblance to modern burlesque; its plot was frenetic melodrama, its dia- (Continued in center of page 199)



Too Much Imagination

In order to understand Bradley you had to appreciate his life as a criminal, his need of real danger and quick action

by **LOUIS PAUL**



WM. DuBOIS

BRADLEY'S instincts had always been antisocial. As far back as he could remember he'd rebelled against parental authority, had violently resented the disciplines imposed on him by society. He still might have been an upright citizen, in spite of his distaste for authority, if crime had not exerted a romantic appeal on his imagination.

Actually it was this uncontrolled imagination of Bradley's which had made of him an outlaw. His robberies were perpetrated not so much for loot as they were for the thrill of seeing his victims quail before the authority of his automatic. Nothing bored him quite so thoroughly as those periods between crimes when it was necessary for him to hide out from the authorities.

Perhaps part of Bradley's success in evading detection was due to the fact that he lived with his mother in a quiet street in an unobtrusive suburban community. Mrs. Medwick was apparently unaware of her son's criminal proclivities. It was true that his comings and goings sometimes aroused her suspicions. Indeed, she had observed that he never left the house without his gun. But, inconsistent as mothers often are, she objected to it only on the ground that it pulled his pockets out of shape. Not for a moment did she suppose that her son was capable of holding up the First National Bank alone, in broad daylight, as he had done only a week ago.

Of course Bradley was extremely cunning in the way he cached the proceeds; it did not consist of the kind of money a person could spend

carelessly about town. Anyway, money was a secondary consideration with him. In this last job he'd had to drill a policeman. Bradley knew it meant the chair if he were caught. But officer Riker had got in his way, and there was nothing to do but pump him full of lead.

Bradley had felt no especial emotion at the deed. Riker wasn't the first one he had had to rub out. There'd been a couple of nosy detectives, and a watchman or two. But, like other criminals of his type, Bradley was the possessor of a strict, if quixotic, moral code. He never killed except in self-defense. After it was over, he could sleep the night through with a perfectly clear conscience.

As a matter of fact, on this particular morning, Bradley was almost impossible to arouse. Mrs. Medwick had been shaking him by the shoulder for the last half hour. He blinked his eyes. "I don't think I've ever come across anyone quite as lazy as you are, Bradley," he heard her say. "Get up. This is the last time I'm going to tell you."

"Okay, okay," Bradley murmured, flexing his arms. Later he had planned to execute a particularly interesting job, something a bit off the beaten track even for Bradley Medwick. His mother set his breakfast before him and he ate it absent-mindedly, rehearsing in his head the factors involved in this latest of his criminal experiments.

"What I can't understand, Bradley," Mrs. Medwick was saying, "is why you don't settle down and do something useful instead of disappearing the moment my back is turned. What do you do, anyway?"

"Oh, I don't know," murmured Bradley, who wasn't much of a conversationalist. "One thing and another."

"Well, I'm sure I can't imagine what you're up to half the time. In any case, I'd like you to do a little shopping for me this morning, Bradley."

"Shopping?" said Bradley, wrinkling his brow. For some unexplained reason he had a deep psychological distaste for shopping, a distaste that amounted almost to a horror. It was always a source of contention between him and Mrs. Medwick. Perhaps it had something to do with his tendency to take by violence and force what he needed, but the act of approaching a store counter and purchasing a bag full of groceries reduced him to impotence and made him feel like a callow child.

"Yes, shopping," declared Mrs. Medwick. "Here you've had virtually the whole summer off, Bradley, with nothing to do but vanish each day on some mysterious occupation of your own. And still you protest doing a trivial bit of service for your mother."

"All right, all right," said Bradley. "Okay. Make out a list of what you want, and I'll get it for you. Now I think I'll go upstairs and take a shave."

"Bradley, I wish—" began Mrs. Medwick, but he had already gone.

In the bathroom he felt his chin and it felt pretty rough to him, so he soaped up his face and hastily ran the safety razor around it. Bradley possessed enough *amour-propre* to feel that his deftly executed crimes called for a dapper appearance to match. His chin felt almost as rough after the shave as before, but cleaner in appearance, and he nodded at himself approvingly. This shopping business irritated him unendurably, but his shrewd intelligence had already concluded that a graceful acceptance of the menial task would do much to allay suspicions concerning the criminal activities to follow.

Before visiting the stores he thought it would be a good idea to walk through the park and case the job he'd decided upon. Part of Bradley's success as an undetected criminal was due to the fact that his appearance belied his occupa- (Continued on page 240)



GLANTZ

Their etchings—for your wall

Ruth Butler and Eleanor Sadowsky had an idea—a circulating library of paintings. They didn't know how people would take to living with a canvas at home ("experimenting to determine personal taste and preference") on a temporary arrangement, rather than make periodic trips to their favorite gallery. But New Yorkers, unknowingly, had been hungering for such a plan, and now the library's collection of contemporary American and nineteenth-century works circulates among art-loving, art-learning Manhattan. It is possible, through arrangement with the library, to purchase any tasty or mood-provoking landscape or figure you can no longer do without. For your information the Misses Butler and Sadowsky do not here refer to any art work which has been retained beyond rental expiration date.

Stadium Stand-by's



The Sunflower—right down to his stocking feet he absorbs health, not the game.



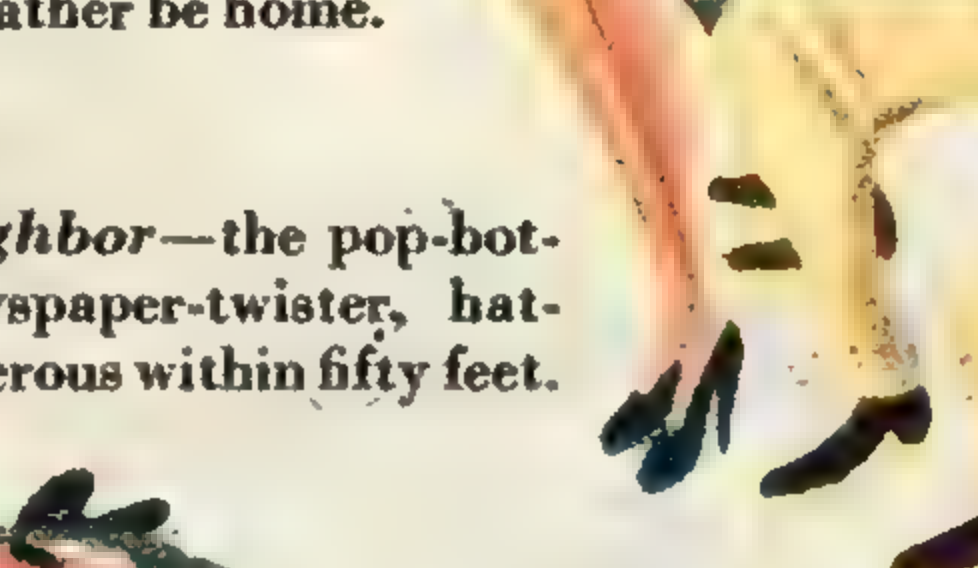
The Sportistician—he takes the square root of two pitchers and wins the game—on his chart.



The Little Woman—present from he-will, not free-will; she'd rather be home.



Inevitable Neighbor—the pop-bottle-thrower, newspaper-twister, hat-despoiler—dangerous within fifty feet.



The Escapist—what their game is he doesn't know, but his is to enjoy a few snorts without wifely supervision.



Fall Guy—seen every autumn, the old Alma Pater of the team, regalia, spirit, and paunch.



Heavy Bettor—his two-buck gamble on the game is his ALL.



Show Girl—She knows the score even before the start of the game.

SOMEONE YOU KNOW?

Sketches by Van Kaufman

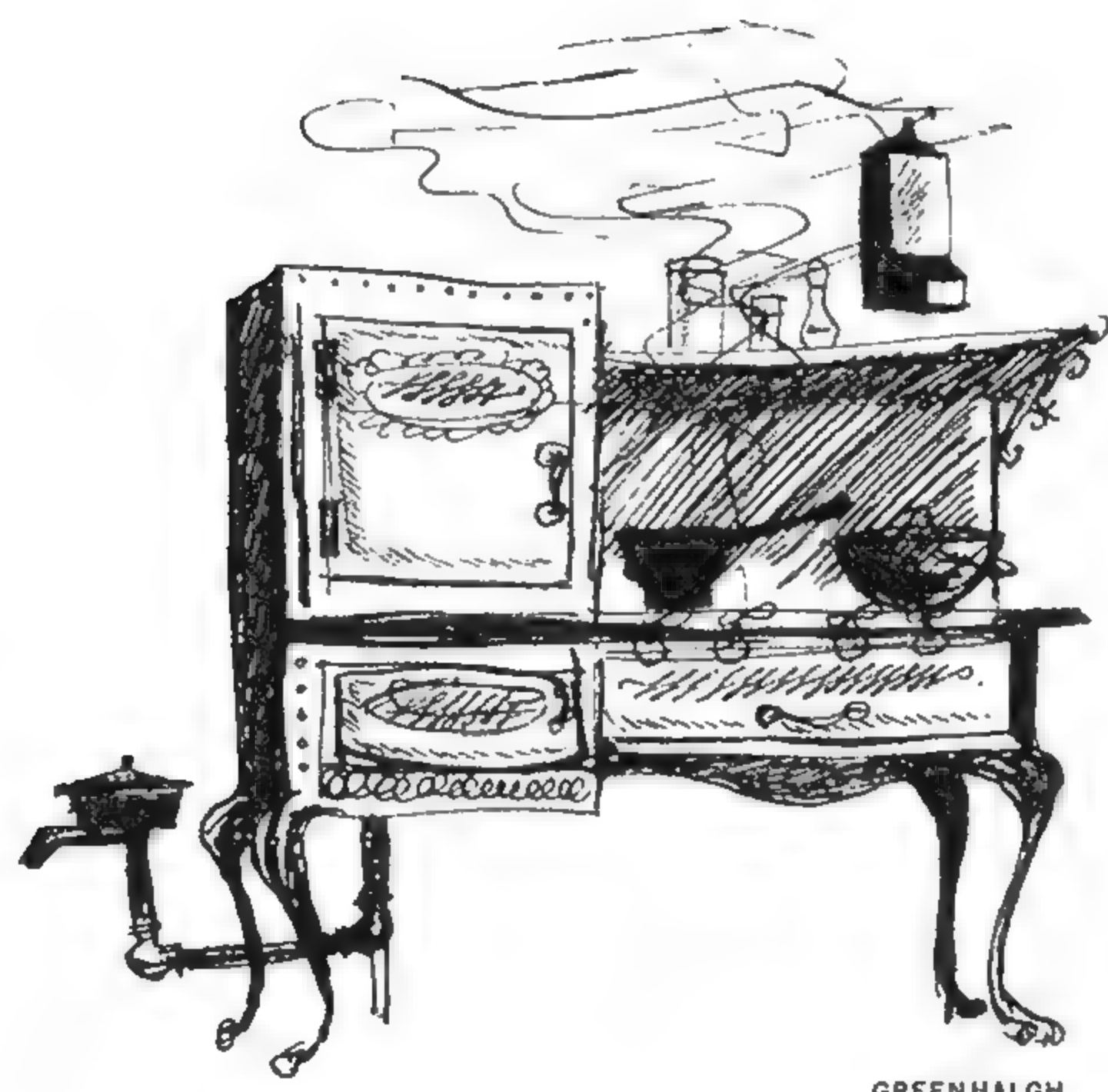
Here's genius homo watching a homer, a cropper, a touchdown or a goal, shown in his natural habitat. Some of these perennials are as inevitable as the guy who's sitting in your seat—and has the ticket to prove it: the frenzied home-team

rooter airing his rage and tonsils as he hurls pop bottle and verbiage. The harmless beer opener who usually is parked next to the horrified Little Woman who thinks the whole thing's vulgar anyhow. The two-buck bettor hypnotized by the scoreboard

and in constant agony over what's coming next. The ensemble worn to the game by just the right frame, who came to show her wardrobe and self at the correct event, usually polo or tennis. You've seen them all. They're usually right on top of you.



"It's the bank—they just got in some brand-new thousand-dollar bills and want to know if you want them to put aside any for you"



He just didn't care for collecting and it was no use explaining that the Gas Company was a business when he saw a woman's tears

Pete Was Too Soft

by ART SEMLE

If you had seen Pete carry one of our gas ranges up four flights of stairs, you could never imagine that he was soft. I used to think I knew him well. We had installed more ranges than any other truck in the Gas Company. We had two meals together every working day of the two years he had been my helper. But when the detective from the Missing Persons Bureau questioned me, after the trouble, I had difficulty describing Pete. His physical appearance was easy. But when he asked about his habits, what he did for recreation, I couldn't answer. Then I realized why I liked him so much.

He was one of those rare creatures, a good listener. He listened, agreed, laughed in the right places and never interrupted. He made me think he was a brilliant conversationalist. Now I realized that most of our conversation was a monologue. When the detective asked, "Scars or identifying marks?" I deliberately lied: "None." I knew that through my carelessness a range had dropped on Pete's instep. I was there when the druggist bandaged the cut. I heard the druggist say he'd have an ugly scar there. But Pete wouldn't report it because it would spoil our safety record. These records were important to the Company and often meant an employee's job.

"Will you go over the incidents leading up to Pete's disappearance?" The detective shifted the cigar to the other side of his mouth.

I remembered the morning we were called into Mr. Graham's office. That's where we were now, Mr. Graham having kindly consented to let the detective use it for questioning Pete's fellow workers.

The morning Mr. Graham called us, he said that Pete and I would be entrusted with some new duties. "Of course," he added, "you will be compensated accordingly." Pete was pleased when I explained what "compensated accordingly" meant. Mr. Graham was a big shot with the Company and never went into details with the cheap help. He concluded, "Your foreman will tell you what these new duties are." We put our hats back on and went out to see Joe, our foreman.

"You're to handle all shutoffs for removals and turn-ons for new tenants, and all delinquent consumers on your route."

Well, you could never get ruptured turning gas on or off. And I had a thousand plans for that extra pay. But from the very first day I had trouble with Pete. He didn't mind how big a range was or how far he had to carry it, but he took a particular dislike to turning off gas for "delinquent consumers."

I explained that our Company always gave sufficient notice on unpaid bills. I told him his salary could not be paid if gas supply were rendered free of charge. The Company was not a charitable organization. I even joked about "the consumer paying his bill, to pay our salary, to shut off his gas when he didn't pay his bill." No amount of reasoning could make Pete turn off a weeping housewife's gas. He even threatened to quit until I arranged that he would not have to face the housewife. I did the explaining while he went down cellar.

I had a stock answer for the pleading type. "I'm sorry, lady," I'd say, "I'm not the Gas Company. I just work there, and this is my job. If I don't do as I'm told, they'll have another man here in an hour and I'll be out of a job." Most of them would understand this and then I'd yell, "Okay, Pete! Shut it off!" And the job was done.

This system worked well enough until one morning, while I'm upstairs giving the lady the stock answer, her guy runs down the cellar with a baseball bat and threatens to bash Pete's brains out if he touches the meter. I tell Pete not to touch it and in a few minutes I'm back with a cop. The gas is shut off, but Pete is all upset.

It's ten minutes to twelve and we can make one

more stop before lunch. Pete looks at me sheepishly and stalls: "Let's have lunch now. We can make the next stop after lunch."

"It's cold today," he adds, "and maybe they're heating the place with gas. Maybe someone is sick and they have to keep the place warm." So we have lunch and at ten minutes to one we're on our way.

The slip is marked, 4 R. R. That means fourth floor, rear, right. Pete goes down the cellar and I go knock on the door. Nobody home. These are the kind of calls we like. No arguments, just shut it off. I'm getting ready to holler to Pete, when a nosy neighbor sticks her head out of her door and whispers, "She's home. Knock again." I want to say, "Who asked you?" But everybody is a customer of the Gas Company, so I knock again loud. I take a deep breath, to say a few words under, to Mrs. Nosy. I smell gas.

Mrs. Nosy gets the janitor and Pete gets a cop. In ten minutes an ambulance, the Police Emergency Squad, the Gas Company's emergency crew and all the neighbors arrive. The police and the Gas Company are working on Mrs. 4 R. R. No use; she's just another statistic on an insurance chart.

The janitor gives the cops her name. She's a widow. Lost her job a few months ago. Owed a month's rent. Then the coroner comes and she's officially dead. "Death came about an hour ago. What time is it now?" the coroner asks. Pete says, "It's one-twenty." The coroner walks over to the police sergeant. "Make your report read: Died twelve-twenty p.m. Good day, gentlemen." And I said, "Let's go, Pete." But Pete wasn't there and we haven't seen him since.

"We'll find him," the detective said when he'd heard all the "incidents." "He probably thinks he was responsible for her death. You wanted to make that call before lunch and he objected."

"But Pete only objected because he was softhearted," I said. "Because he was so kind."

"That's it," he said, "he killed her with kindness. Say! That's pretty good! He killed her with kindness! I often heard of guys treating their women like that; but this is the first time I saw the result!" He laughed so hard he nearly swallowed the cigar and I was hoping he would. I liked Pete. #



"So you lost! So what! So where else could you earn \$5 a second!"

When the snowstorm had erased the last star, the lumberjack trudged confidently on, for he knew that country like a book

McGinnity's Rock

by GEORGE R. STEWART



MECHAU

No, lady, I don't know why Moonlight Valley was called that, or who named Hungry Mouth Canyon. But I can tell you the story of McGinnity's Rock. Maybe you're not interested, though. I don't know that you'll find it on any map. You might not think it amounts to enough for you to put it in your book about California names. But us old-timers still call it that, and it makes quite a story—shows the way things have changed around here in forty years.

The rock's a big granite boulder, ten feet high and maybe fifteen long—big enough to fill up a decent-sized room. If a man's long-legged like Old Man McGinnity, he'll take about fifteen strides to walk around it. And that's a point to remember for the story. If you want to stop and look for it, you can tell it because along the south side a little boulder lies close up to it—about a foot high and a foot wide, just an awkward size to step over if you're walking around the rock. But of course with that car you'll be going down U. S. 40 at fifty per, and you won't want to stop.

I know the country, and I've heard Old Man McGinnity tell the story—often. So I can tell it to you all right.

He was tall—long arms and legs. And he was hairy, only his hair turned grey early. So they called him Old Man McGinnity, though he maybe wasn't more'n forty when all this happened. He was an old-time lumberjack and sawmill hand, but sort of an unusual character just the same, as you'll see from what happened.

It wasn't nothing to take much explaining that Old Man McGinnity set out that evening to walk the eight miles from the bunkhouse up to the Gap. It was early winter and some snow on the ground and cold—the way it is at four thousand feet elevation. There was a south wind, too. And, lady, in this country you want to watch out for a south wind in the winter. It brings in the snow.

Old Man McGinnity knew weather signs all right, but he figured on getting through to the Gap in time.

Well, he walked up the road—what road there was then. It was only a dirt single-tracker. The mule teams used to have bells on, so the skinnners could hear each other coming, and one of them would pull off at a good place and let the other go by. It followed along where the highway goes, more or less, but now you don't

think how rough the country is because you forget how many gulches have been filled in and how many ridges cut across to let the highway through. But the country looked pretty much then like it does now. The loggers had been over it already, but the second growth was coming along, and some old trees were standing here and there, just as you'll see now. Where fires had gone through there was brush fields, just like now, too.

Old Man McGinnity didn't have no trouble following the road, for teams had been over it that day, and it was starlight, and he knew all that there country like his own hand. He chewed his plug, and spit in the white snow now and then. If he'd been a smoker, he would have been sure to have matches—but we ain't that far in the story yet. He had his mackinaw collar up and, having gloves on and a beard, he didn't show much bare skin to the wind. It was at his back mostly. But all of a sudden he felt something flick at his cheekbone on that bare place above his beard.

Old Man McGinnity used to say he jumped all over when that first snowflake hit him. He swung 'round into the wind, and two or three more caught him in the face.

"Hell!" he said right out loud. Like lots of men, he talked out loud when he was off by himself in the wood.

When he faced right into the wind he noticed that it was blowing harder than it had been, and then he saw that the stars were all wiped out of a big chunk of the southern sky.

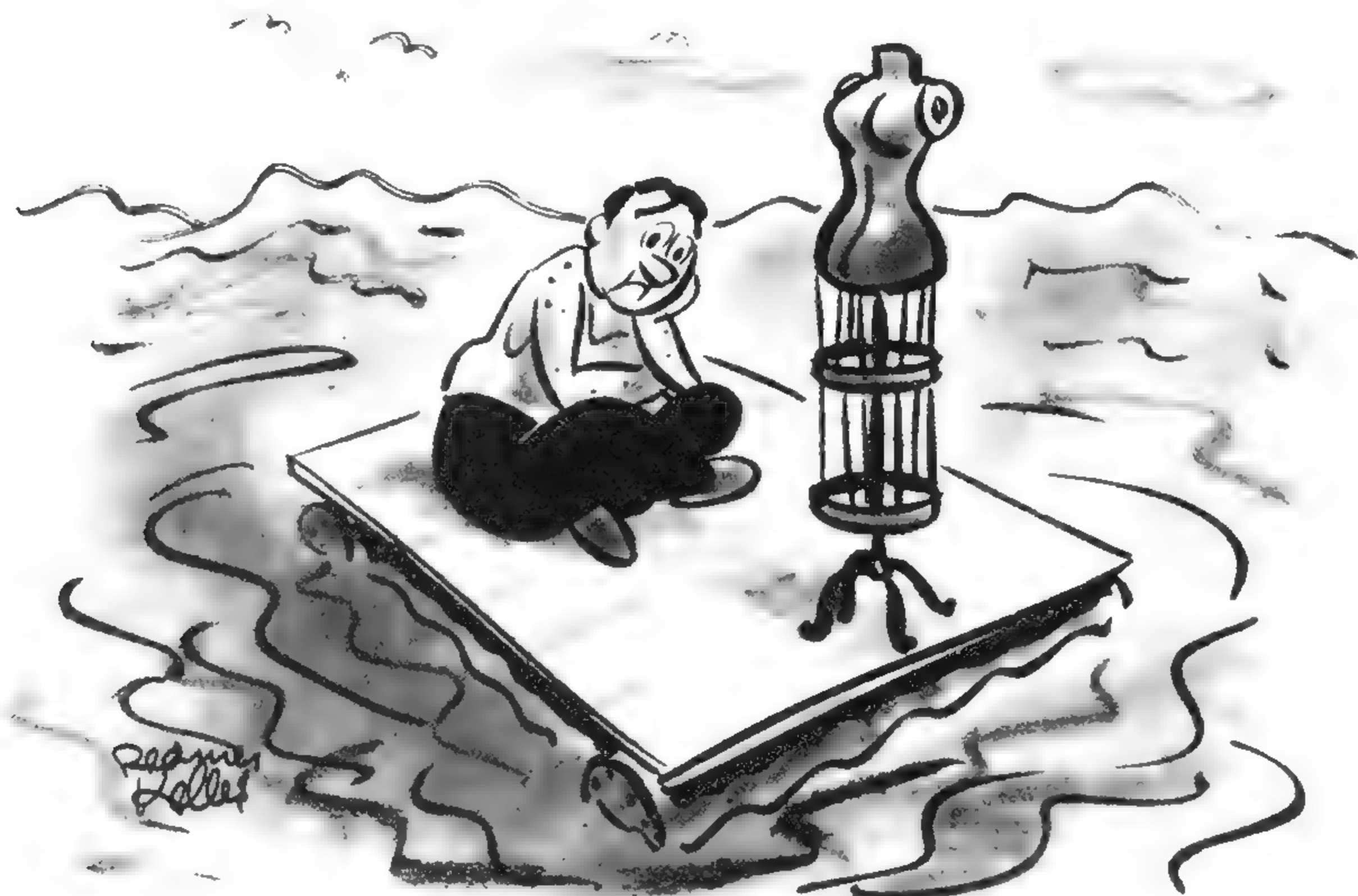
"She's here faster'n I thought," he said to the pine trees.

He figured quick then on what to do, standing there with the wind in his face and hard little snowflakes beginning to hit so that they almost stung. While he looked, more stars went out. He knew where he was on the road, and he thought it was as close to the Gap as back to the bunkhouse. It was upgrade to the Gap, but going back would put the wind and snow more in his face. Also, I can guess, he was like a lot of other people and didn't like to turn back on the road. It kind of takes the spirit out of you, doing that, even when you're driving a car. So he plugged up the road.

You've seen snowstorms, I guess, but maybe not the ones that hit the west slope around here. At first the flakes didn't come so fast and he could still see the wheel tracks, and the ditches alongside, in the few places where the road was ditched. Then the tracks blew full of snow and he couldn't see them any more.

Still, he got along. For a while he could see through the storm enough to mark the lay of the land. Then the last starlight went, and the flakes seemed to come thicker. He kept shaking his head to get the snow off the fur cap, and pulling his face down behind the mackinaw collar to keep warm. It was a gusty wind, shifting direction now and then, the way it does sometimes at the start of a storm. What with the windings of the road it seemed to be blowing at him now and again almost from opposite directions. That was good, because it kept him from getting too cold in any one spot; also it was bad, for a steady wind can be pretty near as good as a compass, but a shifty wind is no use at all.

And what he was thinking of was not about freezing his nose, but about keeping the road. After the starlight went, he couldn't see much. Anyway, he knew the country like a book, and being a logger helped. On one place maybe he would remember some bit of thick second growth. Someplace else he could halfway make out against the snow some big pines that no one hadn't ever cut because they were too wind-blown or something. Even the stumps helped. Once, when he was worried, he went ten feet off the road to feel



"Three hundred women on board and I rescue a dummy"

a big stump. The stringy bark told him it was a cedar, and he remembered where there were some big cedar stumps like that.

Walking upgrade, fighting the wind, and the snow getting deeper and blowing into little drifts, made it all pretty hard work. But as long as he kept the road, he was safe enough, and he figured now he'd get through to the Gap in an hour or two. But keeping the road was the trick. It wasn't no U. S. 40 as I've said already. Where he went through thick second growth, he could make it out as a gap, even in the storm. But when the growth was skimpy, he had to halt and make sure, for there might be two or three openings where the road could go. And if he hit his toe on a rock, that was no proof either that he was off the road, for there was plenty of rocks right in it.

Pretty soon, with the storm getting thicker, he was working mostly by feel. He knew he was in for it now, and that pretty likely the storm had his ticket. Saying he was going ahead by feel sounds funny, but you know how it is around your own house in the dark. Here's the table, and about five steps that direction puts you at the top of the stairs. That was the way of it. Old Man McGinnity felt the downgrade begin into Martin's Ravine. He knew the road made three turns before it swung back sharp on itself and started up the other side. And he remembered just how steep a grade he should feel for, to keep him on the road up the other side.

When he felt the full force of the wind, he was sure he had come out of the ravine. Off to his left he knew he was looking out over Bear River Canyon. Far off, on a clear day, a man can see the buttes and even the line of the coast hills, a hundred miles off to the west.

He wasn't more than three miles from the Gap by now, but the worst part was right ahead. It wasn't only that the storm was getting worse. But just there the land flattens out and the growth is skimpier, and he knew he couldn't steer himself by feeling any more. He knew, though, that he couldn't sit down and wait for it to blow over. There's one thing that happens to a man that sits down to wait in a storm like that—he gradually turns solid.

The road, he remembered all right, went through manzanita for a little way. He couldn't lose himself there, for the manzanita stood up like a hedge on both sides and poked him if he wandered.

When the manzanita ended, he began following the little ditch at the edge of the road, wondering what he would do pretty soon when he came to some place where there was no ditch. And then, while he still seemed to be following the ditch, he went bump into something as high as his hips. He felt it, and it was a tree trunk, covered with snow of course.

He stood there turning cold inside. No road runs across fallen trees. What he'd thought was the ditch was really something else.

He wasn't giving up, though. The first winter storm brings down a lot of trees. That tree might just have fallen. He worked along it to its roots, but there was no fresh dirt he could feel.

Some men might have quit about then, but Old Man McGinnity stood and thought a minute. He couldn't see, and he couldn't feel his way any more, and he was off the road. Also, he was getting cold even while he stood there. All he had now was the direction of the wind, and what he knew about the general lay of the land.

He put the wind just behind his right ear and started off. If he kept moving and stayed to higher ground he might pick up the road again or even see the lights of the Gap.

But the going was rough. He stumbled over rocks and had to get across more fallen trees. Then he fell into a gully and hurt his hip. After that he limped and went slower still. Then suddenly he felt sharp little branches poke him again, and knew that he had blundered into manzanita. He sheered off to the left and hit it again, backed up and found it behind him. Maybe he was losing his direction even with the wind, but still he had sense enough left not to try going through a manzanita thicket. At last he seemed to get clear. He set a new course with the wind at his back, but the fight was going out of him. He limped from his bruised hip, and he was winded from fighting manzanita which had scratched his face and

wouldn't even let him go the direction he thought he ought to go.

"Might as well sit down," he said out loud again, and even while he said it the wind blew snow in his mouth. And right then he stumbled over something, slipped in the snow, and went down flat.

He was a long time moving. Maybe he wouldn't never have got up except that he was sprawled pretty uncomfortably with his feet across the thing he spilled over and his face in the snow. So at last he pulled his feet in and wriggled around deciding nothing was broken, and got up, shaky and unsteady. And in the dark he put out his hand to balance himself, and it hit something solid.

He leaned against it for a moment without stopping to think where it had come from, and it was comforting to have something to lean on—just as if a friend had suddenly turned up to help him.

Of course, after the first moment he knew by the feel that he was leaning against the side of a big rock.

Now, mind you, I'm not saying that even at night in a storm he mightn't have seen something two feet away. He probably hadn't looked, being too tired, and maybe a little funny in the head.

But when he started moving, he naturally kept his hand feeling along the rock, partly for support, and partly, I should guess, for company. That rock went straight up as high as his shoulder or higher. Not thinking much except that he ought to keep moving, he began to walk, still keeping a hand against the rock. Then before

he knew it, he stumbled on something again. He stopped and then he knew that the wind was back on his right ear, so that he must have walked all the way round. What he'd stumbled on was the little rock that lies beside the big one, right where he'd fallen before.

He decided to go around the rock again, just to limber up before starting out. So he stepped over the little rock which had tripped him to begin with, and started a second lap. By the time he came round again something had happened to him. He was plugging along steadily, and when he came to the little rock, he stretched his long legs and stepped over without stumbling.

"Two," he said. About half a minute he came around again.

"Three," he said, and kept on going.

You get the idea. If he stayed by the rock, he wouldn't get any worse lost than he was already. He wouldn't fall into any more gullies. Going round the rock, he could keep moving, plugging along; but crossing rough country he might get so tired he would be discouraged and would sit down—and that would be the end.

After he got going he didn't need to keep touching the rock, and when he was counting "Thirty-five" he began to get the snow beaten down.

It's a little like that story about the doctor. "Count one, two, three," he said to the man, "while I listen to your chest." Then the

doctor went to sleep with his head on the man's chest, and when he woke up the man was saying, "Ten thousand and thirty-one."

Old Man McGinnity said there wasn't much to tell after that. He kept on counting, and before long he began to get mad at the little rock because of having to step over it every time.

"One hundred and sixty-four, you so-and-so," he would say. (Of course, lady, I wouldn't tell you what he really said.)

"One hundred and sixty-five, you such-and-such!" Something different every time, he'd try to say. It helped him keep going.

A funny thing was he never could remember how many times he did the round. All he would say was it was more than five hundred, for about then he ran out of names to call the little rock.

After daylight he got his bearings again. He pulled into the Gap pretty well gone, but still managing his feet. . . .

Well, lady, that's your story. He did a pretty good job, pulling himself out that night all by himself. I like to think of him plugging round and round in the storm, nobody watching him, "Four hundred and seventy-three, you blankety!" I hope you put McGinnity's Rock in the book. I guess sometimes the little names have got more story behind them than the big ones, but mostly, like Hungry Mouth Canyon, everybody's forgot what it is. ‡‡



"Never mind, Edgar. It's so cold I've decided not to go out"

On the eve of the first day of the year
anything can happen, and very often does

New Year's Eve in the Country

by ROLAND YOUNG



SIMPSON

ON the last New Year's Eve I spent with friends in the country—which, as I remember, was a Sunday—my hostess had not arrived and her husband and I and two of his friends went to a dinner at a restaurant somewhere on Long Island. We got there after a rather hazardous trip, for the roads were coated with ice and there was fog in the hollows. However, we got there.

The restaurant was filled, but it was not at all noisy. Everyone seemed to be behaving in a perfectly pleasant and respectable way. After we had seated ourselves at our table and ordered our dinner, we noticed a tall blonde girl in a black evening dress, with a very nice figure.

The tall blonde was circulating among all the guests—that is, among all the male guests—and either twining her arms about them or sitting on their knees and kissing them. It seemed a little odd at the time, but she was not noisy. Neither was she noticeably tight, and she was perfectly tidy in appearance.

Some time elapsed and she finally came over to our table. She sat on my host's knees and kissed him, and then came and sat on my knees and kissed me. It was no peck. It was, in fact, rather a major operation. Having accomplished this, she left and mingled with the other guests.

About an hour later my friends and I were standing at the bar and she came up again. I noticed that her husband was standing at the bar also, and only about five feet from me. Undeterred by this, she twined her arms around my neck and gave me another kiss. Then she left, and I saw her husband starting towards me. Thinking that this was going to be a fight, I proceeded to take off my glasses. However, as he approached me, he held out his hand and said very casually: "Mr. Young, I have always enjoyed you so much in pictures."

I have derived certain benefits from acting in the movies, but this seemed to me to be unique.

When we had finished our dinner and our drinks, we started to drive back, stopping on the way at a friend's house for a nightcap. We then proceeded to the home of my host and hostess, a distance of about seven miles. My host was driving, and he said more than once:

"Don't worry, I drive very carefully when I have had a drink."

He did drive carefully. He drove all the seven miles to their home on the left-hand side of the road, at a steady speed of eight miles an hour.

My hostess arrived about noon the next day. She, her husband, their fourteen-year-old son and I were invited to a New Year's Day luncheon at the home of a friend of theirs who lived near by. We started off in the car.

There had been a thaw during the night, and the road we had to take to the house was a dirt road and very muddy. There were two ruts in the road but there was gravel on both sides and in the middle. However, my host decided that the best thing to do was to stay in the ruts and go as fast as possible. It was a hair-raising ride, but owing to some miracle we arrived in front of the house practically intact. This was about one-thirty in the afternoon.

We went in and there were about twenty-five or thirty people in the house, all having a New Year's Day cocktail. I was drafted into making the Martinis, which I like to do.

Sometime during the afternoon, my host took a shaker of Martinis into the kitchen and fed them to the cook, with the result that the first course, which was roast ham, was served to us a little after four o'clock, and about three-quarters of an hour later we had the soup course.

After lunch, his wife and I went upstairs to see a very small baby who had arrived just three weeks before. We dutifully admired the baby, and in coming out of the nursery we passed a bathroom, the door of which was open.

We glanced in and on the floor lay a Marine captain in full uniform, his face handsomely lathered with shaving soap. Astride his chest sat a very pretty girl. She had a safety razor in her hand, and was shaving him.

This was a somewhat unusual sight, but nothing to what occurred later.

We left the house a little after seven, in complete darkness, and the car stalled at the foot of the first hill. There were several other cars also stalled there, and my host decided to go back to the house of his friend, from which he called the state police and asked them to send over a tractor to help pull us out.

In due time the tractor arrived, driven by the angriest man I have ever known. He had been called away from a New Year's party of his own, and just didn't like us or anything about the whole situation.

My hostess, her fourteen-year-old son, and I stood in the mud and snow by some trees, about six feet from the road. Every time the tractor took a car up the road, it skidded to the right towards us, at which time the son, who was determined to save his mother at all costs, hurled her back to the ground and stood over her until the tractor went on its way.

This incident was repeated five or six times, and resulted in a certain amount of depreciation to my hostess, as she was careful to explain to us the next day.

Eventually we got home in another car. Arriving at the house, my host, who has a wooden leg, discovered that he had lost the shoe off the wooden leg in the road.

The temperature dropped below freezing during the night, and people with pickaxes had to dig his shoe out of the frozen mud the next morning.

This was probably the most peaceful New Year's week end I have ever spent. ##



"Let's eat this one out!"



"Madame—are you nuts?"



"No—I'm not listening to my radio!"

Sound musicianship and a solid beat have made the King Cole Trio a jazz sensation

Just Can't See for Lookin'

by RALPH J. GLEASON



AS ALL good readers of mystery stories know, the best place to hide something is right out in the open where everybody can see it. In that fashion the King Cole Trio, now the hottest thing in the music business, inadvertently managed to conceal its possibilities for almost seven years.

"We were maybe even playing better then," Nat Cole, the leader and pianist, says, "but nobody could see us." This light-under-a-bushel situation wasn't for lack of opportunity either, because the Trio wasn't blushing unseen. In fact it always worked spots in the centers of the music business—in Chicago, Hollywood and New York. For over a year they worked in the Radio Room on Vine Street in Hollywood, right across from the NBC building and on the strip of sidewalk that serves as outdoor office space for the West Coast music trade. Agents saw, heard and talked to them every day, but couldn't see the possibilities of the group at all. Yet today the three men are probably the highest-paid instrumentalists in the popular music field. Nat has made over \$100,000 each of the past two years; the guitarist, Oscar Moore, more than \$35,000; the bassist, Johnny Miller, over \$25,000.

Referring to the Trio's leaner days, Nat says, "I'd go up to those booking offices and see the big men and they'd say, 'You've got an awkward combination there, boy,' but I never believed them. I knew they were just saying that to get rid of me and I knew they didn't know what they were talking about."

This summer, on a tour through Ohio and Indiana, playing one-night stands in towns such as Indianapolis, Youngstown and Cincinnati, the Trio took in over \$10,000 in five days. They now receive guarantees as high as \$3,000 a night for dances. They get \$5,000 a week at a metropolitan theatre, \$1,000 a week for playing two numbers on a coast-to-coast radio program and Nat's last record royalty check topped \$20,000. How awkward is that?

And it all looks so simple. Mort Ruby, the energetic, balding road manager who has spent the last year on the road with the Trio, says the keynote of the King Cole boys' success is relaxation. Everything they do is done with an ease that makes onlooking musicians sad with envy.

So relaxed is their playing that common sense tells one that it just can't be as natural and easy as it looks. Or as simple as Nat implies when he says, "We just learn the tune and play it." But apparently it is. They work without any visible effort at all. They cut and rearrange tunes, change parts around, all without rehearsal. With only a nod or a word from Nat, Oscar or Johnny will know what to do. "You get something, playing together all the time," Oscar says. "We walk out on that stage, you don't know what the hell's gonna happen. Sometimes Nat'll change right in the middle of a number. He'll say 'cut it.' He don't say *where*, just 'cut it.' But after playing nine years together, you get so you can sense what to do."

Watching the Trio rehearse a new tune is an amazing experience. They decide to do a new number on their radio program. Nat dispatches Otis Pollard, their valet, downstairs to get the sheet music, then plays it through once, the other boys strumming along. At some mysterious point, Nat turns to Oscar and says, "You take it." If what Oscar "takes" is all right by Nat, he'll say, "I like that," and it's in the arrangement. The whole thing, from scratch, takes less than a half hour.

Incidentally, although the boys don't write their

stuff down, they do use arrangements on almost all their numbers, particularly on the ones they have recorded. "The customers want to hear the tune the way it was on the record," Nat says. Of course they vary it from time to time on the job so as not to get bored with it—and they improvise freely on what they term "jazz tunes."

For all the brilliance of their improvisation, the success of the King Cole Trio is built solidly on a foundation of rhythm and melody. The first thing that musicians become excited about when hearing the Trio is the terrific "beat" the boys get. "Those three guys get a better beat going than the whole crew of us," a big name-band musician said recently. "Everybody has his own tempo," Nat says, in answer, "we just feel the right tempo for us."

That "beat" is irresistible. Whole dance halls full of people sway to it; couples in crowded night clubs keep time with it; millions of people in front of phonographs and juke boxes tap their feet to it.

On the melodic side, Nat sings in a soft, intimate, insinuating voice, flashing his white teeth and sitting sideways at the piano. To cash in on Nat's unusual singing talent, the Trio has vocals on seventy-five per cent of the numbers they play. Nat sings alone, mostly, but sometimes Oscar and Johnny join in the background. The popular vocals vary from the King (*Continued on page 197*)



Cook's Tour: George Mardikian

Plump, voluble George Mardikian, owner of Omar Khayam's in San Francisco, is as famed for his love of America as for his excellent Armenian food. At the UN Conference in his city, he donated his skill as chef, related his rags-to-riches story to delegates from the Far East, emphasizing it couldn't happen there. Once a truly starving Armenian escaped from the Turks, he says life began when he glimpsed the Statue of Liberty. He built Omar Khayam's on the site where he had worked as a dishwasher, decked it with scenes and verse from the Rubáiyát. Roving among appreciative diners he confides his recipes for such delicacies as Domatesli Pilaff (Pilaff with tomato juice). Braise three cups dry rice in melted butter till butter bubbles. Boil three cups of broth with three cups tomato juice and pour this over the rice. Salt and pepper, mix well, and bake half hour in oven (375° F.) Take out again, mix well, bake twenty minutes more. "It's wonderful!" says he.

A revealing picture of the sixth richest
and most fabulous school in the country

Campus Portrait: University of Texas

by F. ALEXANDER



FAULKNER

A HOLLYWOOD movie director who had never strolled down "The Drag" in Austin, Texas, or played football in the shadows of The Forty Acres would probably fix in his mind's eye (before his experts moved in) a mental picture of the University of Texas with her men wearing cowboy boots, a campus of gargantuan acreage, buildings suggesting Radio City, with the whole set sweetened by droves of co-eds eye-filling enough to set a Ziegfeld goggling. And he'd be right. Cowboy boots are standard. The Forty Acres—a phrase going back to the original plot—is actually a campus of about 200 acres, big enough for even a Texan to move around in. The layout has fifty buildings, topped off by the familiar skyline profile of the 27-story library-administration tower. As for the girls, each little co-ed who matriculates has cause to speculate on the famous line from her Alma Mater song: *The Eyes of Texas Are Upon You*. She learns soon enough that there are 30,000 pupils on the campus, about half of which (the male section) are registered for a four-year dilation.

If your short division is correct, that brings us to 15,000 students, no mean body when it sets out to do something. Faculty members on the timid side still shudder at the memory of the 1911 melee, following the football game with Texas A & M, when that strong rivalry led to a pitched battle between Longhorns and Aggies—full strength. But emotion of that day is as nothing compared to

that March afternoon in 1897 when George T. Winston, University president, was so ill-advised as to decree no holiday for students on Texas Independence Day. This uninformed gentleman, lately from the University of North Carolina, did not propose to have the university schedule disrupted by an unofficial holiday—a little matter of "officiality" any Texan could have set straight at the drop of a six-shooter. The students objected by cutting all classes and firing off a cannon. President Winston then voiced his now famous words: "I was born in a land of liberty, nursed on the bottle of liberty, rocked in the cradle of liberty, and grew up a son of liberty, but the students of the University of Texas take more liberties than anybody I ever knew." That's Texas for you.

The same spirit goes back to the beginning. The University dates its actual classwork to 1883, but the dream of a great university was born years before—when the Texas Declaration of Independence listed neglect of public education as one reason for revolution against Mexico. During the years that followed, some 2,000,000 acres of land were set aside for its support. The acreage was useful chiefly for grazing livestock, and it is not surprising that the treasury had more green grass than green bills in it for many years.

One word changed all that, one magic Texas word: oil. The university struck oil on its land in 1923—and out of the land where the dogies got along has come \$56,000,000 into the permanent fund of the treasury. The rich Texas earth itself gave the \$29,000,000 campus buildings to her sons and daughters, and another \$15,000,000 is reputedly tabbed for a new building program. Austin's poor little school, which opened with six professors and a handful of students, is now the sixth richest institution in the country.

Any student will tell you that the University is not only richer and bigger, but better, these days, with new traditions added to the old. The Longhorns are in the football big-time now; they have a dream campus to blot out the memory of the lean years; they have a distinguished faculty and many allied schools; the famous Texas Relays; and a handbook for new students which advises co-eds not to straighten their stockings in the classroom ("boys and profs are all agin' it"). Well may the sons of the orange and white keep to the tradition among alumni that "wherever two or more are gathered together they shall break bread and renew their allegiance to the University." Topics of conversation at such reunions may be divers, but one subject is sure to be mentioned: Roundup. This is a three-day Mardi Gras, carnival, strawberry festival, taffy pull, range roundup, and banana republic election, all rolled up and exploded Texas-style. At the end of it all, the Sweetheart and her entourage of beauties have been elected and viewed with enormous satisfaction by the male students, flanked by the approving statues of Robert E. Lee and other Confederate heroes who occupy the wooded hill of the campus.

The student body is predominantly from Texas, but all states are represented, and many foreign countries. It would not be strange, for example, to hear in a Syrian bazaar the vibrant refrain:

The Eyes of Texas are upon you
All the livelong day,
The Eyes of Texas are upon you,
You cannot get away.
Do not think you can escape them,
At night or early in the morn,
The Eyes of Texas are upon you
'Til Gabriel blows his horn. #



"Why didn't you hurry and get a seat like I did, dear?"



UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS

A Profile

Painting by Fred Eng

Longhorns will recognize without prompting these symbols of their campus, and graduates far from The Forty Acres may have a nostalgic twinge as they are reminded of the old days in Austin. Boots and spurs aplenty you'll find, as you'd expect

in the Lone Star State, where any lad who couldn't lasso a co-ed at fifty paces along the "Perip," at least with a well-placed look, might as well spend his time down at Gregory Gym. The Texans come big and rangy on the gridiron, too, and it's

tough for the enemy no matter what the score turns out to be. And lest you think that life is all reading *The Daily Texan* over a pretty shoulder, that skyscraper is the 27-story library-administration tower and one of the most popular spots on campus.

If the setting is right, a man's spirit
can sustain him for a little while, and
that may be his truest and finest moment

So Quaint People

by WILLIAM BINSTOCK



BACK in her hotel room, the American woman sorted out the treasures of the afternoon's shopping—some garish lacquered trays and salad bowls in reds, greens, and yellows on black, a few pieces of silver jewelry, an Indian rug. How could they possibly afford to sell these things so cheaply? And the stalls in the market place charged even less, if one could stand the awful crowds.

She began, skillfully, to prepare for the evening. She dressed with the efficiency of an experienced traveler who was at the same time a woman used to the better things. Her dress, she knew, was right. She decided to wear the new obsidian brooch, then remembered it would hardly attract attention in Mexico City. She settled on one from Saks, and went down to the plush and fern lobby where the hotel's paunchy owner was idling.

"Good evening, Mrs. Prentiss."

"Ah, Don Carlos! *Wherever* have you been all day?"

The Mexican of the spurious name laughed good-naturedly.

"Dear lady, even hotel owners must work."

"Of course. And you can't imagine what a haven your lovely establishment is after a trying day. I don't know what I'd do if it weren't for this little island of civilization."

"You are too kind. But you will not tell me you find our city so difficult?"

"Oh, I don't mean to suggest that I'm not enjoying my stay

in Mexico. I suppose I'm just bothered by that ghastly beggar."

"Beggar . . .?"

"I was walking past the cathedral this afternoon, and all of a sudden they started that frightful howling—like something out of the *Inferno*." She shuddered involuntarily as she remembered how she had fumbled a coin into the cradle of upturned fingers at her side and moved away quickly to avoid the gaze of the mendicant's beady black eyes. As she had retreated the huddled form had begun again its monotonous wail . . . begging . . . praying . . .

It was different before the war, she thought. There had always been England and the Continent. You could find people who understood you. Or almost. There were many places to go. When it became boring you simply moved on. But now—four vacations in four years in this place. Perhaps next year one could *travel* again. Even there conditions were too horrible now. *Dirty little Mexicans . . . Stupid little Mexicans!*

While she thought, Don Carlos imagined the effect on her of that colorless row of alms-seekers squatting at the roadside—a strange touch of the East which symbolized all too well the poverty of his people. He had risen above that poverty long ago by catering to the provincialism of the Americans, who always found Mexico picturesque and thoroughly enjoyable—so long as they need not lose contact with their familiar environment for more than a few hours each day. That environment was always close at hand, thanks to the efforts of Don Carlos and his innumerable colleagues. He had come to accept the *touristas* as the necessary instruments to his making a living. And that was the usual extent of his relationship with the hordes from the North . . .

"Dear Mrs. Prentiss, you should not allow such things to trouble you so. It was merely a wretched cripple. My countrymen do not, unfortunately, possess the education and standard of living of your great people. Someday, perhaps . . ."

Lazy, thought Mrs. Prentiss, just lazy. "I realize," she added aloud, "that all Mexicans aren't that way. If only they could all be like you, Don Carlos . . ."

The subject of the forthcoming eulogy felt a vague discomfort at the idea of having himself held up as the archetype of the Mexican people. "You flatter me," he interrupted hastily. "Have you dined yet? The orchestra is exceptionally good tonight."

"Oh, then I'd better hurry right in. *Hasta la vista!*"

Don Carlos bowed graciously and watched her as she chatted for a moment with the headwaiter, then he walked across the lobby to the desk, brisk and efficient. He scanned the list of new guests. You could never tell when someone of importance might arrive unannounced. Then he thumbed through the day's receipts. Very satisfactory.

Hearing signs of a disturbance, he glanced up. At the entrance to the dining room three Mexican couples were arguing vociferously with the headwaiter. From the dubious equilibrium of their protagonist, he judged that this was not their first stop. Sole adornment of the three powerful chests was a set of identical gaudy yellow shirts. Strange that they had not gone to a less expensive place. Evidently a party. But their attire was hardly formal enough for his hotel.

Don Carlos noted with relief that his headwaiter had gained control of the situation. The Mexicans were turning to leave. He fervently hoped Mrs. Prentiss had not noticed the uproar . . .

Suddenly he darted forward. "Let them go in," said Don Carlos. "These people are my guests." #



TRAVIS

Wings for two

At least once in a man's life comes the yen to get away from it all and rise above all earthly things. Without getting too spiritual about this matter, you can do it by hopping into a little two-seater like this Cessna 140. It's an all-metal duraluminum plane with fabric-covered wings of all-metal structure. Powered with an 85 hp engine, its range is 450 miles, maximum speed more than 120 mph, cruising speed 100 mph and landing speed 41 mph, with flaps. One of its unusual features is the patented safety landing gear: the shock of landing is absorbed by flexing of the gear, which eliminates many of the moving parts that compose the normal landing gear. Included with this airplane as standard equipment are flaps, starter, navigation lights, generator, battery and choice of upholstery colors.



MECHANICAL PROPHECIES, No. 8

Workshop

By Alexis de Sakhnoffsky

The workshop hobbyist, says Count de Sakhnoffsky, is a persecution victim, forced by a cruel tradition to work in grease-monkey surroundings. What he needs is a design for better relaxation, for example of which see sketches above. When not

in use, tools of the trade either disappear into the walls or become decorative. The room is a double threat, catering to the hobbyist's recreational and creative impulses. Yet it contains the works: lathes for metalworking (center left); electric

saw (lower left); paint shelves (center); vise (upper left); drills and other gadgets (center right). In addition it offers lounging space, radio, library, and that king among blessings to the tired avocationalist, a bar with sufficient mixings.

Egg Nog

Ingredients



Procedure



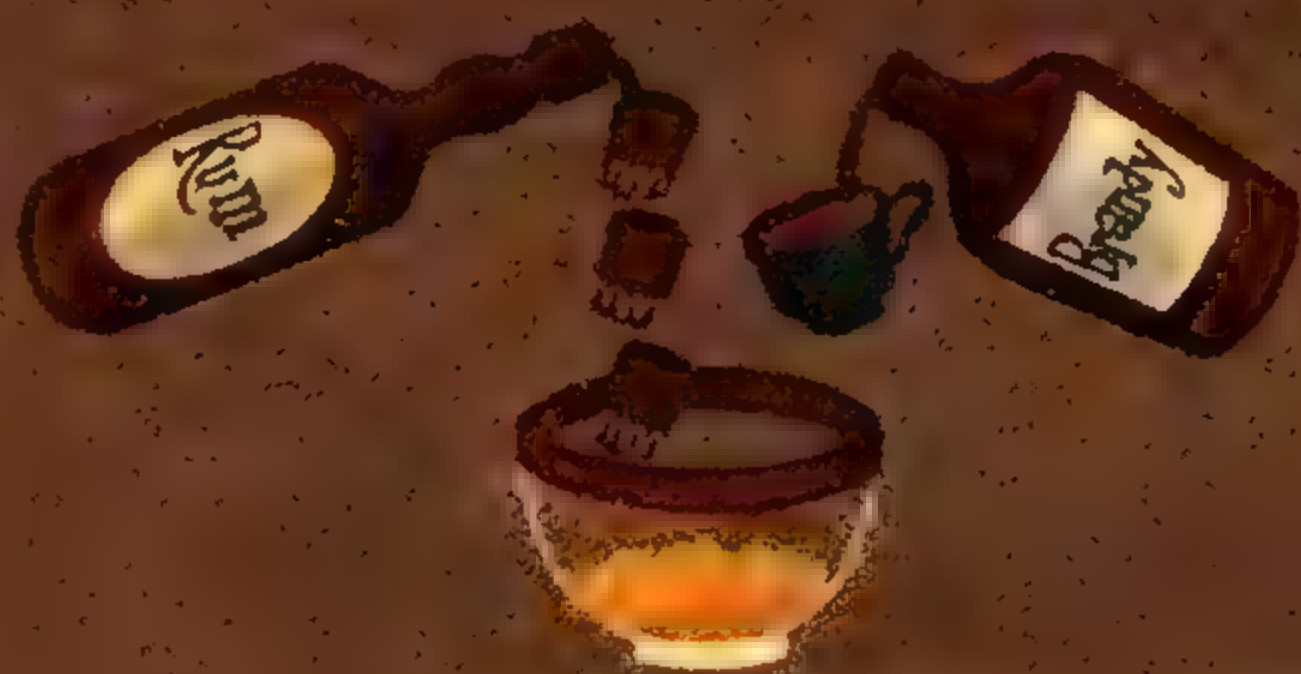
separate



beat



add and beat more



add



add and beat again



beat into a cloud



fold together



serve and sprinkle



Esquire's BLEND AND BEND

Recipe No. 2

Sketches by Mina Gow

Among the gentle arts and joys of New Year's is making new friends as well as resolutions. People make the rounds from one friendly oasis to the next exchanging cheer, and it takes just the slightest extra effort and additional touch to make their stay

with you pleasantly remembered. So here at a glance is the traditional holiday punch—egg nog—providing cheer for six and even more for four. Esquire, like the chicken, starts with the egg and shows you how with few words and much action. So, shine

up the punch bowl, polish up the glasses (and we don't mean bifocals), and start making this picture into a three-dimensional potent potable. After the blending there's only the bending, and the methods for this we leave to you.

The kid could roll the dice par excellence, but in the role of an exuberant cupid he relied too much on the Hollywood approach



WEITHAS

Pedro's Scheme

by NORMAN REISSMAN

PEDRO was fourteen years old. He could say with authority, "Me fine Yankee, best crapshooter in outfit." To him the game of dice represented all the world's pleasures rolled into one. Soon we discovered that he wanted to return to the States with us and expand his business.

"But, Pedro," I told him, "they don't shoot dice as openly in Frisco as we do here in Manila. There are other businesses. Money is more valuable back in the States."

He was puzzled. "You mean no throw money down on floor like here. You mean save money. What in hell they save for?"

"Well, Pedro, maybe a guy wants to marry a pretty girl. He'd want to buy a house. That takes money. You can't spend the rest of your life shooting craps."

"Why not? Good business!" He pulled out a stack of IOU's. "Plenty good. Who cares for money? Me friends with Yanks." He laughed like a child, but he had a financial mind.

One evening he stopped me as I was leaving the warehouse. "You want to marry nice girl someday, build nice home, like you say?"

"Yes, why?"

"You go to town for girl, maybe whiskey?" he chuckled. "Them girls cannot make nice home for you."

"Look, banker, you're learning too much."

"Pedro got idea. You come home and marry my sister. No kidding. You want nice home, nice girl, and Pedro love you. So you marry Pedro's sister."

"But suppose your sister won't have me. Hasn't she got a mind of her own?"

"No, she dumb. Nineteen only, but she love American songs, and she sing like this. Like in movies, the girls, you know, make like this with body, huh?" He tugged at my sleeve.

We walked through dark cobblestone streets lined with ragged huts, surrounded by a million Filipino kids that Pedro warded off as they fought and pleaded for gum and candy, until we reached the home where Naneta, a few smaller Pedros, a stout woman and a lean man with a pair of knowing eyes welcomed Pedro as though they hadn't seen him in years. Pedro walked in with a confident air.

"Meet Joe," he said in an all-around introduction. "Meet Joe, everybody. My pal, buddy and friend also. This is Joe!"

I shook hands with all the family.

The old man said, "Pedro has not been good. We do not see him for many days. What does he do at camp? Tell me. He keeps his mama worried all the time."

"He's a good kid. You needn't worry."

"He makes some money. How? I hope he does nothing wrong."

"No, he makes it in an American game. Dice, we call it."

"Ah, yes, Pedro says it is wonderful, even better than the Spanish games."

"American game best," Pedro bragged. "Hey Naneta," he called. "Come with supper. Joe hungry. You know, Naneta, Joe was great football player in America. Assistant fullback!"

Over a supper of hot rice, chunks of strange pork and something indescribable for a salad, Pedro continued his chatter but succeeded only in drawing Naneta's ire. She turned to me. "He is young and excited. I do not understand him recently. They teach him such funny things."

"Wine, rum, brandy," roared Pedro, to the delight of the kids. "Americans must drink."

"Quiet, Pedro," said the old man. Then he hustled upstairs to return in two minutes with a monstrous bottle of a weird-looking concoction.

It was rum, a tough and hard version of it. A cross between varnish and vinegar, with a sweet hidden flavor. The first whiff rocked me on my heels.

By now I was one of the family. While the stout woman cleaned up the table, I told the kids American jokes. Pedro dragged Naneta over and insisted that she sit closer to me. Naneta pulled away and moved to a corner.

"More rum, Joe?"

"Don't mind if I do. Say, papa, I understand Naneta is fine with American songs. How about it?"

He cleared the center of the room and parked himself in a corner with the bearing of a commander. "Naneta, American music!"

Naneta obeyed, at first shyly, then with the poise of an arrogant little devil, capturing the American spirit, swaying in the rhythm of a Grable. She sang *Alexander's Ragtime Band*. I accepted another rum. I listened to *Chattanooga Choo Choo*.

A sharp voice stung my ear. "Listen, Joe," Pedro whispered. "You clap loud, then you kiss Naneta. She like that, then you marry her, huh?"

"Look! Pedro..."

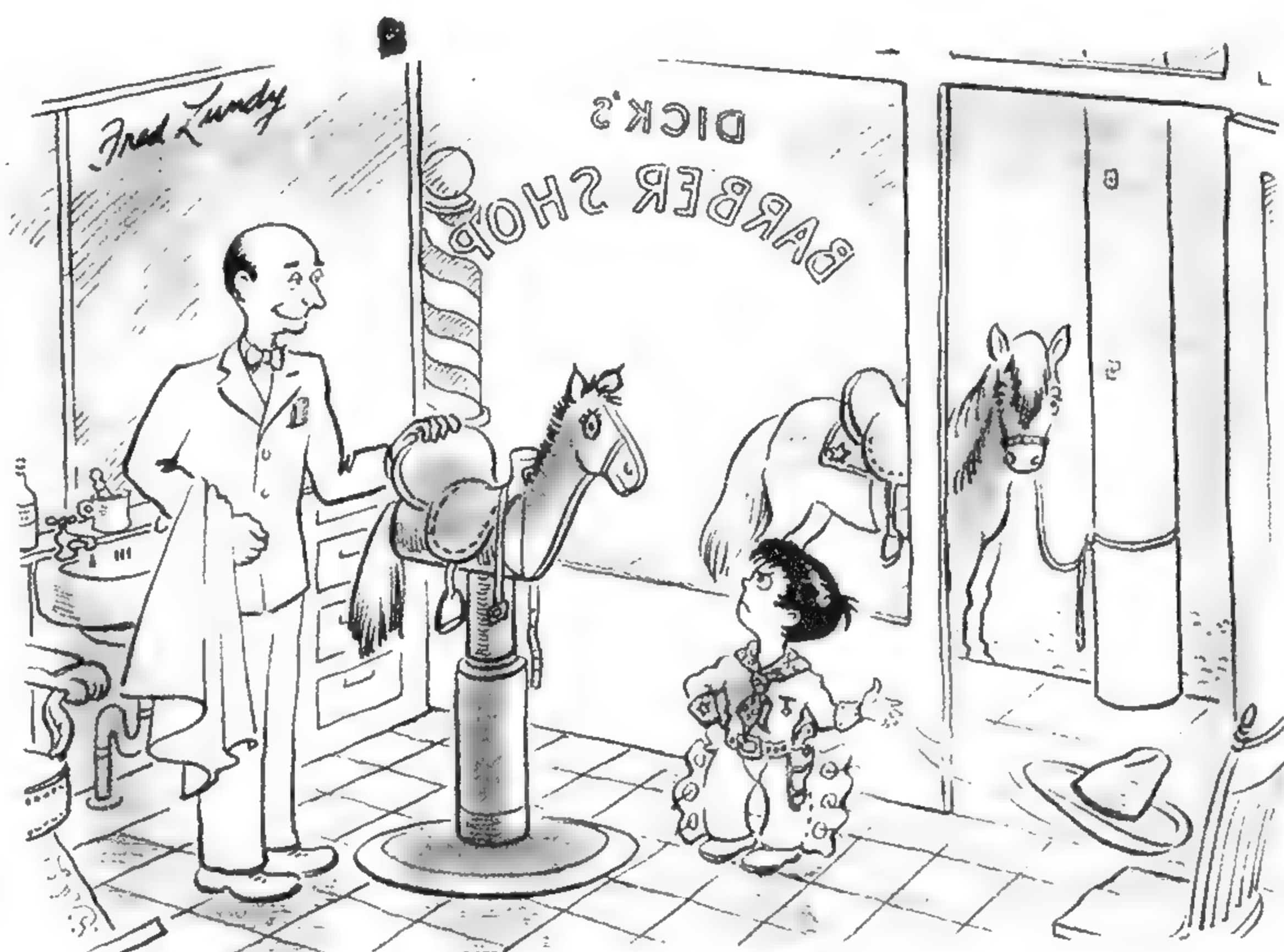
As Naneta bowed, Pedro, already desperate, announced, "Joe crazy 'bout you. You and Joe marry, huh?" Pedro had made his play, and all I could see of Naneta was a gasping mouth, a pair of bewildered eyes. Then she ran from the room. The old man took over. He whisked Pedro off to a corner and apologized for his son's actions.

"Don't feel sorry, the kid means well." I turned to Pedro. "A girl can't marry that fast. It takes time, and a long courtship." I winked at the old man.

Pedro said, "No take time, no. In movies they marry very fast." Then he was off to his bed upstairs, before the commander could issue final orders. He called down, "Good-bye, Joe, see you tomorrow!"

The kids were gone, too, screaming, "Pedro crazy! Pedro crazy!"

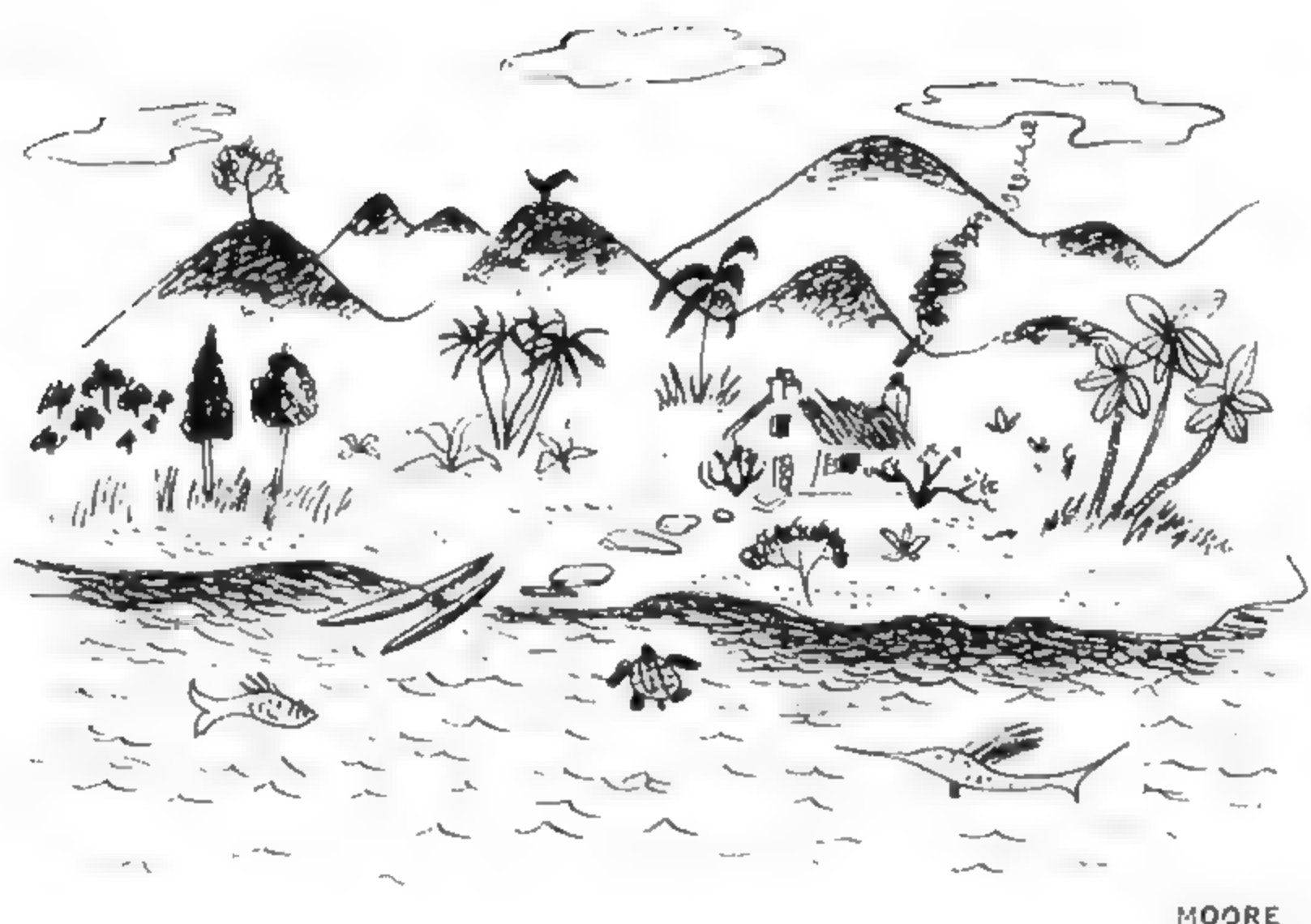
I was left sitting over half a bottle of rum with papa Pedro. He looked toward the ceiling, half amused, shaking his head. "That boy. That boy. He is a real American. He is nice and mischievous." #



This magnificent and democratic resort country offers high living at low cost

Uruguay—Switzerland of South America

by **RICHARD JOSEPH**



URUGUAYANS are definitely the good joes of South America. You sense that in the beginning, when you go to their consulate for a visa, and you're conscious of it all the time you are a guest in their country.

That's the secret of the whole thing—they treat you as a *guest*, a welcome visitor. In Uruguay a tourist is assumed to be a gentleman until he proves himself otherwise.

Going through Uruguayan customs, you get set for the usual pushing around. Instead, an inspector pokes one apologetic forefinger into your folded pajama pants—to make sure they're not concealing a water-cooled machine gun or a two-headed cobra—and stamps your bags with a flourish.

You enter the country glowing, and your glow persists. After you've been in Uruguay a few days, you begin to learn why.

Uruguay is the smallest and most densely populated country in South America. (It's just about the size of New England.) As such it has no delusions of grandeur—military or otherwise. Situated as a buffer state between Argentina and Brazil, it makes no attempt to match power with its larger neighbors. Instead, the two million Uruguayans concentrate on the more intelligent and practical goal of making their country a small gem of a nation. Switzerland—rather than any of the larger powers—is Uruguay's model.

You will see demonstrations of this fact all over the place. You'll see it in the comparatively large numbers of refugees from Europe who have found a new home and a new life in Uruguay. You'll hear it reflected in Uruguayan conversation—where they'll say of a man, "He is a fine, democratic gentleman." That description does not mean that the man eats his lunch with the hired help. It signifies, rather, that he is democratic politically—that he is a true believer in the democratic form of government. That is the highest compliment an Uruguayan can pay and ought to give you some idea of the country.

A fine, working democracy, including within its borders some of the loveliest beaches in the world, it is no wonder that Uruguay is the playground of South America. Argentines and Brazilians flock to its beaches during the summer season (December—March).

Montevideo, its capital, a clean, modern city with a population of more than 700,000, is situated in the heart of the resort section. It is now only 38 air-hours from New York City. Its carnival is second only to Rio's in color and gaiety. And—if all the above isn't sufficient inducement—Uruguay is one of the cheapest countries in South America for North Americans. You can live at a luxurious beach hotel there for as little as \$6 per day, meals included, and bring presents home for a fraction of their cost in the States.

Nor do you have to worry about making contacts, fast, on the beach. As in other South American resorts, the traditional chaperone system seems to break down on the beaches. Something to do with the salt air—or maybe it's the expanse of exposed epidermis that does the trick. In any case, you'll find a very fair collection of fillies—Uruguayan, Argentines, Brazilians, Europeans, North Americans—all intent on shaking whomever or whatever it is that might prevent them from getting all possible joy out of their vacation.

Uruguay's language is Spanish, but you won't have any trouble getting along in English. If you can handle another language—French or Italian, for example—your exploratory radius is extended just that much.

The second language of the country seems—to the casual visitor—to be the deaf-and-dumb alphabet. Uruguayans are great boys for using their hands and arms in ordinary conversation. Go to a café in Montevideo (it's pronounced *Montayvidayo*, by the way) or on one of the beaches and you'll be able to hear most of what's going on just by keeping your eyes open.

If the Uruguayan gentleman next to you should suddenly hiss "Kssssss!"—stick out his right arm and wave it horizontally with the wrist dangling—as though he were saying good-bye—and shout "Venga!" don't be alarmed. He's not a member of the Uruguayan OSS screaming for vengeance. He's merely calling the waiter. This method, incidentally, will get you the waiter's attention in a restaurant at home. It is also likely to get you tossed out on your ear.

Next, the gentleman on your right might make a twisting-of-the-mustache gesture with his right hand—whether or not he's wearing a mustache. He means by that gesture that something's okay, decidedly, and if you follow his eyes across the room you'll very probably be able to spot the brunette he's so enthusiastic about.

Pay attention if your new-found Uruguayan friend should suddenly lean over confidentially, pull down the lower lid of his right eye with his right forefinger and solemnly whisper, "Ojo!" That means "On guard!" or "Watch your step!" and he's probably warning you against the little lady who has just taken a quick powder to go to the powder room to powder.

If you offer your new pal a drink and he waves his finger diagonally in front of his eye in a "tut! tut!" gesture—don't be offended. He's not being disapproving, just declining the drink with a bit of emphasis. However, take care when he puts his right fist sideways on the table and starts wiggling the thumb in the air. You're probably telling him about the redhead from Salt Lake City you met on the plane coming down, and the thumb-wiggling routine means he doesn't believe a word of it.

Get your Uruguayan buddy to take you for a streetcar ride. You'll find that the car won't stop if only men are waiting for it on the corner. All it will do is slow down, unless there are women in the line. If you're agile enough to have caught the car on the fly, don't give your seat up to a woman, unless she's old or "encinta." If she's young and trim, she'll be offended by your friendly gesture—thinking you were trying (Continued on page 247)



"It's one of those marvelous American gadgets I picked up"

Go to	Where	Why	How	Stay at	Rates*	See or Do
<i>La Floresta</i>	40 Mi. East of Montevideo	Popular resort center, beautiful chalets surrounded by luxuriant forest.	Train or bus from Montevideo (1½ hrs.)	La Floresta Oriental Del Parque	\$5.50—6.60 3.85—4.40 3.85	Chalets, forests; nearby resort Costa Azul; excursions to woods and rivers; park.
<i>Solis</i>	62 Mi. East of Montevideo	Major seaside resort; 2½-mile beach between mouth of Arroyo Solís Grande and Punta de las Animas.	Rail or bus from Montevideo (2 hrs.)	Solis Chaja and Chalets Bianchi Caraballo Playa Verde	5.50 3.30 2.47 2.20 2.20	Pleasant mountain, river, woods scenery; good fishing; golf; large eucalyptus groves.
<i>La Coronilla & Santa Teresa Fortress</i>	199 Mi. East of Montevideo	Most unusual surroundings of any Uruguayan beach resort, varied terrain, more tropical aspect of this region; excellent ocean beach.	Excursion busses (3-day trip) stops at points of interest en route. Or private motor from Montevideo	Parador La Coronilla Annex Maravillas Hotel	3.30—4.40 2.20 1.92	Laguna Negro (Black Lake); surf-bathing; swimming; yachting; rowing; fishing; unusual flora and fauna; fortress of Santa Teresa, principal man-made attraction of Nat'l Park.
<i>Colonia Suiza</i>	Approx. 77 miles West of Montevideo; 33 miles East of Colonia	Founded by settlers from Switzerland years ago. Holiday center.	Excellent highway and bus service from Montevideo (2½ hrs.) and Colonia (1 hr.)	Nirvana Del Prado Gran Hotel Central Suizo	4.40 2.75 2.20—1.65 2.75	Russian agricultural settlements; excellent beach on Rio de la Plata.
<i>Paysandu</i>	298 Mi. from Montevideo	Second city of Uruguay; "Queen of the North," rich agricultural, cattle- and sheep-raising area.	By rail from Montevideo; car from Fray Bentos; shallow-draft steamers	Paysandu Concordia Modelo	2.47—3.85 1.65—1.92 1.21—1.51	Flour mills, sawmills, breweries; church on Plaza Constitución square; Club de Remeros (rowing club) has fine clubhouse; interesting river excursions; golf club.
<i>Salto</i>	On Uruguay River, opposite the Argentine city of Concordia, 75 mi. from Paysandú	Third city of the republic, center of livestock and agriculture; great citrus groves surround the city. Pop. 48,000.	Steamer, rail or car from Paysandú	Biazzeti Concordia Español Parador Quiroga	1.92—2.20 1.92 1.10 1.45	Launch excursions to "Salto Chico" and "Salto Grande"; hiking, horseback trips and cycling into surrounding country; excellent dorado fishing.
<i>Maldonado</i>	100 miles E. of Montevideo	Spanish architecture; Atlantic port; seal fishing. Pop. 8,000.	Rail, steamer, and motor bus from Montevideo	Hotel Barla	1.65—1.92	Many relics of the past, Parroquial church; Watch Tower & "Cuartel de Ragones."
<i>Mercedes</i>	186 Mi. from Montevideo	Clean, modern center of rich cattle-, sheep-raising and agricultural section; city situated on Río Negro; Health resort; Pop. 30,000.	Rail from San José; Rail and motor from Montevideo; steamer connects large steamers between Salto, Montevideo and Buenos Aires.	Brisas del Hum Comercio Navarro Petit	1.92—2.75 1.65 1.21—1.45 1.37	Attractive "Rambla" or drive along waterfront; rowing club; launch trip on picturesque Río Negro is popular.
<i>Minas</i>	78 Mi. N.E. of Montevideo	One of Uruguay's most picturesque towns; near Río Santa Lucía in a bowl encircled by hills and forest; mineral deposits; Pop. 32,000.	Bus or rail from Montevideo	Minas Caribala Ramos	1.45—1.65 1.37 1.10—1.37	Near-by excursions to caves of Arequitos, Fuente Salus, various mines; "Cerre (Hill) del Verdun" and its shrine; city hall.
<i>La Paloma</i>	150 Mi. E. of Montevideo	Excellent salt- and freshwater fishing, beaches and a picturesque residential section.	Bus or rail from Montevideo	Ocean Cabo Santa María Los Mariscos	3.30 4.45—5.50 2.20 (*American Plan—Meals included)	Near-by 750-acre national park of Andresito; swimming; boating; fishing; many beaches along the Atlantic Coast.

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PRE-TRAVEL INFORMATION

Uruguay

Before he leaves, the American tourist should brief himself on several fine points: Uruguayan climate reverses the seasons, with summer from December to March. January and February are hottest months; nights are cool and pleasant. Wear regular

summer clothing. The peso, worth about fifty-five cents, (written \$), is the basis of Uruguayan currency. Prices generally are lower than in the U. S. Automatically, ten to fifteen per cent is added to hotel and restaurant bills. So no *tipping*. un-

less for special service. In cafés, where the fee is not added, take care of the waiter as in U. S. Uruguayans do not tip cab drivers. U. S. passport (\$10), plus *tourist visa* (or for less than thirty days, *transit visa*), is necessary for entry.

Night-Club Audience



Happy Boy—He came to have himself a time and he's having it. Any night is New Year's Eve to Jolly Cholly, so long as they equip him with seven noisemakers, a paper hat and a drink.



The Great Lover—A quiet-corner musher, this character and his love put on a better show than the club. Somebody should tell him about the entertainment tax on his Gablesque clinches.



The Ringside Table—This Ogle Boy's eyes bug out at any girl who comes by wearing less than a fur coat. He'll suffer from astigmatic frustration in the morning, but tonight's his night.



The Joker—He specializes in hotfoots, but if the arson routine flops, he has several substitutes, including a boutonniere that squirts and a buzzer that jars a victim when he shakes hands.



The Drunk—This monomaniac drinks with his mind on the obvious goal. Hell-bent for cirrhosis of the liver, he tosses off eight shots and collapses blissfully on the table, feeling no pain.



Café Society—They'd fall asleep witnessing Operation Crossroads. The entertainer is doing everything but balancing an eel on his nose, but the sophisticates still yawn in their cocktails.

FRIENDS OF YOURS?

Sketches by Howard Baer

Behold American black sheep at play, boisterous and otherwise, or have you passed this way before? Here is proof six-fold that even the most pleasant avocations have their occupational hazards. Spoil joys, much less deadly than some of the

above, have been known to drive normal hail-fellows to solitary drink. And we have heard of hardened bistrot entertainers who found the retired life alluring after evenings invested on the amusement of such as these. Esky recommends an ugly

demise for the whole caboodle of them, from Happy Harry through Lecherous Louie all the way to Blase Belinda and escort. Swing lustily, with ample clubhead speed, wrist action and follow-through, gentlemen. And never mind replacing divots!



Occupied Japan plays a comedy role with
bilingual singing, jitterbugging geishas
and rugged G.I.s learning to pantomime

There Shall Be Music

by WILLIAM JACOBSON

THE TOKYO edition of the *Stars and Stripes* occasionally prints the hit parade of songs currently popular in the States. When the G.I. reads this list of strange titles he realizes how long and how far away he is. Sometimes a title like *Please Don't Squeeze Da Banan* makes him wonder and worry about the folks back home and adds another burden to his impatience to return. But he has a hit parade of his own which would sound equally as strange to the Stateside ear.

The Tojo Tin Pan Alley formula is simple: take some Japanese words—any old words—add a familiar American melody, sing loudly and a song is born. For instance, to the tune of *London Bridge Is Falling Down* sing:

Chot-to mata, kudasai
Kudasai, go-za-i-mas
Chot-to mata, kudasai
Kirei no ning-yo

These lyrics are tenderly sentimental and thought-provoking:

Wait a minute, will you, please,
Will you, please, pretty please,
Wait a minute, will you, please,
My pretty dolly

The second verse differs only in the last line where "Ah, so deska," the Japanese version of "okay" is substituted, usually in falsetto.

The phrase "chotto mata, kudasai" is as common in Japan as profanity in a poolroom. A Jap will never make up his mind alone. He must always go into conference, requesting the G.I. to "chotto matay, kudasai." Or a G.I. enters a shop. Before he can open his mouth the proprietor bows, says, "Chotto mata, kudasai," and disappears into the rear. He emerges in a moment with his nine-year-old son who has just completed an exhaustive two-month study of the English language. With his interpreter at hand he is now ready to proceed.

"Kirei no ning-yo" falls under the head of "boudoir" Japanese and is a phrase learned early by the gregarious American. Of such simple folk language are the favorites of the Nippon Hit Parade made.

Another tune, high in current popularity among the G.I.s in Japan, is the *Thank You* song. This is sung to the melody of that old French-Canadian air, *Alouette* as follows:

Arigato do itash-imashte
Arigato do itash-imashte

(Thank you but—don't you even mention it, etc. . .)

Where the original French song starts enumerating parts of the anatomy, (et la tête, etc.) the Japanese version becomes critical of economic conditions, namely the high cost of souvenirs:

Leader: Ni joo yen (Twenty yen)
Chorus: Ni joo yen (twenty yen)
Leader: San joo yen (Thirty yen)
Chorus: San joo yen (Thirty yen)
Leader: Too damn much (in any language)
Chorus: Too damn much
ALL: O o o oh—A-rigato etc. . .

These Japanese gibberish tunes are reserved to be sung only with Japanese beer. For the regular issue of American beer the troops have their own version of the blues, such as this one sung by some newly arrived replacements:

I'll be in Japan, always,
The forgotten man always,
Eating fish and rice,
Fighting Nippon lice,
Peace, what is thy price?
Always? Always?

Though my girl will wait, always,
It may be too late, always,
Give the Japanese
To the Chinese, please,
Or I'll be overseas,
Always . . .

The G.I.'s predilection for song is shared by the Jap who loves to sing and grins with glee when the American soldier lets out with Jap words or music. Their popular music at first sounds dissonant to the Western ear but some of their melodies are catching.

One of these, a song called *Shina no Yoroo* or *Chinese Night*, was very popular with the Japanese and caught on with the American troops. Some of them even learned the Japanese lyrics without fake interpolations of nonsense syllables. Several months later General Headquarters forbade the Japs to sing or play this tune. Somebody in the language section had evidently translated it and found it to be a Greater East Asia propaganda song. The Japs stopped but the Yanks kept right on singing it.

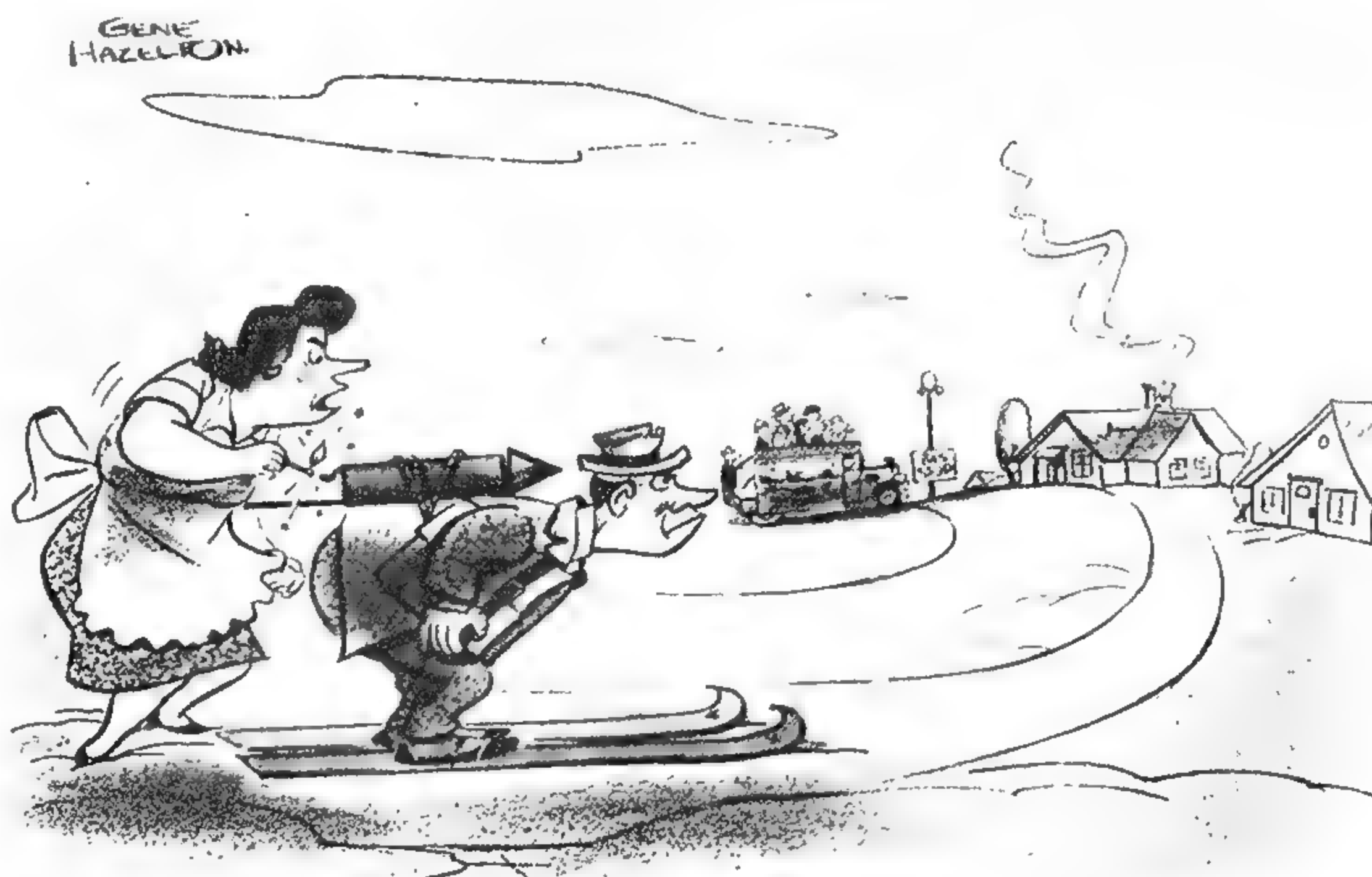
Every region in Japan has its own local song and dance. Some of these date back hundreds of years and they describe the things for which the locality is noted. For example, the song of Fukuoka, a mining province, speaks of the miners' toil; the accompanying dance consists of a pantomime wherein the dancer shovels three times to the right, three times to the left, pushes an imaginary cart three times to the right, three times to the left, etc. Performed by trained geishas, these dances are graceful if strange.

These songs and dances are invariably performed at any entertainment the local Japs put on for troops stationed in the area. The G.I.s soon learn them and delight their hosts by singing or dancing along. Performed by some ex-Pittsburgh fullback, these dances are strange if not graceful.

At any G.I.-Jap get-together there will invariably be a rendition of *Old Black Joe* and *Auld Lang Syne*. Japanese language versions of these two songs have long been popular there. The G.I. sings it in English, the Jap in Japanese, and they never finish at the same time.

But in Japan, as everywhere they have gone, the Americans have brought with them jive. It is not uncommon to see a young Jap walking down the street loudly whistling *St. Louis Blues* as if to prove that he is completely democratized. Armed Forces Radio is on the air dishing out jive all day long, constituting a reverse lend-lease version of *Tokyo Rose*, and the Japs tune in.

The beer and dance halls that have (Continued on page 184)



"I still think it'd be simpler to just get up
ten minutes earlier"



"Willy better give up his courtin' o' Puny Mae . . . gittin' so she hasta haul him home ev'ry time"



REMBERGER

He knew he could not go back to the familiar life he had known, and that the only choice that remained for him was a hard, final one

Fifty-Fifty Chance

by **GEORGE W. MORSE**

HE rented the little yellow trainer from the hay-lot airfield at Silver Springs and took off into the afternoon sun. He turned south. He didn't know why he turned south. He did it without thinking, yet purposefully, as if there were no other direction to go.

The flat, green-brown patchwork of central Florida stretched out to meet the horizons as he climbed. Dark squares that were orchards blended into clumps of palmetto scrub, then there was the mottled, straw-colored swampland and the big lake ahead. He climbed slowly, watching the ground, and flying felt strange. He was young, and yet somehow ageless. There was a pallor to him, and a quickness that was not natural.

His map stayed untouched on the seat as the countryside came back to him. He knew it hazily, as he knew his childhood bedroom or a road he hadn't driven over for a long time. Once he had known it as he had known the cockpit of a fighter plane, or the face of his wife. This air had been home.

He leveled off and throttled back the engine and flew for a long time. The land slid by and there was the same brassy blue sky that had always been somewhere in the back of his thoughts, the same grey-white cumulus clouds growing heavy as the warm air surged upwards from the earth; the same rippled, cloud-shadowed sheen of the lake. The senses of time and motion left him and for long minutes his eyes were fixed in preoccupation.

He didn't know when the uneasiness started. It was vague at first and he did not try to define it. He knew there was something missing, but it was intangible. Perhaps it was the crackle of many voices in earphones, the constant stream of orders, the companionship of countless other ships and men who had known this air with him. A sudden feeling of aloneness made his mind drift back to the hospitals, to the interminable treatments which had just ended. They called it "fatigue," when to him it was a secret revolt against fear, an unreasoning despair. He had fought it for many months and in the end the doctors had patted him on the back and released him.

The lake shore gave way abruptly to fields of sugar cane and the tall chimneys of the refinery were on his left. And the town. He looked at them for a long moment. Landmarks. Landmarks that had been so important when flying was a game. Unconsciously he banked towards them and he knew then why he had turned south. This had been his destination; this thing had drawn him. The uneasiness, the old feeling of insecurity welled up within him and he felt the palms of his hands growing sweaty. It's not really gone, he thought.

He knew every inch of the base that lay beyond the town, yet as it slid into sight it was almost a physical shock. The crisscrossed runways shimmering white in the sun, the huge hangars, the control tower, the parade ground, the clusters of buildings surrounding the whole. This had been a place where there were no doubts, no fears; rather there had been the confidence of the novice and the blithe disregard for the future.

He wanted to turn back, to leave there, for he knew it was now nothing but a shell. Once there had been many people and long rows of sleek pursuit planes and jeeps crawling ant-like over the roads and all the bustle and confusion of an Army base. Men had been made there and men had made friends. Now, seemingly overnight, it was over. He thought: the friends are dead or forgotten. Dead, or back and adjusted to ways of living that are normal? Were there others like himself so very unsure, or had he alone failed?

He circled low and the runways sprawled empty beneath him. Nowhere was there any sign of life. He thought: go back; go back quickly. There is

nothing here for you, for anybody. This is over, an unreal thing of the past. He knew sudden fear for this place.

He could not turn back. He found himself reaching for a microphone that wasn't there. He heard himself saying, "Red Leader to Control . . . Red Leader to Control . . . Request clearance for tactical landing . . ." His voice sounded strange. He laughed. He banked into a close pursuit approach and set the little trainer down hard on the runway. It rolled to a stop and he got out. The quiet startled him. Grass had grown high beside the runways and paint was flaking off the buildings. The emptiness was unbelievable, like standing alone in a stadium.

He walked to Operations slowly. It was boarded up. He thought, queerly: like a roadhouse closed for the winter. This building had been the most important place in the world. They'd met there, talked and kidded and learned and lied about their skills. They'd been assigned and gone out in noisy groups and tied themselves into those sleek pursuits and roared upwards in wild practice for what was to come. The sign, faded, still hung over the door: "Headquarters, 14th Pursuit Replacement Training Unit." That had been it. The brushing-up stage while you waited to discover what it was all about. The last stage of normalcy.

He walked for no reason towards the hangars. They were great hollow things, ugly in their nakedness. He thought: who has stayed in that other land, who has come back? He had a quick, frightened feeling that he alone had come back, as if he were standing in a void.

His footsteps echoed on the concrete floors. He left and walked far along the deserted roads, past the PX and the Officers' Club and the hospital. He looked at the hospital for a long time. They all looked alike. He'd been well then.

The roads were rutted and cracked. The neat squares of lawns were masses of tangled weeds. There was a waste barrel with the painted legend half obliterated on the side: "If you don't hit it, pick it up." Who?

He went, inevitably, to the barracks. He wanted to go there least of all for that was where men knew each other best, where memories of personalities and conversations were strongest. The



"Just leave your name and address and we'll forward a motor just as soon as they come in"

doubts and the uncertainties and shadowy fears crowded back as the buildings came into view, the tightness as if something were crushing him. He said aloud, "Like walking among the dead..."

Building T-19. That was his. Tillman... Franker... Cousins... Bellows... himself. The front door was locked. He walked around and the back door creaked open on one hinge. It was a small room and it smelled musty. Everything was gone but the tiers of bunks on the far wall. A few torn pin-ups, dust-covered, were still tacked up above where the desk had been. He sat down on the rusting springs of the lower bunk.

Tillman... Franker... Cousins... Bellows. It had been a long time since he'd thought of them. The Army threw people together, made them friends, then scattered them all over the world. I've failed them, he thought dully. Especially Franker. Sicily and night and fog and high-tension wires had taken care of Franker. Somebody had written him that Cousins had come back. A new wife and the need for money. Still flying, they said. Crop dusting out West to earn a living. I can't keep flying, yet it's all I know... A feeling of hate for those men and for the room swept over him. He ran outside.

Rain spattered on his face unnoticed. His mind went again to the hospitals, then, in a wave of weariness and despair, to the problems

to be faced. Not flying. Never flying. Just living, feeling, enjoying... *facing whatever came up unafraid.*

The little yellow trainer looked ludicrous, lost on the huge runway. He laughed, unbelieving. Flying a kite. Where was the 2000 horsepower? Where were those ships? The rushing, breathless surge of power, the wild speeds. What had they taken from him?

The import of the rain struck him. Weather. He looked to the north and the sky was a black wall of churning, vicious thunderheads. I can't go back, he thought; I'll get a room in town.

He looked around him, slowly, at the stretching emptiness and suddenly it seemed to close in. The doubts and fears and shadows flared to fantastic proportions and the violent trembling that he had beaten in the hospital came back.

As if in a daze he looked at the ship, then at the sky. In a ship like that, his mind told him, there was a fifty-fifty chance. His laugh was a little hysterical. Would he always be figuring chances?

He walked slowly towards the ship; something made him. Pictures of men flashed into his mind. Tillman... Franker... Cousins... Bellows. Laughing, arguing, flying. Fifty-fifty...

He kept walking but he didn't seem to feel the ground. He didn't know why he took off. He did it without thinking, yet purposefully, as if there was nothing else he could do. #

Six out of eight will get you by in the following quiz about the inventors and importers of America's favorite sports

Our Sporting Fathers

by JOHN WINTERS FLEMING



WITH postwar peace-time America enjoying an unprecedented sports boom, how familiar are you with the men to whom we are indebted for creating eight of this country's outstanding sports—the men who either invented the sport here or introduced it to this country from abroad and helped to popularize it in America?

In the next column you will find a list of the founding fathers of eight of the sports which have top popularity in America today, and directly opposite a list of the eight sports with which their name is associated, but not necessarily in the correct order. How many can you pair correctly? A good sport should be able to pair

at least six accurately. Get seven, and you're a super sports fan. Get eight, and you're an all-time-All-American Sports Savant:

- | | |
|----------------------------------|---------------|
| 1. Dr. James Naismith | 1. Volleyball |
| 2. John Reid, Sr. | 2. Tennis |
| 3. Mary Outerbridge | 3. Softball |
| 4. George W. Hancock | 4. Handball |
| 5. W. J. Robertson & R. J. Smith | 5. Golf |
| 6. William G. Morgan | 6. Basketball |
| 7. Phil Casey | 7. Baseball |
| 8. Alexander Cartwright | 8. Hockey |

1. Dr. James Naismith invented basketball in 1891 at Massachusetts YMCA in Springfield.

2. John Reid, Sr. sired golf in this country in 1888 with founding of St. Andrews Golf Club, Hastings-on-the-Hudson, New York.

3. Mary Outerbridge brought tennis to this country in 1874 from Bermuda. She laid out the first tennis-on-the-lawn court at the Staten Island, New York, Cricket and Baseball Club.

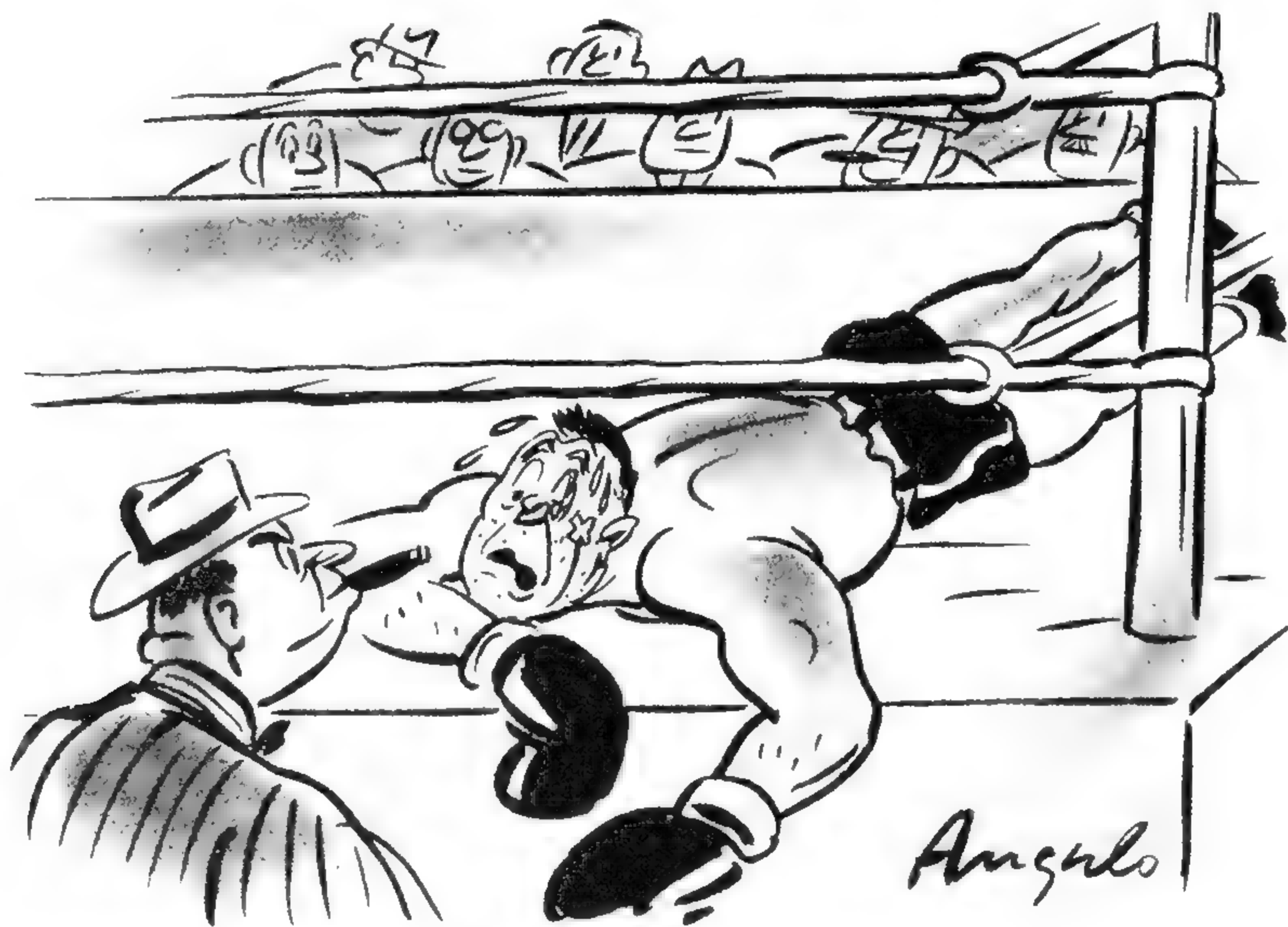
4. George W. Hancock invented softball in 1887 in Chicago. Originally called Indoor Baseball, the game was renamed Softball by Walter C. Hakan-son, a Denver, Colorado, YMCA director, in 1926.

5. W. J. Robertson & R. J. Smith originated ice hockey at McGill University, Montreal, in 1879 after Robertson had seen field hockey in England.

6. William G. Morgan, of the Holyoke, Massachusetts, YMCA. Morgan invented volleyball in 1895 in his quest for a game in which more people could participate than basketball, as well as one requiring little space and equipment.

7. Phil Casey brought handball from his native Ireland to New York, built our first handball courts.

8. Alexander Cartwright. Despite popular belief that Abner Doubleday fathered baseball in 1839, most expert opinion says Cartwright founded it in 1845, laying out the first diamonds and organizing the first teams. He spread the gospel of the game across the country and on to Hawaii. #



"I t'ink I'm suffering from combat fatigue, boss"

SELECT SELECTION . . . A well-groomed man is the product of the apt final touch applied to a well-chosen base. Herewith, then, are recommended selections among grooming aids and accessories he'll be proud to receive:

A. Toiletries in many scents, utility case, electric shaver, badger brush, injector, spring razors. **B.** Three styles of belts, initial cigarette box, brush with fitted shave set, billfolds and wallets, sunglasses with case. **C.** Lighters, a horseshoe money clip, silver luggage name plate, wrist watches, coarse or fine-link key chains, knife, cigarette holder, pencil, set of cuff links.





A



B



C

JUST FOR FUN . . . And for edification these gifts are designed and dedicated. Here are presents that will make the errant male enjoy staying put, that will draw friends to the home like Ingrid Bergman draws them to the neighborhood movie. Guarantors of the well-filled evening, whether it happens to be of the solitary or the convivial kind, these Yuletide gifts are selected for the benefit of game room and/or bar, and for the easy chair as well. The complete host will go for them, and the wise giver may enjoy them ever after. The groupings above and at the left will give you wide choice: A. Multiple game set in leather case, pipe-rack book ends which contain an assortment of pipes and current books. Smoker's candle jack, cigar humidor with ash tray to match. Cigarette box made of leather to simulate a book, cigarette holder, some novel designs in pipes, an onyx ash tray with lighter. B. Dart bow set, radio in plastic case, chess set, a banjo clock with thermometer, barometer and hygrometer, a roulette set, cinema film for projection of home movies, tric trac game, pearl ash tray, cribbage board. C. Travel bar and a recipe book, decanters of cut glass, cocktail shaker, glasses with leather jackets, plastic mixers, a leather-trimmed tray, an insulated ice bucket, novel corkscrew, set of bar implements, silver mint julep glass and tray, portable plastic poker set with automatic chip counting device.



SPECTACULARS . . . For that colossal yet intimate effect, give her something chosen from among these romantic but utilitarian gifts. A. Cosmetic fitted bag, reptile bag and gloves, perfume, bag with adjustable strap, printed leather gloves, sequin scarf, evening bag. B. Pendant pin and earring set, necklace with removable pin, simulated pearls, wrist watches, pin and earring set. C. Scents, novel sweater, belt with memo pad, jewel box, necklace, pin and earrings, cigarette case and compact set, leather purse, cosmetics, compact. D. Perfumes and cosmetics, printed blouse, suede belt, manicure set, combination compact and cigarette case, cigarette holder.

For more gift ideas, see the December issue of *Life*, November 17, 1951.

Decoration by L. Matulay

ranch or desert resort. This outdoor life, the natural settings and sunshine all are stimulants to designers in the creation of novel and colorful sportswear. The various types, as illustrated on this map, range from gay-looking sport

shirts, slacks, casual jackets, hats and footwear to vividly patterned beach wear and ranch clothes. Allied with this pleasant living is the great growth of California as a producer of refreshing ideas in sportswear and as a source of fashions.



TIDINGS FROM PARIS

Drawing by Leslie Saalburg

Among the expatriates gathered in Harry's New York Bar (the oldest American bar in Paris) we discover some interesting new leads in fashions. The fellow with the cane wears a two-button, double-breasted overcoat in small, all-over pattern tweed;

its turned-back cuffs are a "brave new world" revival. An ivory colored shirt forms the background for his red-figured tie. Notice the very dark brown Homburg, which is currently in high fashion abroad. His more casual companion displays a

blue-striped, grey smooth-worsted suit. High peaked lapels, referred to on the Continent for no good reason as double-breasted, are its newest feature. Over his tan and white broadcloth shirt he wears a grey soft cashmere pull-over sweater.



SARTORIAL SYMPHONY

Drawing by Laurence Fellows

If our music appreciation correspondent's choice of records equals his taste in apparel, symphonies are his forte. Although his use of color in attire is conservative, his two-button single-breasted jacket shows a keen interest in fashion trends. The

striped pattern lends a bit of color to the more or less neutral background of the fancy-weave worsted suit in medium shade. Being a clear-faced or hard-finished worsted fabric, his choice will give satisfactory wear and hold his tailoring bill to a

minimum by retaining the crease. As a change from the popular and striking printed figures, he wears a narrow club-stripe tie. His broad toe, straight-tipped shoes are also a season new note. The fashion trend is toward conservative town clothes.



**RESORT
REQUISITES**

Drawing by M. Murley

Around the clock fashions are featured in this drawing of Southern resort wear. In a collarless blazer of rayon and cotton blend, checked shirt, foulard bow tie and slacks of the same fabric as the jacket, the man in the coconut palm hat puts

his best foot forward in buckle-strap moccasins. The man with boutonniere and tie to match wears a dinner jacket of washable fabric, midnight blue dress trousers and patent leather dress shoes. In the suitcase are the following accessories: flapped patch

pocket American linen sport shirt, figured bow ties, printed rayon swim shorts and shirt to match, sailcloth slacks, ribbon belt and sport moccasins. The cowhide suitcase conveniently holds two suits or sports ensembles, and resort accessories.



SNOWPLOW OR SLALOM

Drawing by H. K. Runnette

Downward-bound this active sportsman is fully prepared to meet the hazards and thrills encountered when breaking a new trail. His choice of attire rates highly with ski enthusiasts. The regulation ski cap with extended visor and the tinted glasses off-

set eyestrain. Designed for warmth and freedom of action, his blue fly-front jacket has a yoke front, patch pockets, and a knitted extension which fits deep into the pleated downhill trousers of grey whipcord. He also sports a light wool scarf,

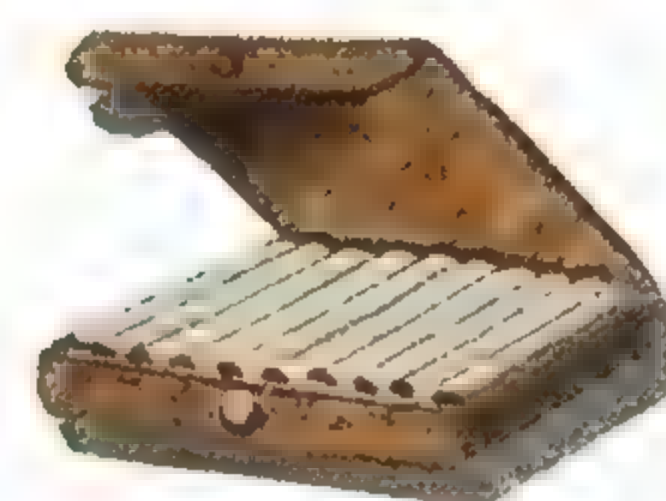
Western belt and lined leather gloves. Sketched at the side are knitted wool headband, sweater in native Norwegian design, Tartan wool shirt, broken-pattern-effect ski hose, and ski boots with back lacing, ankle strap, and cushioned tongue.



Cosmopolitan Color Cue

Even without the skyscraper background, the chap on the left has a metropolitan air. Without color prejudices, he combines shades of blue, brown, grey and wine nicely in his town outfit.

Sketched above is a brims-up hat in willow-green shade and below, a printed foulard muffler, side-wall-type gloves and a pigskin cigarette box.



An all-year listing, of special interest in the gift season, of some of the subtler clothing tips that can point up a gentleman's wardrobe

Fine Points in Men's Fashions

by O. E. SCHOEFFLER



The wise man, appreciating the importance of accessories, knows the type overcoat worn determines in general the character and fashion of hat, muffler and gloves. He will select a hat of dark blue, or a black or grey Homburg to wear with a dressy dark overcoat. His muffler in solid color (or simple design), will complement the right gloves—grey mocha, reddish-tan capeskin or natural chamois.



Whether you do your swimming in the south in winter or on a northern beach in summer, you'll want to remember that exposed-skin fashions have almost as many slants as town attire. A multi-colored cabana suit will be O.K. even on the high diving board at surf and sand spots. Choice of modern prints or solid colors for the trunks and shorts in your water wardrobe still depends on individual taste.



For men on the campus (or for casual wear by the graduate crowd) tweeds and unfinished worsteds are bases from which to build. In tweed, brown herringbone or diagonal weave is preferred in three-button single-breasted jackets. Unfinished worsted is best in greys or bluish greys with simple stripes. Snap brim hats, Argyle socks, brown brogues, wool sweaters are still lettermen's choice.



While most men want to look taller, some men—slender, rangy individuals—need to add heft through selection of proper clothing. Emphasis on horizontal lines, box-like formation of plaids and over-plaids and loose-fitting jackets with wide shoulders, builds up the build. Fabrics with a heavy look, double-breasted styling, and hats with low crowns are other tips our light-heavyweight will heed.



The Compleat Well-dressed Man keeps an eye on his footwear. Shoes and hose are styled either for business or for sport, so don't mix the two. For town and business wear the medallion-tip blucher, wing-tip town brogue, or straight-tip brogue (brown or black) are right. In the country, casual moccasins, reverse calf blucher and Scotch grained leathers will cover any situation that comes up.



The adroit man can gain individuality in dress by being both bold and fashion-right in casual wear. A bow tie with broad stripes fits into a quiet background with distinction. Or a sport shirt built around big, horizontal stripes can top off grey flannel slacks to get friendly envy from the crowd. It's worth remembering that Argyle socks of appropriate pattern go well with outdoor moccasins.

The favorite sport of the Latins has had only one brief trial North of the border, and that had a tragic, unexpected ending

Bullfight, U. S. A.

by RAFE GIBBS



HOFFMAN

Governor Albert W. McIntire of Colorado glared angrily for a moment at the two tickets he had just extracted from an envelope delivered by special messenger. Each read:

\$5	LA FIESTA BULLFIGHT	\$5
	Gillett, Colo.	
	Aug. 24, 25 and 26, 1895	
\$5	J. H. Wolfe, Manager	\$5

Then, quickly, the governor ripped the tickets in two, and strode across the thickly carpeted floor of the Denver executive mansion. He reached for the brocaded bell cord.

A male secretary appeared promptly, silently.

"I thought I ordered that bullfight at Gillett stopped," the governor said. "Now Wolfe has the unmitigated gall to send me a couple of complimentary tickets."

"You did order the fight stopped, sir. But Wolfe says he would go to the penitentiary for ten years before he would disappoint the people after the promises he has made. He already has five Mexican bullfighters in Gillett. One of them is a woman—and quite pretty, they say. Wears camellias in her hair. Wolfe seems very determined about going through with the bullfight, and the miners and cowboys around Gillett are even more determined. They say they will come to the fight well heeled to see that there is no interference."

The governor snorted. "Get me Sheriff Bowers on the phone."

The secretary worked at the telephone for 20 minutes—one really worked those days to make long-distance connections—then finally reported that the sheriff was sick in bed.

The governor's face turned as red as a Colorado clay hillside.

"Sick in bed! Poppycock! There's an election coming up this fall in El Paso County. That's what is ailing him. But the bullfight has already set humane officers by the ears. Half the people in the state are writing me blistering letters as if I thought up the fight myself. There has never been a real public bullfight in the United States, and I don't want Colorado to hold the first. If we allow one

there will be dozens. Bullfighting gets into the blood. . . . Tell the Adjutant General I want to see him first thing in the morning. I'll call out the militia if necessary, but there won't be any bullfight in Colorado."

The day scheduled for the first fights, however, found Promoter Wolfe still his suave self, unruffled by the rumblings coming out of the governor's mansion. The sheriff's health had improved, but so far he had not appeared in Gillett, and there were no signs of militia. As for the town marshal, he was solidly behind the fights.

In fact, for the last two days the marshal could usually be found right behind Wolfe, along with a couple of newly deputized constables, local cowpunchers who had achieved some fame in those parts for their dexterity with a six-shooter. One of the punchers had no trigger in his gun, but fanned the hammer with his thumb, and never failed to hit a silver dollar tossed into the air.

Gillett was a boom mining town, perched like an eagle's nest in back of Pikes Peak, 10,000 feet above the sea and hemmed in by low hills. No one had ever bothered to take the census, but the population was probably around 1,500. It had trebled in size, however, with the prospect of the nation's first real bullfight. Tents and booths had sprung up on every vacant lot. Flags and bunting decorated every building. Gillett was in holiday dress.

The arena for the bullfights had been built around an old race track, and was as big as any in Mexico. Wolfe had informed the press with gestures. But over the whole scene, ostensibly gay, there was a heavy cloud of tenseness, uncertainty. Determined men were ready to argue the matter of interference by the law—with lead. Many of them were armed, generally with six-shooters on their hips, but some carried rifles slung under their arms.

An hour before the fights were to start, Colorado's Adjutant General Moses drove into town in a hired rig, attended by two aides. But still no militia. The town marshal delegated three armed constables to "look after" General Moses' party, but the general merely made sure that three box seats had been reserved for him.

Finally, the hour struck for the fights to begin. About 5,000 spectators and 1,000 guns were in the stands. General Moses was in his seat, and Manager Wolfe sat in triumph in a center box surrounded by his "bodyguards." Sheriff Bowers was nowhere in sight, but two armed deputies were spotted in the crowd. Armed constables had hastily moved in beside them.

Marshal McClure, editor of the *Gillett Forum*, strode like a togated Roman senator to the center of the arena. He had prepared an elaborate and flowery speech of welcome, but the people were there for a bullfight, not speeches. "Gillett welcomes you," he said. "Every moving flower (loud shouts of 'Bring on the bull') which decorates ('Where is the bull?') the mountain sides ('Trot out the bull!') says welcome. Every star—" Then everybody yelled "Bull!" and Editor McClure scrambled for the stands.

A wild Hereford bull, fresh from the Colorado range, lumbered into the arena, paused and pawed the earth. La Cherita of the camellias, the pretty woman banderillero who had interested the governor's secretary, shot into the arena on a nimble-legged black horse and capered the animal around the bull. The cowboys in the crowd cheered. There was a woman who could ride.

This was rodeo stuff. The Westerners loved it.

Once the bull charged the horse, but the black swiftly side-stepped. Then the bull stood unmoving, staring into the sun.

La Cherita whipped out from beneath her cape two banderillas, gayly be-ribboned instruments of



"Good Heavens! No wonder you had to come to the hospital"

torture about 24 inches long with barbed ends. Deftly she rode by the bull and thrust one of the banderillas into the animal. Again she raced by the big Hereford and thrust in the other. Blood spurted from the wounds, and the bull plunged in agony. The crowd was silent. It did not quite know what to make of this. This was not rodeo.

Then, suddenly, the sheriff's two deputies leaped up from their seats, and pushed their way to the edge of the arena, followed by constables with hands on guns. One of the deputies shouted for La Cherita to ride over to them, and she quickly complied.

"You're under arrest for cruelty to animals," said the deputy.

An angry murmur arose in the crowd. Regardless of the turn the bullfight was taking, they wanted no one to dictate their desires. There was a general shifting of six-shooters on hips.

Manager Wolfe raised his hands. "No violence, please, gentlemen. There will be a slight delay—very slight."

The deputies lifted the smiling La Cherita off her horse, and marched her to an exit. In one minute, she reappeared, remounted, and again began capering around the ring. Manager Wolfe had thoughtfully provided a Justice of the Peace with a booth at the arena exit, and she had been tried, found guilty and fined \$1 in sixty seconds. The deputies, meanwhile, had returned to their seats and proceeded to enjoy the show. They had seen their duty and done it.

Now the matador, the famous José Marrero Cheche of Mexico City, and the picadors (horsemen) and banderilleros (dart thrusters) went into action. Carlos Garcia, stood in the center of the arena with a banderilla poised in each hand. The bull charged, and Carlos leaped aside, planting the banderillas. A minute later two more banderillas were thrust into the bull, and the animal pawed the arena floor, a total of six banderillas tearing its flesh.

Marrero, in a special display of daring for the Americanos, dropped a silk handkerchief on the ground and stood on it, then waved his crimson cape. The bull charged, and Marrero, never moving from the handkerchief, swayed just enough to avoid the bull. This drew wild applause.

Now Marrero stepped from the handkerchief and again flaunted the crimson cape. Again the bull charged, caught the cape and tossed it.

The matador made a quick thrust with his sword, but the point struck the base of the horn, doing no damage. A minute of suspense, while the bleeding bull was once more tormented with the cape. Now man and beast stood motionless, face to face.

But at this crucial moment, the attention of the crowd was again diverted by a movement in the stands. Big, steel-faced Sheriff Bowers had marched into the stands, flanked by six deputies. He headed for Manager Wolfe's box.

"Stop the fight!" thundered Bowers. "I'm acting under orders of Governor McIntire." Wolfe shook his high-crowned hat.

"Then shoot the bull," Bowers ordered a deputy.

"Can't," said the deputy, "till them bullfighters get out of the way."

But the deputy did not have his eye on the bullfighters so much as he did on the wizened little cowpuncher beside Wolfe who was thoughtfully rubbing his thumb over the hammer of his six-shooter.

Manager Wolfe waved his cigar and told the sheriff: "These stands are an armed camp. Any attempt to stop this show will create the bloodiest riot that has ever been known in Colorado."

"All right," said the sheriff, "the show can go on—today—but you're under arrest."

"You can't arrest me," retorted Wolfe. "The marshal here has had me under arrest for three days for cruelty to animals—ever since we held a trial run."

"If you've been a prisoner for three days," Bowers turned to Wolfe, "it's high time you were brought to trial. I see there's a Justice of the Peace handy. He can try you, and from then on you will be my prisoner on a charge of conspiracy."

"Conspiracy for what?"

"Never mind for what. We'll think of something," Bowers said.

"All right, I'll go quietly, providing the show goes on and I stay to see the finish of this bull."

Meanwhile, Marrero had stepped aside, turning the goading of the bull over to his mounted picadors with their pointed picas or lances. But now he was again poised in the arena.

Maddened beyond endurance, the bull had gathered every effort to gore the man so coolly waiting. Now the charge. Marrero's slender blade of steel flashed forward to meet it—a master stroke. The bull fell heavily, tried to rise, and was dead.

The matador lowered the point of his sword, came across the ring with the magnificent air of a conquering general, and saluted Manager Wolfe with a smile of satisfaction. Wolfe applauded loudly, but the applause from the crowd seemed mild, puzzled.

Then Wolfe gave himself up to the sheriff, and left the arena. While the show went on, he was quickly and regretfully fined \$5 by the Justice of the Peace. Bowers then claimed him on charges of conspiracy, but his friends quickly bailed him out.

The tension that had marked the first day of the fights was nothing compared with that of the second day—a Sunday. Word of the trouble with the sheriff had spread from mining camp to mining camp, from chuck wagon to chuck wagon. When the gates of the arena opened, 7,000 spectators vied for seats. General Moses was again there. Sheriff Bowers was again among the missing.

Silence gripped the crowd as the first bull ambled out into the arena. The bull did not know that it would go down in history as a very important bull, and showed no fight. Obviously befuddled by the crowd, it backed against an arena wall and refused to move.

La Cherita, her camellia-adorned hair streaming behind her and silver earrings flashing in the sun, dashed into the arena on her horse, shot out banderillas. The bull took the barbs without moving. The mounted picadors raced to the bull, prodded it with lances. Blood gushed from wounds, but the bull merely backed off.

Furious, the picadors became savage in their thrusts, and angry protests arose from the crowd of hard-fisted miners and hard-riding cowboys. They loved nothing better than a good contest and this bull did not want to fight.

Matador Marrero stepped on the scene, and became daring in flaunting his cape in front of the bull. But the animal only moved its head from side to side, frothing at the mouth. A picador thrust his lance repeatedly at the bull. Again shouts of "Stop the fight!"

But, suddenly, the bull stood motionless for an instant, and collapsed. Then the mighty bull that had roamed the Colorado ranges, king of the herd, rose to its feet in majesty, although it seemed all the blood must have been drained from its body. Slowly, staggering and weaving from side to side, it moved toward the

waiting matador. On it came slowly, surely, to meet the sword. Neither bull nor sword wavered now. At last they met. The light mountain air became heavy with a sudden, ominous silence. The bull swayed, then sank to the ground. The game animal was dead.

The unsmiling matador bowed stiffly—apologetically—to the crowd, but there was not a sound of applause from the tight-lipped, still-handed crowd. Even Manager Wolfe did not deign to clap.

Two cowboys arose and stalked toward the exit. They were followed by hundreds, then thousands. The sport which had flourished in ancient Greece and Rome and had come down through the centuries as a favorite in many lands was not for Americans.

The fights that day were finished with only a scattering of spectators. There were no more kills—by agreement. Wolfe, a showman to the last, who realized the publicity value of the feud with the law, had neglected to tell the crowd that a compromise had been reached that morning. The fights were permitted to go on unmolested, providing only one bull was killed each day.

Wolfe persisted in holding the fights the final day, but less than 200 spectators showed up. The bull that had died the day before had not died alone. The sport of bullfighting in the United States had died with it. #



"While you're down there, will you tie this one a bit tighter?"

Bookies and speed notwithstanding, our experts see a hale future for the game

The Esquire Poll on Collegiate Basketball

by JIM CROSSETT



AS THE infant among American major sports, basketball is quite naturally suffering from acute growing pains. There have been complaints from side-line forwards, for example, that its present pace is killing, that it makes young hearts athletic and young feet knotty. Still other fans, obviously suffering from athletic hearts themselves, are beating breastbone and vest button over basketball gambling and resultant scandals.

"The game's too fast," moan the grandstand cripples, cringing under mental horror images of themselves running like wild for two halves trying to circle skyscraping George Mikan—or somebody an inch or two taller.

"Not only that, but it's been taken over by the bookies," groan the bluenoses, the while they're tearing up losing pool tickets behind their backs.

What's the story? Has basketball grown too fast too rapidly for its own good? And have the money-changers invaded the gymnasium?

The experts (coaches, officials, sports editors and broadcasters) say a resounding and almost unanimous "no" on both counts. They say the patient is vigorous, that his affliction is a bellyache and not colitis; that, in short, he'll not only survive but thrive. Listen to Wilbur C. Jones, head basketball coach at U.C.L.A., as he speaks his piece about the bookie menace: "A few isolated cases of gambling may be bad but the majority of boys playing the game are fundamentally sound. The sport is bigger than the gamblers."

Coach Jones speaks for the coaches. Here's George Edmunds, executive sports editor of the St. Paul *Dispatch*, speaking for the working press: "Gambling on sports events, whether we like it or not, is now generally accepted everywhere. Colleges will never lose control of the game of basketball as far as their own players are concerned, even if there have been segregated cases here and there. No betting syndicate is larger than American intercollegiate competition."

National tournaments have proved the lump of sugar which has done most to entice the gambling fly into basketball. But even this lucrative bait figures to do the game more good than it does the bookies. For a final and clinching comment on the matter, meet J. G. Taylor Spink of *The Sporting News*: "Basketball officials both in col-

lege and the pro circuits are setting up proper safeguards against gambling, especially in the leading tournaments, and only the most pessimistic feel that the situation will get out of hand. There will always be betting but cage events will go on in a safe manner."

We can thus safely surmise that Harry the Horse and other practitioners of "two-will-get-you-five" notwithstanding, Dr. Naismith's court sport will continue to do very well, indeed.

The experts are equally overwhelming in their feeling that the introduction of Stakhanov speed-up tactics in basketball is not having harmful effects on the game. It is understood, of course, that the elimination of the center jump and adoption of the "ten-second rule" has made basketball fire-engine rapid. "That's not bad," say our correspondents. "That's good."

The contention of fully ninety-seven per cent of them is that a player in good condition can't be hurt by the speed and that coaches and trainers scrupulously weed out players who are not in top shape.

In a research study conducted by Dr. H. C. Carlson, head coach and director of the Student Health Service at Pitt, and edited by George Edwards, Missouri coach, it was determined that the coaches are more affected than players. Fatigue induced by exercise inhibits emotional disturbance in players. Without such outlet, the emotional upsets to coaches often result in impaired health.

Ira Seebacher of the New York *Morning Telegraph* may serve as spokesman for the majority on the question: "No coach is going to continue using a player who has pooped out during the course of a game. It is better to substitute often, as winning coaches always do. There is little danger of overusing a player; he'll slow down anyway if he is in too long."

Much of the viewing with alarm about basketball speed has been done by parents of prep players who have real reason for being concerned. They can rest easy, say the experts, because national rules in high-school circles call for contests to be played in four quarters of eight minutes each with a one-minute rest between periods, a ten-minute intermission at the half, and a compulsory time-out in the second quarter if no time has been called. Thus the youngsters are amply protected against strain or over-exertion on the hardwood.

By way of wrapping up a third basketball controversy currently raging, the poll dipped into the question of officiating and what to do about it. Various suggestions have come up in recent years aimed at improving whistle-blowing and foul-calling generally. Some have favored adding a potentate-like official who will squat atop an elevated platform getting a bird's-eye view of the proceedings. Still others have recommended spotting two extra officials on the end lines to referee the battle of elbows under the buckets.

The experts examined these suggestions and turned thumbs down, mainly because they felt that present-day officiating, while not perfect, was good enough, and partly because the thought of adding more whistle blowers was almost too frightening to contemplate.

Elmer Ripley, wartime coach at Notre Dame and now back at his home stand, Georgetown, expressed the prevailing view: "The present system of officiating is okay, though some officials feel that the spectators have come to see them and not the game.

"But I do believe that the guys who toot the whistle should be in good physical condition and should be able to follow the ball for forty minutes. Some officials are too fat and consequently should be dropped from the list."

So be it. What basketball needs, then, is not more officials, but slimmer ones. ‡



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I'm a Little Man

Of midgets it's equally true that
faint heart never won fair lady

by LEN ZINBERG

ONE afternoon a midget with a black eye walked into Scanlan's Gym. He was a small midget, about three and a half feet tall, smartly dressed, and angry. "This where they teach one how to box?" he asked shrilly. "And what smells around here?" he added, wrinkling his little nose.

Pop Scanlan, a tin-eared giant of five-foot-five, stared down at the little man and said, "The stink is liniment, and I give boxing lessons. Why?"

"Could I learn to box in a week?"

"That ain't much time," Pop said.

"I'm Harry Daniels, the dancer in the Midget Town Revue. We're headlining the State; next week we start a tour of the sticks. That's why it has to be a week, see?" He had a tough, blustering way of talking, as if the fierceness of his voice compensated for his smallness.

Pop bent down and looked at the eye. "A beauty. Some guy let you have one on the peeper and you want to get even."

"It wasn't a guy—it was a kid!" Harry said, not hiding the disgust in his voice. "And Ethel and Joe watching. It was horrible—Ethel seeing a kid slap me down."

Pop asked politely who Ethel was.

According to Harry, Ethel was the most beautiful blonde in the world, a gal with a shape, and the star of the midget show. Joe was an ex-dancer. At the ripe old age of twenty-eight, a terrible thing had happened to Joe—he grew several inches. As Harry explained, "This often happens to us midgets. You're through then, too tall for midget shows and too small for any other work."

"Like the gag about being too heavy for light work and too light for heavy work," Pop suggested.

Harry nodded. "Joe can get a job as a welder, but he likes the stage, so we try to help him out. Like..."

Pop, who was a simple man, cut in. "Hold it, what's with this welding business?"

"Airplanes," Harry said impatiently. "We all worked at it during the war. In the tail of the plane, where there's not much room to stand, we do the welding. Now we're back in show business, and this Joe just hangs around. Hates me, not only because I have his job, but we're both in love with Ethel. See, Joe's handsome, suave, a high-powered duck, and well... look at me."

"You look okay, sure a snappy dresser," Scanlan said. "How does

the kid fit into all this?" Pop sat down, so he would be nearer eye level with the midget.

Harry sighed. "That brat! Last night, Ethel, me, and Joe are on our way to the theatre when I see this kid drawing a picture on the fender of a car with a big nail. I said the kid ought to stop that and Joe told me to mind my own business. But I couldn't see a car ruined, so I said, 'Cut that out, sonny.' The kid just looks at me and laughs. He said, 'What's it to you, pee-wee?'"

"Well, I'm pretty steamed by now, a ten-year-old tough talking like that. I walked over and said, 'Now see here, son...' The kid—he was a tall kid—he steps up to me and asks, 'Want to make something of it?' And..."

"And bounced one off your eye," Scanlan finished, grinning.

"It wasn't funny!" the midget shrilled.

"Look," Pop said calmly, "I had four brothers, all bigger than me. I know how you felt. Don't pay me no mind, I always grin."

"Okay," Harry said. "You see how embarrassed I was—Ethel seeing a kid sock me. And that big ox Joe, laughing till he cried. It was exactly what he wanted—I couldn't go on last night and he took my place—danced with Ethel."

Pop eyed the midget. "You're kind of small to take up boxing."

"I have to beat that kid," Harry said. "May sound silly—having to lick a kid—but damn it, I'm twenty-six years old—I'm a man! Got to show Ethel that. Listen, what would you do if some big kid walloped you?"

"Break his head," Pop said. "Cost you five bucks a lesson."

Harry pulled out a thick wallet. "I have money."

"What do you weigh?"

"About eighty-five pounds."

Pop shook his head. "Too light—you'd be wasting your money."

"I'll chance it."

"I don't like to gyp people. My motto is always give 'em their money's worth every time and they'll do the same for you. When I was fighting, I'd give the fans..."

"Give me a break," the midget pleaded. "It's awful important to me that I beat that kid. See, you don't know how I feel about Ethel."

"Why don't I know? I knew a blonde once—she's my wife now," Pop said slowly. "Well, it's your dough. There's a sporting goods store down the street; buy sneakers and trunks."

Harry hesitated. "Can't get my size there. Any children's shop

Continued on page 142



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I'm a Little Man

Continued from page 141

around here? And don't laugh!" "Who's laughing?" Pop asked solemnly.

In shorts Harry was a well-formed little man, with hard dancer's legs and good shoulders. Scanlan, an old-time welterweight who towered over him like a mountain, said, "You don't strip bad—got plenty of muscle. Put these gloves on. I stuffed 'em so they'll fit you."

They climbed into the ring and started to spar, Pop barking instructions. Harry buzzed around Pop like an excited fly, much to the amusement of everybody in the gym. After a moment, Scanlan called time. "No use, Harry, you're throwing your dough away. I can't teach you, I might step on you and break your leg, or something."

"Please," Harry said quietly, "I'll do anything to learn to box."

Scanlan shrugged and called over a trim 112-pound flyweight. "Okay, it's your dough. Try it with this guy," Pop told Harry.

The flyweight easily kept the midget off balance with long flashing jabs, cracking him with short fast rights whenever Harry managed to get in close. The boxer was taking it easy, but Harry was no match for him. Even though they were using heavy gloves, at the end of a round Harry's face was red and his tiny nose was bleeding. Scanlan said, "See what I mean?"

"Let me rest a couple of minutes, and I'll go another round with him," Harry said grimly.

"He'll knock your ears off."

"Let me rest and I'll go at him again."

Pop stared at Harry for a moment, then he took off the gloves and grunted, "One thing about you isn't small—your heart. I like a guy with guts, so I'm going to help you."

"You'll give me lessons?"

"Nope, you'll never learn to box in a week, and you're too small anyway," Pop said, walking over to the big bag. He lowered the sandbag till it was on a level with Harry's shoulders. "Watch this carefully," Pop said. "I can teach you how to punch—and eighty-five pounds is enough

weight to get behind any wallop. That's the secret of a puncher—he puts his weight behind the blow." Pop slapped the heavy leather bag. "Get this, you'll always have to punch *up*, right?"

Harry laughed. "Sure, I wouldn't hit a baby."

"Okay. Now you throw a overhand right over your head—like you were throwing a ball—and your fist is the ball; and at the same time take a step up with your right foot. As if you were walking up stairs. Like this." Pop let go a wicked right that boomed against the bag. "See? Try it."

Harry threw his right fist into the bag, his right foot in the air, all the weight of his little body pivoting on his left foot. It was a hard punch and Harry said happily, "Wow, what a wallop!"

"Not bad," Scanlan said, "only you got to time it better. Your fist, right foot, and weight, got to travel together. Practice for a week and you'll have a hell of a punch. Believe me, in these street brawls, a wallop is what counts—if you hit first. And I'll only charge you two bucks a day, for the use of the gym, and all that. Okay?"

The rest of the week Harry spent every spare moment in the gym, banging away at the bag, training. By Friday he could punch fast and hard. "Tonight, just before the show, I'm going to take the little jerk," Harry told Pop, his voice full of confidence.

Scanlan looked worried. "Harry," he said, "I'm a family man myself, and kids will always be kids. They don't mean no harm, even the worst of 'em. Now that you *know* you can take this kid, why don't you forget it?"

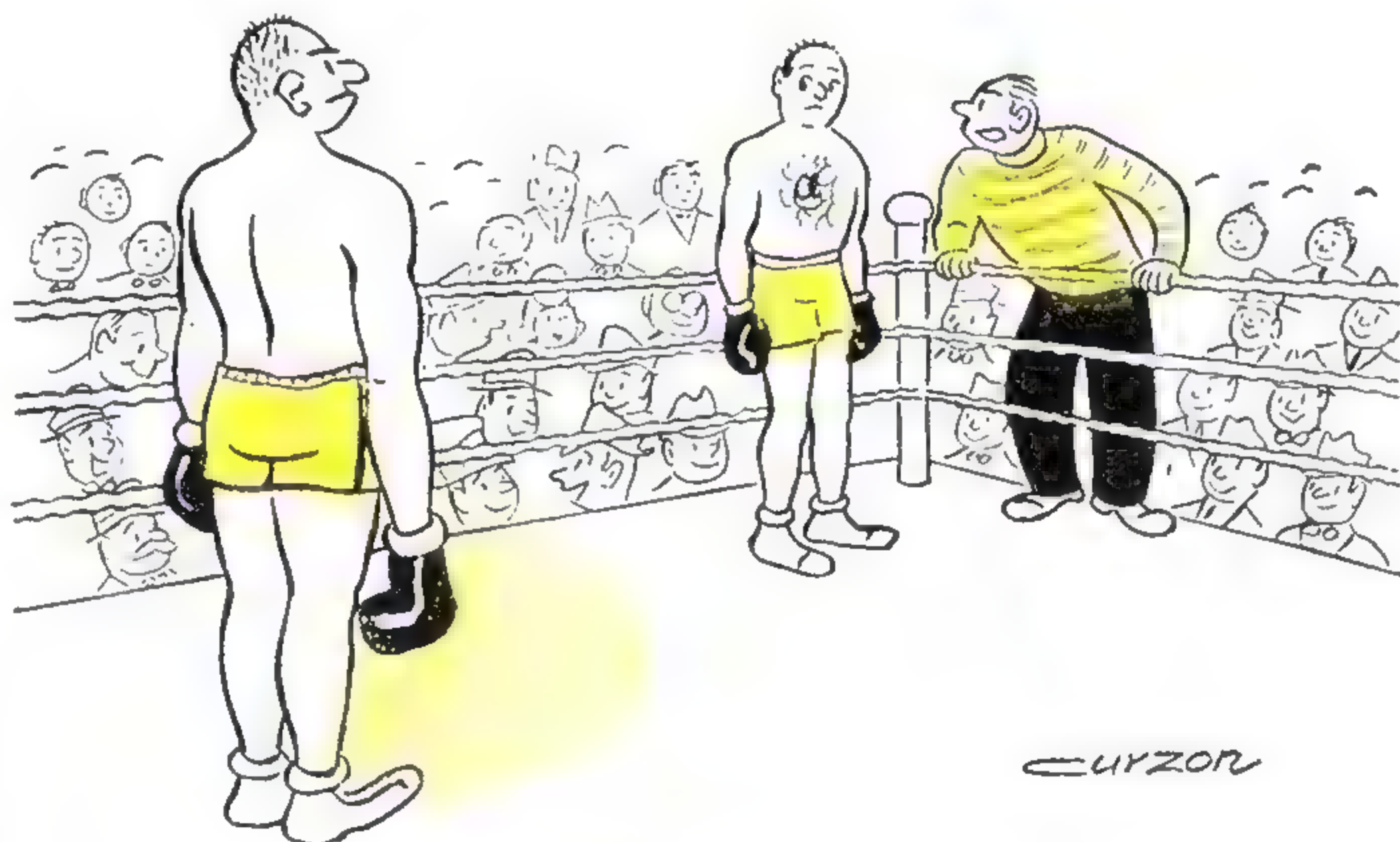
"I won't know anything till I hit him," Harry said.

"Well, maybe you're right. Hell of a thing for a guy to practice a punch all week, and never use it. And I want to see you get your money's worth," Pop said.

In his hotel room, Harry carefully dressed in a kid's secondhand suit. He knew it would be beneath a man's dignity to fight a kid, but two kids fighting...

Leaving the hotel by a back

Continued on page 144



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I'm a Little Man

Continued from page 142

entrance, Harry met Joe, who stared down from his superior five inches of height and asked, "Where are you going, dressed like that?"

"It's a gag I'm playing on a friend," Harry said quickly.

"What friend? Seems you been acting awful mysterious lately. Where you been between shows? Even Ethel can't find you."

"With this friend. We used to be in another act. Look, I'll see you at the theatre—I'm in a hurry," Harry said, pulling his cap down, walking away. He rushed up the street, head down, and walked into a man. He looked up to see Pop Scanlan. Pop asked, "Mind if I tag along? Want to see how you make out."

"Okay, but no lectures," Harry said.

"Sure," Pop said. "Still, your eye is okay, you're dancing with Ethel, and..."

It wasn't difficult to find the street or the kid; the memory of both burned deep in Harry's mind. The boy was playing ball against a stoop, while two stout, broad-hipped women were gossiping nearby. Pop whispered, "I'll keep an eye open for cops," and Harry nodded and went over to the kid.

"Hello punk," Harry growled, pushing him, right hand ready.

"Hey, who are you?" the kid asked, surprised by the man's face under the boy's cap.

Harry shoved him again. "Want to make something of it?"

The boy backed away. "I don't know you. Never did nothing to you."

"You little sis-sy," Harry said ashamed of himself for enjoying the fright on the boy's face. "Come on and fight."

At that moment a large hand caught the mid-gut sharply across his rear, forcing him to yell with surprise and pain; sending him flying through the air. One of the

stout amazons came at him, shouting, "Get out of here, you fresh brat! Hit my sonny and I'll break your back. G'wan home where you belong—or I'll fan you good!"

Harry stood there, holding his stinging backside. He sent a puzzled look over at Pop. The woman turned and shouted at Scanlan, "A fine way to raise a boy. A person can see you ain't worked a day in your life—a bum! Like father, like son, I always say."

"Madam," Pop began. "This is all..."

"Don't madam me," the woman yelled. "I ought to give you the back of my hand—letting your son behave like a hoodlum."

A crowd gathered as the woman

kept shouting and Pop stood there humbly and dumbly. The sound of nasty laughter in the crowd spun Harry around. He knew it was Joe before he saw him. There was Joe laughing, and Ethel—her large eyes puzzled, asked, "Harry what on earth are you doing in these clothes?"

The woman and the crowd became still.

"See, it's a... a gag," Harry said weakly. For the first time in his life he wished he were smaller—small enough to disappear into a crack in the sidewalk.

"I'm glad we followed him," Joe said, a sneer on his handsome face. "Just what I thought—he wanted to get even with that kid—the one over there who socked him. You remember, Ethel."

"Gee, the pee-wee!" the kid said, starting to giggle.

The woman slapped the kid sharply on his head. "Shut up!"

Harry said, "Ethel, I only wanted to show you... well..."

Joe said, "Maybe Harry doesn't know the Japs are licked—little men aren't so tough any more. Picking on a child is about the lowest..."

Harry looked up at Joe's chin and swung. He did everything exactly right—his entire eighty-five pounds behind the blow. Joe spun around like a drunken top, then crumpled to the sidewalk.

Ethel stared at Harry, astonishment all over her pretty face. Harry mumbled, "I'm sorry, Ethel, but I..." and just looked at her and grew red.

Ethel asked softly, "Where have you been all week? Joe is such a bore, bragging all the time and... Harry, you're so strong and... and..." Harry was still staring at her and she began to blush.

Finally Ethel said, "Let's get out of here. You can take me to supper—when you change clothes."

Harry took her arm and they walked to the corner and into a cab, as Joe sat up slowly, shaking his groggy head. The loudmouthed woman said, "My, don't they make a cute couple."

Pop grinned down at Joe and said to nobody in particular, "He knocked a guy out, he got the girl—he got his money's worth."

The woman turned to Pop and asked, "Is your wife, the mother, tiny?"

Pop looked at her and said loudly and carefully, "No, Ma'am, she's a big woman, as big as you—only she keeps her big mouth shut!"

Pop walked away, a pleased grin on his battered face. ##



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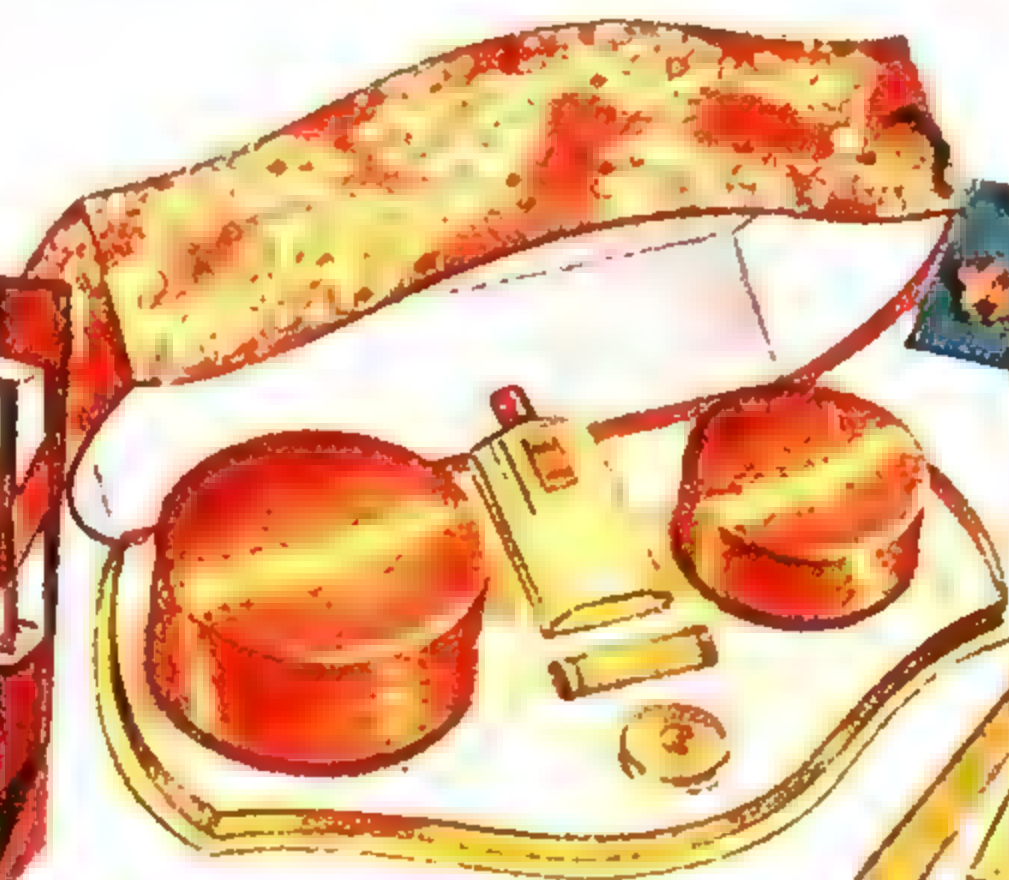
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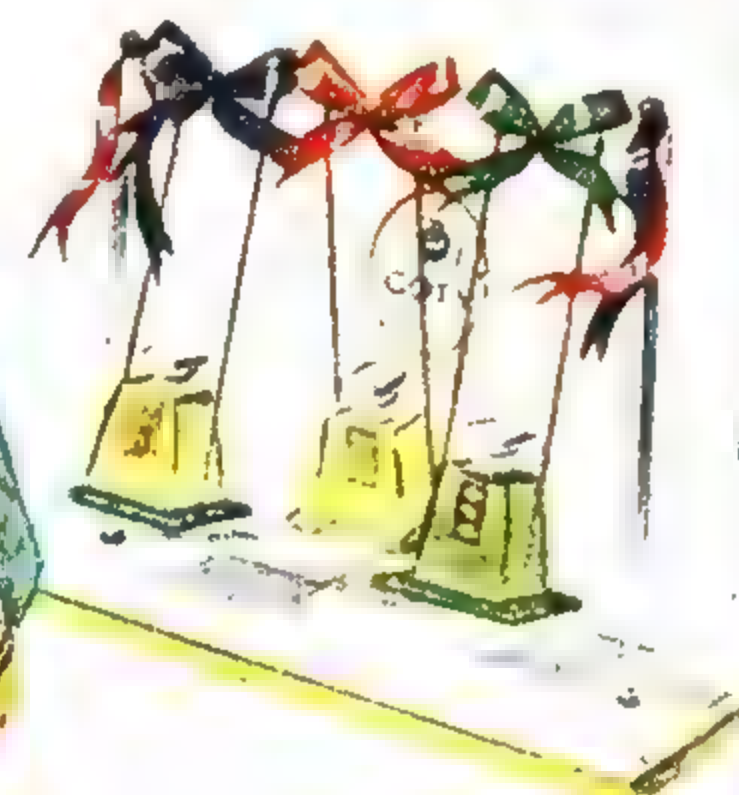
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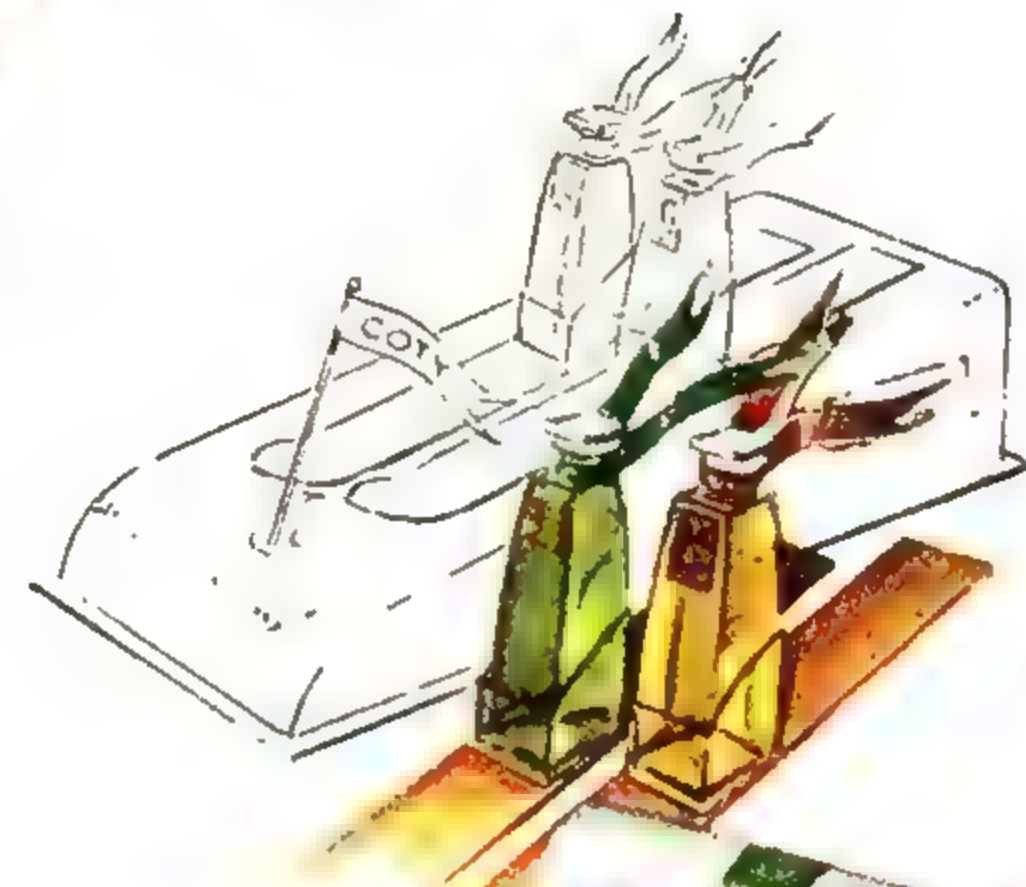
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My Fair Lady

There is a half-forgotten love like this in the early life of every man

by LUDWIG R. KRAHFORST

IN 1910, a new house was building which promised to be bigger and more stately than any other villa on our lonely lane in the Dutch-Belgian-Prussian borderland.

On the day of the celebration held for the carpenters upon completion of the timberwork, the day when a little tree with colored paper streamers is fastened to the highest beam and schnapps and cigars are passed among the workmen, the owner made his first appearance, accompanied by his wife and two small boys of three or four.

He was a huge and florid man with an immense paunch. His very presence demanded respect, if not submission. He had a harsh, stentorian voice and immediately dominated the scene with it. He treated the carpenters to cognac and black cigars, slapped them jovially on the back, and talked to them as though they were his equals and colleagues. Everyone, including the sour-faced architect, laughed and bowed before the owner, and seemed to consider himself greatly honored.

We children had often played in the half-finished house after the crew had left, or on Sundays, and sometimes had been chased off by the gendarme or neighbors. The sight of the owner—his name was Delcassé—made us wish never to be caught or even seen by him. And we never played again around his house, because the next day a No 'Trespassing sign stood planted out front and warned in two languages, "*Défendu de Passer. J. Delcassé, Propriétaire,*" and "*Das Betreten des Baugelaendes ist Strengstens Verboten: J. Delcassé, Besitzer.*" He was not a Walloon, despite his French name; he was a Prussian.

We did not see Herr Delcassé again until the house was finished. Meantime, his wife and children came frequently to see how things were progressing. The children, being far younger than I, held no interest for me, but Madame Delcassé was fascinating. She was not only Belgian, beautiful, and elegant, but had a strangely winsome quality which I could only sense. Something unspeakably desirable and comforting.

Going on ten, I had never thought of female persons as being particularly attractive, or differing from males in other ways than dress and voice and behavior, until I saw Madame Delcassé a second time. She carried herself with queenliness, with the proud yet cordial sultana look of Wilhelmina, the ruler of the Netherlands.

Her hair was thicker, her skin was whiter, her mouth was redder, and she displayed more dignity and charm and smelled more fragrant than any other young matron I knew. She was, I soon realized, the ideal I had subconsciously pined for after reading of fairy princesses in story books. She wore more opulent dresses, too, than other women.

Women's dresses of the period appeared to be designed to hide rather than enhance the contours of the body. Madame Delcassé's costumes were costly yet simply and starkly revealing. To me the most alluring protuberance of her body was her bosom, not alone because it was less severely sheathed in fishbone than Prussian bosoms. It was of gentler form and free of frills and subterfuge.

For the first time in my life I felt a sympathy and love of a weird, disturbing kind. Her attractiveness was exotic. And my reaction was of such a decorous nature—I was still nine—that I never looked at her with young lust, but only with a reverent desire to be near her.

I was coltish in her presence. I pranced before her and showed off by driving my hoop at top speed and kicking my football with all the skill and might I could muster. Once I saw her coming with packages in her arms and her two boys clinging whiningly to her skirts. I flew toward her, bowed, flushed, and literally tore the parcels from her grasp. I walked beside her as on a cloud, smiling up without daring to look into her eyes, smiling at her children, promising them fun, my toys, and my friendship. And when their mother laid a hand on my head and called me a sweet and courteous *garçon*, I was in heaven.

Soon thereafter I saw her again, but, to my great dismay, in the company of her husband. The contrast between the two, between her delicate and graceful figure and his immense and spongy bulk, between her innately chaste femininity and his overmanliness and vulgarity shocked me into despair over the depravity of my sex. I was touched to tears with sorrow and fear for her happiness. I imagined her oppressed by this uncouth giant, annoyed and embarrassed by his rude and bawdy jokes. I watched him with Argus eyes as he jested with the movers, yet never gave his wife a smile, glowering at her whenever she dared to ask a question or make a remark. He was patently gruff and curt with her, and I hated him wholeheartedly. How gentle,

Continued on page 150

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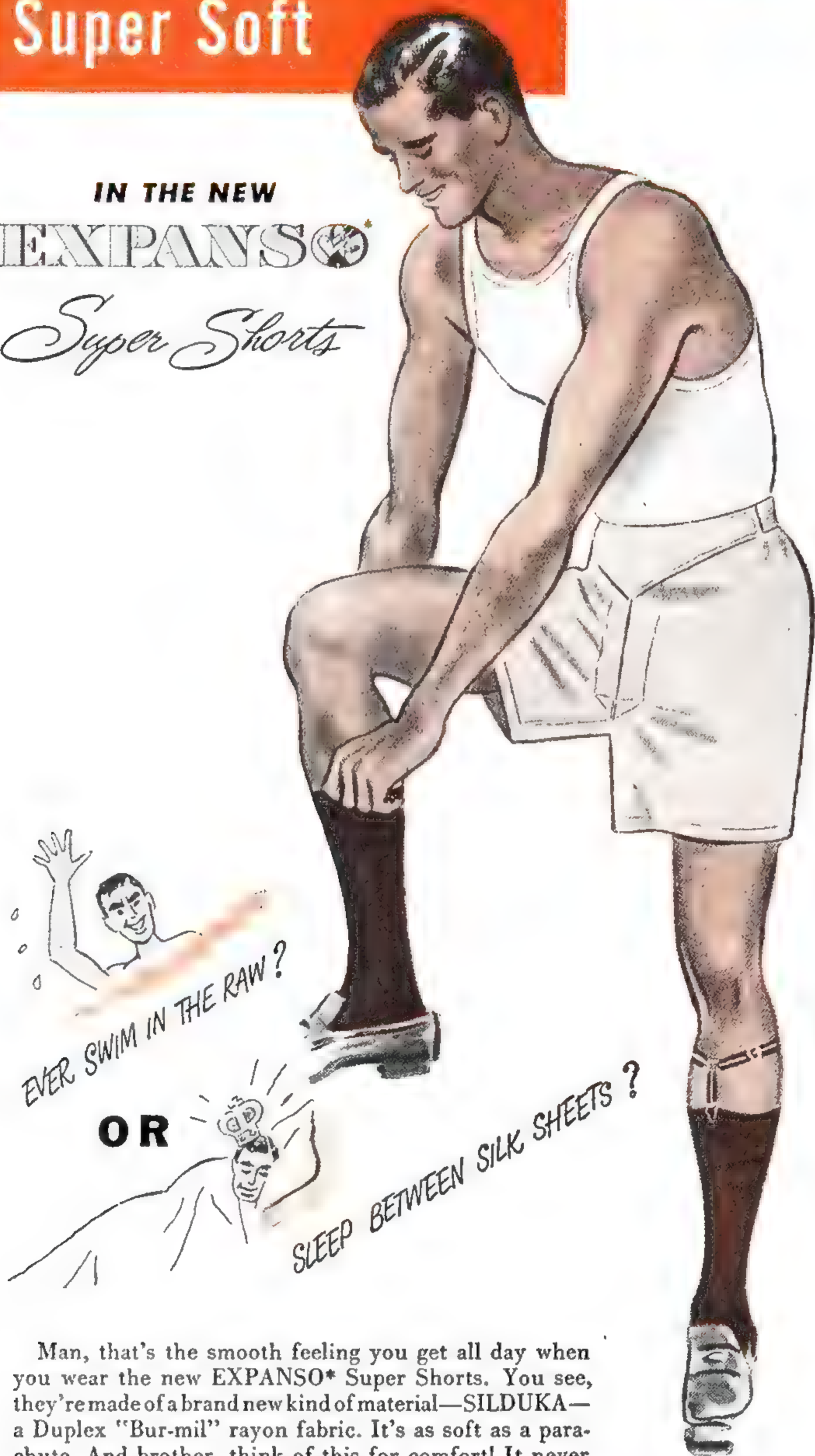
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My Fair Lady

Continued from page 149

how gallant and considerate would I be were I her husband, or only her servant.

A few weeks after the Delcassés had come to live in their villa—named *Villa Hélène* in her honor—there began a period when Herr Delcassé was gone for a long time. I learned that he was traveling a great deal in southern Europe with *Kratzen*, something used in the manufacture of textiles, and I often wished he would never return. On the pretext of wanting to play with the two boys, Jacques, an utterly despicable image of his father, and handsome little Paul, who resembled his mother but was sickly, I spent many hours at their exquisitely furnished house. Valiantly, I tried to amuse her children and considered myself richly rewarded if Madame Delcassé would appear for only a minute in the playroom to see that we were entertaining ourselves or to say that she was glad to see me.

One day, as I appeared again and pretended to the maid that I was anxious to play with Jacques and Paul, she sobbed, "Not today. Herr Delcassé is dead," and shut the door in my face. For a minute I stood shivering on the threshold, alternately with glee and fright. Then I ran into the wood, utterly bewildered, crying and laughing, to think over the colossal consequences, the possibilities, my chances at succession.

There was no local funeral, people said, because his body had already been buried near Lisbon with other victims of the railway wreck. For weeks I did not see her at all. The blinds were down at *Villa Hélène*. The Delcassés are away, the baker's boy told me.

When she came back one early evening, it was in an open equipage, not just an ordinary droshke, and her two boys sat blissfully next to the driver on the coach-box. With her was a man in uni-

form, a lieutenant of the Hussars stationed in Bonn. I was ten now, but still had a long way to go to be like him, so splendid, so gallant, so much a real cavalier and worthy of her great beauty. How I envied him when he jumped out of the carriage, clicked his spurred heels and bowed, and she, laying her fingertips covered with black lace on his white-gloved hand, alighted and sort of puckered her lips at him.

She looked radiant. She was dressed as no wife or widow in our philistine circle should have dared to dress. Her bosom again fascinated me. It was *décolleté* to a lower degree than ever. On her white throat sparkled a pendant of green and purple stones, and giant ostrich plumes waved from her hat. The officer tried to coax her boys down from their throne, but they would not budge until the coachman lifted them into his arms. Then the four of them disappeared laughingly into the house.

As though I were not wanted any longer, the maid had always some excuse or other when I asked again and again to play with Jacques and Paul. But my love for their mother smoldered on. I kept tab on whoever came to or left the villa. I lurked in the shrubs when she emerged on his arm or returned late in the night, in rustling silk, exhilarated, with graceful dancing steps, leaving me dazed with the echo of her soft laughter and the lingering scent of her perfume.

And then one day in late winter he was gone. Transferred to Berlin or Hamburg, some said, or to be married to a *von*, a lady of equal race and station, according to others. Anyhow, I was quietly jubilant and dreamed grandiose dreams about my reinstatement in Madame Delcassé's affection. But for weeks the blinds were down again and the villa forlorn and dark at night. No one knew

Continued on page 152



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My Fair Lady

Continued from page 150

where she had gone, or when she might return. When I knew she was back once more—by the rattle of milk cans at her door one morning—I also learned that she was gravely ill. The day before, while I was in school, she had been brought home on a stretcher, suffering from inflammation of the lungs, people said. I idled before her house for hours, trying in vain to get some word, some assurance of her recovery. I watched the doctor come and go. I picked the first lilies of the valley in the wood and left them furtively at her doorstep. I rang the bell many times, never to be answered.

I didn't see Jacques and Paul again until that horrible day when it rained incessantly, and I was sick myself and watched her funeral cortege from my bedroom window, wishing I had died with her to be buried in her very coffin. Chaplain Dolhain and an altar boy rode in the first cab behind the hearse. Her two boys sat stiffly in the second cab with another priest. There were two more cabs with gentlemen inside I hardly knew. No ladies.

I remained sick for a week. When I was well again and allowed to be up, it was the day of my mother's regular Easter *Kaffeeklatsch*. I suspected that she and her friends would be talking

about my beloved. I overheard: "...I wouldn't have missed her funeral for anything," said the fat spouse of the upper bailiff. "I hate to pass up a good funeral, but it rained cats and dogs..."

"That's what kept me from attending," cut in Frau Dierksen, the Dutch forester's wife. "Why should I put myself out for a creature like her and catch my death of cold, maybe? Why, I hardly knew her. And then, there was what you call no *Leichen-schmaus*. Who ever heard of a funeral without a repast?"

"Well, girls, you missed nothing," announced Frau Oberpostdirektionsrat (ausser Dienst) Schweimberger, with superior authority. "No one cried. My husband, who went only out of respect for his old friend, Josef Delcassé, God bless him, said it was the dullest burial he ever saw. Only two horses before the hearse. Sans plumes and tassels. No candles. Not a single wreath, and not a bit of nickel on the casket. But then, as my husband said, it served her right."

"Maybe one shouldn't talk about it," said Frau Thywissen, our neighbor. "I mean, goodness, let the dead rest and all that, but has anybody noticed the difference between her boys?"

There was a spontaneous clear-

ing of throats and shuffling of cups and feet, over which Frau Polizeiinspektor Kuhlenkamp proclaimed, "I certainly have!"

"My word," resumed Frau Thywissen. "They're as unlike as day and night. The oldest is the picture of his father all right, hard and bossy, and not so nice to look at. But the little one, Paul, the darling, he's such a handsome fellow with his curly black hair and his big dark eyes and that cute mouth of his, the cutest mouth you ever saw on a child. Always puckered, as though he wanted to kiss or be kissed. Just like his mother's..."

"Know who she reminds me of?" interrupted Frau Noppeney, raising her hand and scenting the air merely by lifting it. Her husband was the local agent for a perfumery. "Of the beautiful Empress Elizabeth of Austria. Oh, Madame Delcassé looked so much like the Empress. So regal, so ethereal, so lovable." Frau Noppeney sighed and had a quick sip of coffee, then continued, fervently. "The same long and lustrous hair. The same slender figure and the same... the same regal carriage and love of fine clothes. The same romantic and restless spirit. By the way, the Empress had to be sewn into her riding habit. Well, Madame Del-

cassé always looked as though she had been poured into her costume."

Frau Noppeney sighed again and scanned her friends' faces.

Assuming that she had their undivided attention, she lowered her voice to the hushed tone I knew already women use exclusively in imparting vitally erotic secrets and breathed, "Apropos, Madame Delcassé had a lover, too, of course. Everybody knows. *Entre nous*, I heard he was promoted to captain of horse and crazy about Beethoven. Quite a dashing man, they say he was, and, some people say, he was called back to Berlin right after Christmas. That's when she began to fail, really, the poor thing. And some people said it was her lungs. Her lungs, nonsense. Of a broken heart she died, if you ask me. But then, who wouldn't have caught his death of cold, going bare-chested, like her, like a *Wandervogel*, like an actress?"

With that, the assembled ladies, all plump and pompous, began fussing with the frills over their garish bosoms and retrieving imaginary pastry crumbs from their deepest folds.

Outside it rained as hard as it had on the day of Madame Delcassé's funeral. I went back to bed, still sick at heart. ##

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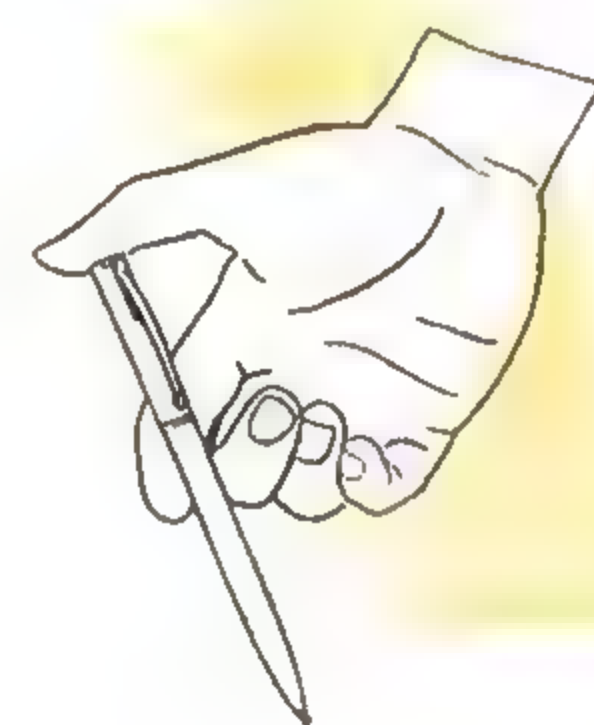


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Bit of Americana

To the art of being neighborly
Ed and Tin brought real finesse

by JOHN HAWIRE

ED KELLY was short and skinny, with a face such as you might expect were you able to mate a fox with a weasel. His narrow eyes were pale green; his voice low, harsh, and rather plaintive; his face clean-shaven beneath sparse greying hair; his store teeth a poor fit, so that he was continually pushing them into place with the tip of his tongue. His thin-fingered hands resembled the talons of an old hawk. A retired farmer from the Middle West, he was an enthusiastic follower of Aimee McPherson, as was Tin, his wife, whose real name was Hortense.

Ed and Tin lived across the street from a little old house I bought cheap because it had a leaky roof, uncertain foundations, needed several coats of paint, and a new front door—in a large bungalow for which they had paid ten thousand dollars cash when dollars were worth very much more than they are today. With a wide lawn in front, it stood on a lot a hundred and fifty feet by a hundred and fifty; its porch covered by Virginia creeper which Ed kept cut back so that he and Tin could sit in their easy chairs and watch the cars pass. On one side was a big rose garden beyond which were eight tall old apricot trees and six tall old almonds. Behind it was a spacious garage in which was kept the shiny sedan that the two of them polished very carefully every morning directly after breakfast. Beside the garage was a chicken house and run where dwelt two dozen Rhode Island Red hens.

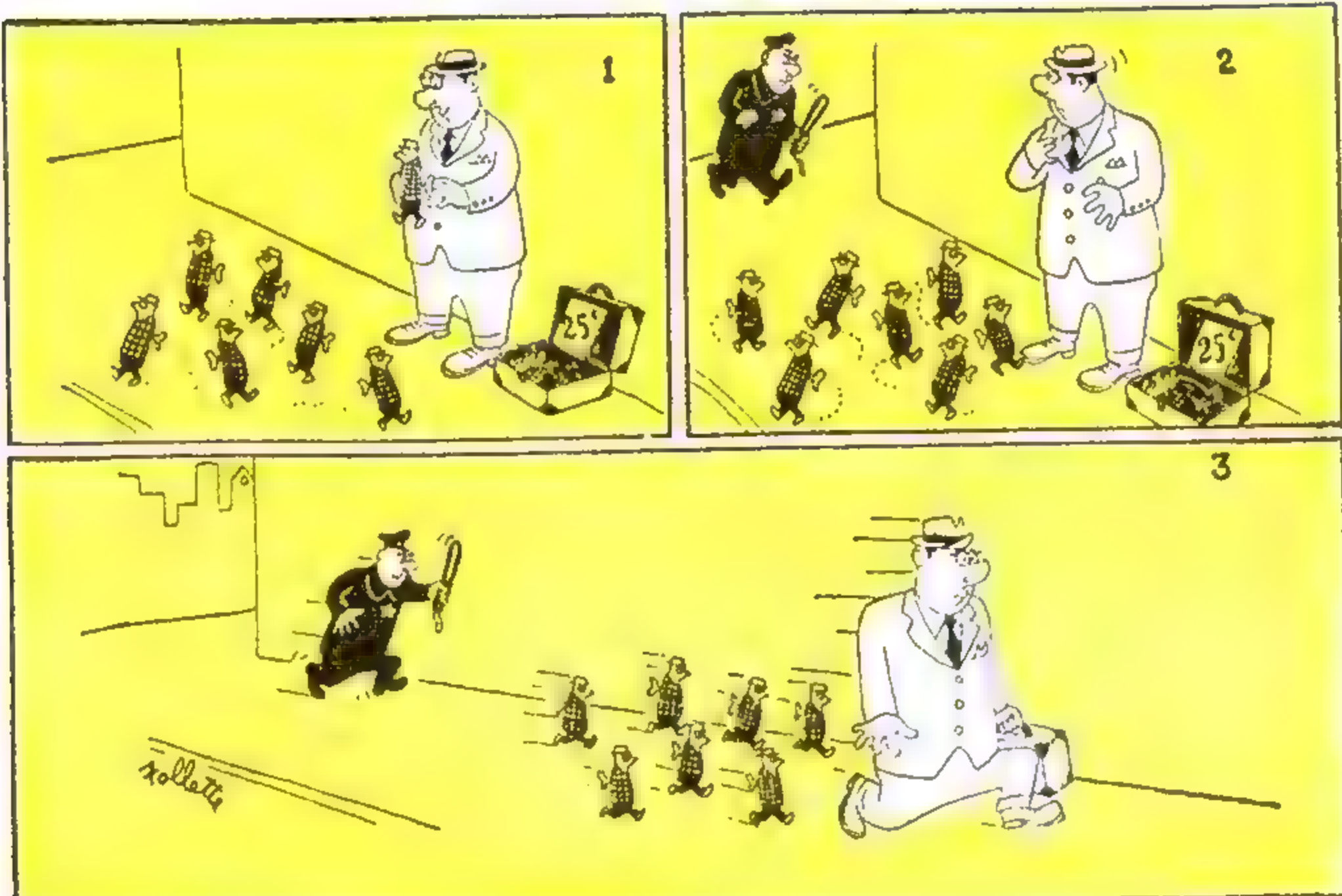
It was late Sunday afternoon when, with my few pieces of furniture, I arrived at my newly acquired home. Seated on their porch, Ed and Tin watched me unload with no help from the

trucker who hauled it at low cost on condition that he did not have to help load or unload because he was old and suffered from arthritis. Having risen very early that morning because I didn't want to drive fast lest something go wrong with the insides of my ancient car, and having driven all day, I was very tired and wished I had someone to help me. As soon as I was through and the trucker had gone, Ed came across the street, told me he was my neighbor, said he hoped we'd be good neighbors, and asked if I wouldn't like to go to church with him and Tin. Tin was as big as he was little. Her face resembled that of a cross between a barn owl and a blue jay, if you were able to make such a cross: the former having eyes that miss nothing by night; the latter eyes that miss nothing by day.

Though not given to church-going I accepted Ed's invitation because I didn't want to appear unneighborly. He told me he and Tin would stop by for me as soon as they had eaten supper. Being too tired to bother with any cooking, I supped on some rather dry bread spread with butter which had become rather sloppy on the long drive. However, I made out a pretty fair meal because a breeze from across the street brought a delicious fragrance of frying ham which I pretended to be eating with my bread and butter.

Neither Ed nor Tin said anything on the way to church. When we started home, Ed asked how I'd liked the sermon. I had not heard much of it because I fell asleep before the preacher got well started: but said I thought it seemed a good sermon. Ed said they always had a good sermon. Tin corroborated his statement. They set me down at my place.

Continued on page 158



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Bit of Americana*Continued from page 157*

and I thanked them for a pleasant evening. Ed said he and Tin always liked to act neighborly. I said I did too, and went to bed.

While I was warming a can of soup for breakfast next morning Ed appeared at my door. He said it was a fine day. I said it sure was a fine day. Then he said "Me an' Tin's aimin' to go away for two weeks. We was wond'rin' if might be you'd look after things w'ile we was gone."

I said I'd be glad to look after things. He suggested he take me over and show me whatall there was to do. I turned the gas lower under my soup and accompanied him. Tin came from the bungalow with a buttered hot biscuit in one hand and a fried pork sausage in the other and followed us around while Ed showed me where he kept the lawn mower, the oil to ile it with, the lawn sprinkler, told me how to water the rose, apricot, and almond trees, where he kept the chicken feed and how much to give them night and morning, and explained why they had to have fresh water at least twice a day. He said he liked to have the chicken house cleaned twice a week, and the lawn cut twice a week; took me into the kitchen and showed me where to put the eggs when I gathered them each evening, and the mail when the mailman brought it in the mornings and afternoons. There was a platter of pork sausages on the kitchen table, with one of hot biscuits beside it, and a pot of hot coffee on the stove.

"D'you reckon you kin remember everthin'?" he asked. I said I'd be sure to do so.

He said, "I fergot to say as we like the lawn clippings give the chickens. Lawn clippings sure do make 'em lay good." I told him I'd remember about the lawn clippings.

As I started back home Tin said, "It smells like there was somethin' burnin' over to your place. Anythin' on the fire?"

I said, "I guess it's my soup. I was going to have a can of soup for breakfast because I don't want to take time to go into town. I've got a lot to do today." Tin said it was too bad my soup was burned. Ed said it was too bad too.

Ed and Tin started early next morning. In midforenoon I saw the bakery wagon stop at their place, and hollered to the driver that they were away and wouldn't need any bread. He didn't hear me and drove off. When I went over I found he'd left two loaves on their porch. I gave one to the chickens, and took the other home to use myself. It was yesterday's bread and rather stale, which puzzled me till I remembered hearing that some folks made a habit of buying yesterday's bread because it was cheaper than fresh; fresh bread being at that time fourteen cents a loaf.

It was very hot weather while Ed and Tin were away. I watered the large lawn daily, cut it twice a week, gave the clippings to the chickens, collected the mail and eggs, irrigated the almonds, apricots, and roses, cleaned the chicken house as requested, and figured that Ed and Tin would be satisfied I was a good neighbor when they came home. They were.

"You've sure got things lookin' real nice," said Ed.

"I never seen things lookin' no better," said Tin.

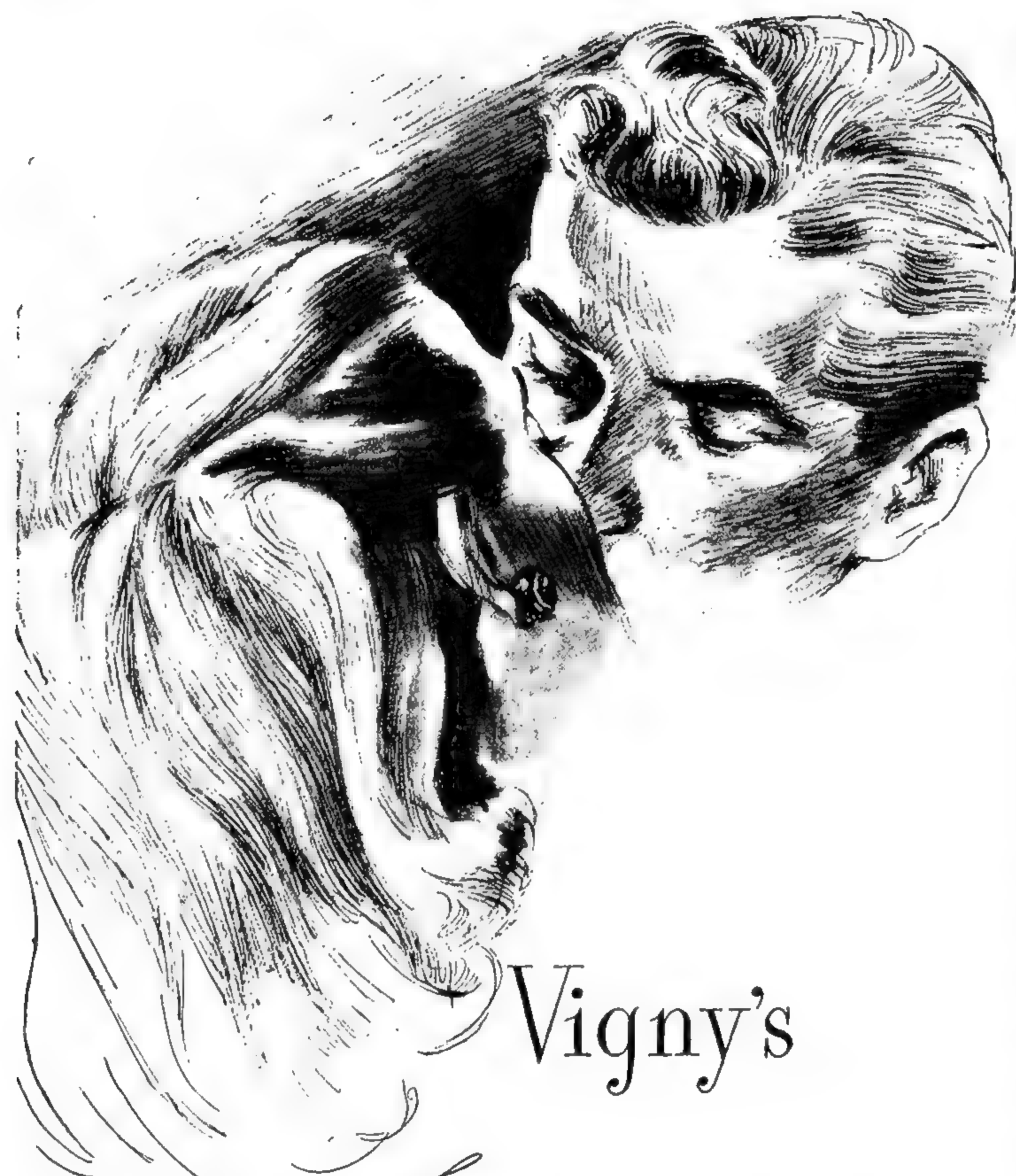
I said, "You've got fifteen dozen eggs in your cooler. I guess that must be around six or seven dollars' worth."

Ed said his hens was real good layers. Tin said she always figured as how you couldn't beat Rhode Island Reds.

I said, "By the way, the baker left two loaves of bread the day you went away. I gave one to the chickens and used the other myself. What do I owe you?"

Ed said, "That'll be fourteen cents."

I gave Ed the fourteen cents. #



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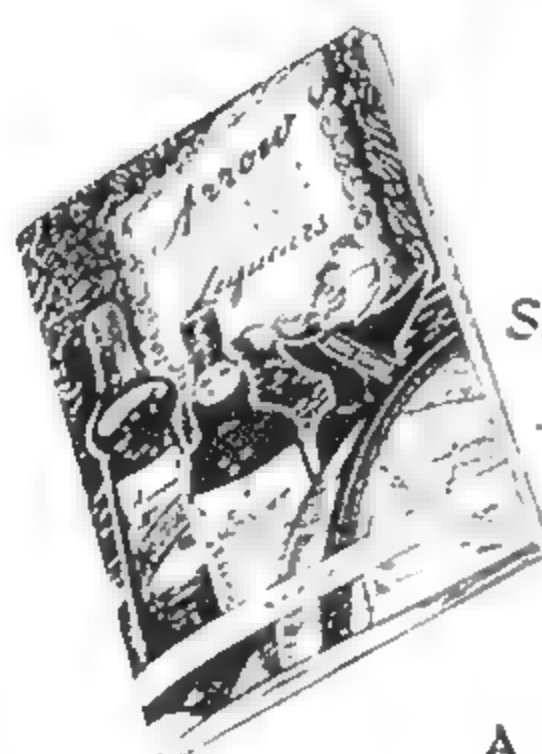
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State of the World

Perhaps Mr. Fishman was no poet,
but he understood necktie clerks

by ROBERT FONTAINE

ONE thing you can depend on today. Everybody is as mixed up as a five-and-ten-cent-store ribbon counter about ten minutes before closing on Christmas Eve.

Axton Fishman, the dry goods executive, sat at lunch beside his wife, Jessica, and across from Wilfred Mayer, poet and necktie clerk in the Hapgood Department Store, State and Main.

Axton was round, red and bellucose in interesting contrast to his ivory and rose wife who looked like a large bud vase. Wilfred was more like a bottle of frozen milk with a red cap on it. His hands were like white butterflies and his eyes were large and shining.

Axton stopped a forkful of filet of sole halfway to his mouth. "We have to get back to normalcy," he said. "We have to get currency stabilized and start our exports flowing."

Wilfred found Axton's wife's warm hand under the table.

She said, "I wish that Musak would play *All The Things You Are*. I like that. I always liked Kern. Too bad he died."

Wilfred lit a cigarette languidly. "How can you eat fish at 11:30 in the morning?"

"By staying sober the night before."

Wilfred inhaled deeply and smiled gently and mysteriously at Jessica. "Some men are greedy for their women. Some are greedy for the reflected glory that comes from their nation's wealth."

"I suppose," said Axton, his mouth filled with mashed potatoes, "you propose communism?"

"I didn't propose anything. I was just thinking out loud. I was thinking of the individual kindnesses and sacrifices people make and yet how passionately they fight on the side of greed."

"So what?" said Axton. "Was it any different in Babylon?"

Jessica smiled. "It was gay in Babylon."

"Oh, what the hell," Axton said. "What do you want me to do? Sell the business and paint in oils?"

"Why not?" Jessica said. "It's better than clubbing strikers..."

"We have to have order. Maybe I could retire and write poetry and borrow money from friends whose husbands were rich."

"If the poetry were good enough you might make a go of it," Wilfred said, squeezing Jessica's hand hard under the table and pressing his knee gently against hers.

"Oh, what the hell," Axton said angrily, taking into his mouth six spears of asparagus. "Every-

body hollers at the poor guy who works and has the brains and makes the plans. Throw him out of his own business. Give it to a few drunks who hang around on street corners or a handful of oversexed poets who drape themselves around grand pianos and hum poetry."

"Do toothpaste and steak make people happy?"

"I don't know," Axton said loudly. "How do I know what makes people happy? Some are happy in a brothel. Why do we all have to be happy *your way*?"

Jessica smiled slyly at Wilfred and, leaning over to put out her cigarette, brushed her warm cheek against his.

"Love," said Jessica, "has always been the answer to the world's ills."

"Very good. Whom shall we love and how?" Axton attacked the peach melba.

"Everybody. Every way. Unselfishly," Wilfred announced.

"Wouldn't we be fighting just as much about loving as we are about hating?" Axton sipped his black coffee. "Most of all," he said softly, looking straight into his wife's eyes, "who is going to pay for it?"

"We can have a world without money. Everyone produces and we all share," Jessica said, blushing faintly and releasing Wilfred's hand under the table.

"Oh, God," Axton said. "Will you wash my shirts in the Nile while I gather wild figs for lunch?"

They were all silent a moment.

"Do you really agree, Mayer, with everything my wife says... *all the time*?" Axton looked at his pocket watch.

Jessica rose. "Are you going back to work?"

"No," Axton said tartly. "I am going to change into my sari and sandals and go milk a goat in Central Park and pluck my lute for a golden maiden."

Wilfred laughed unnaturally. They both stood there before the seated Axton as if waiting for a signal. He finished his coffee slowly and then wiped his mouth generously with the napkin.

Then he put down a bill for the check, rose, brushed back a lock of hair and stood. He smiled malevolently at Wilfred and Jessica.

He buttoned his jacket slowly and said very quietly:

"Someday I am going to kill one of you. I haven't decided which one yet."

Then he walked speedily out of the restaurant leaving the other two trembling. ‡

How to be a Christmas Hero



1868 Christmas heroes have to be resourceful. Great grandfather, for instance, could get by very nicely with an ornate sewing machine which cost \$25.00. Great grandmother was fascinated by this mechanical marvel, ten years after the name Corby's came to Canada.



1898 While Dewey was taking Manila, Grandfather shopped for a machine that talked and sang. Gramophones sold for \$10.00. The man who gave one for Christmas was considered smart and modern on Corby's 40th Anniversary as a grand old Canadian name.



1943 The true spirit of Christmas giving came closer to the hearts of people in 1943 than ever before. Millions were overseas and shipments to them were limited. Shelves were bare in many stores before Christmas on this 85th year of Corby's fame as a grand old Canadian name.



1946 This year Americans will find more merchandise on store shelves than ever before. Millions will be spent on gifts that will help make this the gayest Christmas in years. *And if you've a name on your list that calls for a special gift, you can set yourself up as a Christmas hero by remembering Corby's... the light, sociable whiskey with the grand old Canadian name. Corby's "does something" for 'most any Holiday drink.*

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A Grand Old Canadian Name
PRODUCED IN U.S.A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender*

86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Illinois



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Heady. Haunting. Electric. The scent to set her heart afire.

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WHITE FLAME PERFUME COMPACT . . 2.50
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WHITE FLAME SACHETS, 5.50, 4.50

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there's no gin like Gordon's

BECAUSE OF LIQUEUR QUALITY and HIGH PROOF (94.4)
DRINKS NEVER TASTE THIN WITH GORDON'S GIN

Truce with a Grizzly

Because he had lived among men, only hunger could make Old Eph a killer

by VANCE HOYT

OLD EPH, the one-eared grizzly, stood with huge forefeet planted on the carcass of the steer and faced the ruck of wolves. His blazing little eyes shone like fox fire in the murky dawn as they followed the slightest movement of the large white lobo. The warm blood of the stray dribbled from his bone-crushing jaws, and a savage rumble of brute anger rolled out of him. For weeks now the hated marauders had followed him like scavengers, contesting his kills. With his massive head swaying from side to side, he waited for them to renew their attack.

The lobo began to advance in an evil crouch, hindquarters gathering for the lightning spring. The pack scrouged in about him on tiptoes, yellow eyes gleaming hungrily. Then they were at him, seven strong.

But even as the white wolf leaped, the big bear lunged forward. He met the gaunt forms with a roar—steel hooks slashing, mighty jaws chopping.

Wolves scattered in all directions, only to flash back, driving for a throat hold. The lobo shot in from the side. The backsweep of a great tonged forefoot caught him and the wolf landed howling ten feet away. At the same instant, one of the bitches leaped in, slashing for the jugular vein. But even as she buried her fangs, she was crushed in the relentless grip of the mighty forearms.

With blood trickling from his wounds, the bear backed away, the pack snarling in cowardly defiance at his flanks. The wolves had enough; and as their leader slunk off, the pack followed.

For a long moment Old Eph stood over the limp body of the she-wolf, his massive head rocking slowly, the grizzled hair along his broad back ruffled by a sudden gust of wind that went howling down the canyon from the reaches above. The pinons above him swayed and moaned in its fierce embrace. Then it subsided as quickly as it had struck; and in the lull that followed, it began to snow. The first storm of the season had reached the desert-mountain country a month earlier than usual.

Turning to his kill, the hungry grizzly snuffed at the distasteful scent of his defeated enemies, the while grumbling deeply in his chest. Their pollution of the scene was not to his liking; catching the neck of the steer in his great jaws, he began to pull the carcass down the slope. Tugging and resting at intervals, he dragged the steer a quarter of a mile to a small clear-

ing. Then he set to feasting with a low, purring contented sound.

The big bear's ravenous appetite of pre-hibernation forced him to be a cattle killer. He did not hate man nor fear him. Man had once been his friend and protector. And because he was by nature amiable toward man when not molested, he continued to linger on the fringe of civilization. He was old now and fat, and a little inclined to be lazy. It was easier for him to satisfy his wants at the expense of man—who had long provided for him—than to wrest them from the wild the hard way.

Stuffed to repletion, Old Eph was a bit jovial. He rubbed his itchy rump against a tree, yawning in silly delight. Desisting, he reared and boxed with the tree, hugging it, clawing it, tearing off hunks of bark with his formidable tusks. Then he lumbered across the clearing to a small stream, where he slaked his thirst.

With the warmth in his maw, a heavy drowsiness possessed him. Presently he moved off through the forest, his massive head swinging to the rhythm of his shuffling stride. His great feet dragged in the snow as he circled in the direction of a den he had excavated beneath an escarpment in the north shoulder of the mountain. In his lethargy, he was hardly conscious of his surroundings; but of a sudden he froze, fully awake.

Slowly he reared like a giant man, staring with unblinking eyes through the falling snow at a red object, leaping and dancing at the edge of some down timber. His sensitive nostrils tingled with the tempting smell of frying bacon.

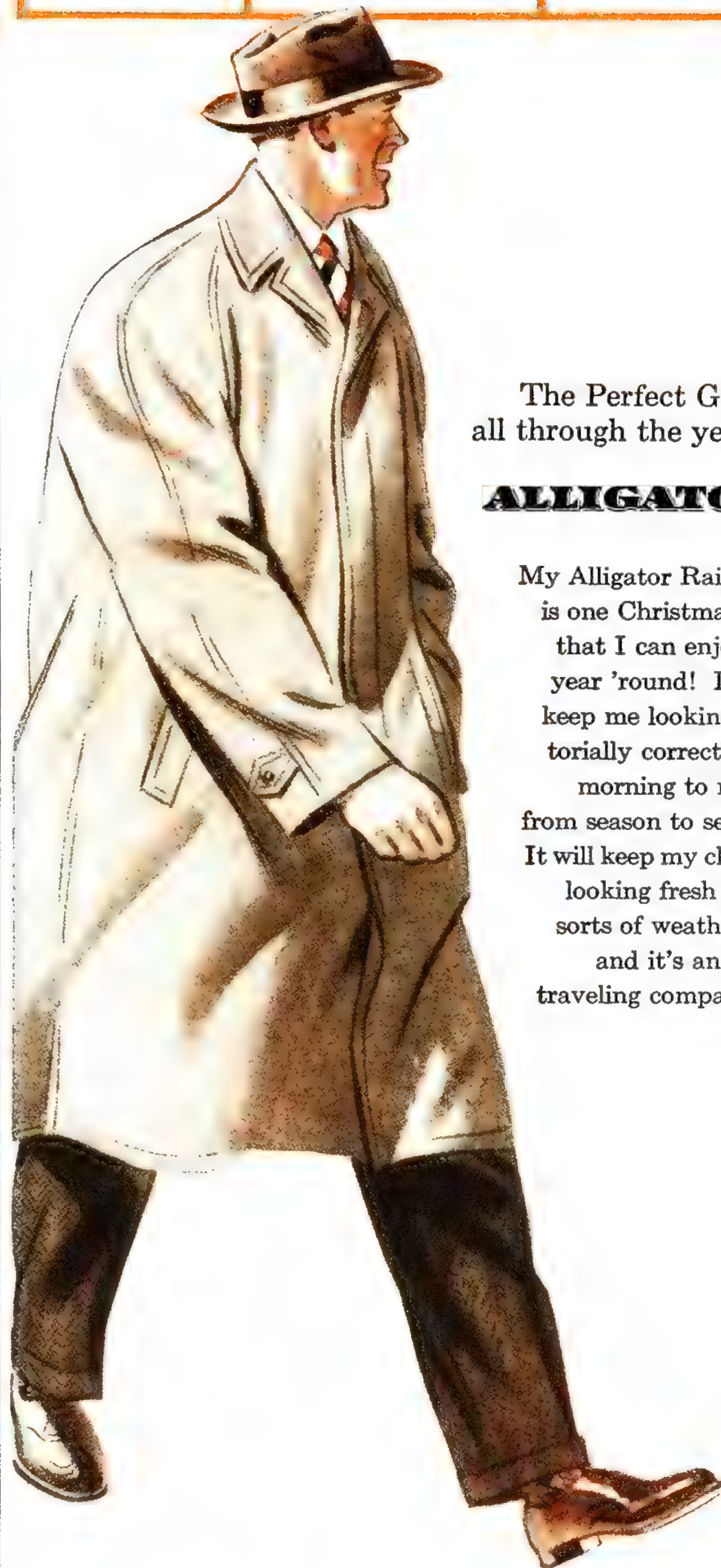
Something stirred within the old fellow and aroused dim memories of the long ago. Under the spell, curiosity overrode caution and he moved nearer. Again he paused, with forefeet resting on a large log, snuffing ecstatically. As he did so a man jumped up beside the campfire, seizing his rifle. Another man jumped up rifle in hand. But the man throwing his rifle to his shoulder stopped suddenly in mid-action. He saw in a flash that the great head showed only one ear, giving it a roguish expression. He swung his arm quickly, knocking up the barrel of the other man's rifle just as the trigger was pressed. The shot went high and the first man called to the bear: "Eph! You old son of a gun, Eph. Don't you know me?"

The spell was broken for the grizzly. At the crack of the shot he snatched his feet from the log and crashed into the thicket.

Hal Henderson and his Mexi-

Continued on page 166

Of all my gifts, I like
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My Alligator Raincoat
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morning to night,
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Where
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Enjoy the invisible
extra width
across the ball of the foot...
in all Bates Originals.

Made in
Webster, Massachusetts,
since 1885.



BATES

Originals

Truce with a Grizzly

Continued from page 165

can *mayordomo* listened a moment to the diminishing crackle of brush, then leaned their rifles against a tree and squatted down by the fire again. "You no let me kill him," said the Mexican. "No," Hal said. "That was Eph."

He had not expected ever to see the bear again, but that was Eph all right—old Eph now. Hal had grown up with Eph. In his cubhood the grizzly had torn off that ear getting out of his collar. But Eph never had any rancor about it. He hung around where he was fed and easily was caught again. Hal tended Eph and was his playmate. Then came the war. Hal's father died while Hal was in Europe. Hal was back now, with a slight limp, trying to make a go of the ranch.

"It's hard for me to believe that Eph is hanging around here now, a cattle killer," he said. "I'd have to be almighty sure of that before I'd shoot him. Maybe wolves are killing the stock. Maybe some other bear."

"Always the big bear tracks," said Juan. "Big bear always hungry. Berries, acorns thin this year. Game few. Him big bear, eat damn plenty. Kill cows. Kill other men's cows. No good. The rancheros after him now."

Hal watched the old *mayordomo* turning over the sizzling strips of bacon. "The neighbors be damned," Hal said suddenly. "I won't kill an old hungry bear. Not one on whose back I rode when I was a kid. He's only an old lazy duffer trying to get along. If he kills one of my cows that's my lookout. But has he?"

"*Quien sabe?*" Juan pushed a chuck further into the fire. "All big tracks. Big." He held his hands far apart. "All say your bear. Will you pay for what he kills?"

"Well," Hal smiled. "We-ell. That's different, of course. We're having a hard enough time to make a living. I might donate a cow now and then, for sentiment. But Eph could cost me near a thousand dollars a year. They'd make a racket of it and lay every killing on Eph. But I'm going to make mighty certain." He looked at the fire and frowned. Old Eph hadn't been like the black bear they once had on a chain whose treachery made him deadly dangerous. Eph had been as trustworthy as any dog he'd ever known. Grizzlies were that way when tamed in cubhood and treated right. He wouldn't turn on Eph now unless he knew he was a raider.

"All right, Juan," he said presently. "You go back to the ranch. I'm going to run Eph's trail myself and see if his tracks match with the tracks found around killed cattle."

But old Eph was age-wise in the art of elusiveness. Hal never got sight of him and Eph wasn't leaving any footprints in soft ground. He took cover in a deep

canyon. The explosion of the gun still echoed in his ears. He had learned in freedom that man and guns were to be shunned. For some reason beyond his ken, man had become his greatest enemy; and all he had wanted was food, contentment, and fellowship.

It was nearly dusk before Old Eph bestirred himself. The snow had stopped and he returned to his kill, something he seldom did. The wolves had not found the carcass. Raking the snow away, he began to eat.

He was at his meal when a crash in the brush caused him to wheel about. What he saw was another grizzly bearing down on him. It was his last year's mate, and following her was their year-old cub. Old Eph had no stomach to challenge the shrewish dam and readily gave way before her fierce advance. With a gnashing of teeth, she warned her doughty mate to keep his distance and moved in to the banquet, the cub hovering closely at her rump.

In the past the big grizzly sometimes had been warily permitted to make friends with the cub. And being at heart a congenial and peaceful beast, Old Eph elected to renew his relationship with his offspring.

Circling the watchful dam, he began a series of comical gestures by twitching and whiffling through his big snout. The mobility of his flaccid nose had always fascinated the cub. But before Old Eph could inveigle the cub to him at the edge of the thicket, he suddenly froze with a low cough of warning.

For a tense moment he posed, his dog-like ear vanning, huge muzzle questing the air. But he had hardly caught the tocsin of danger when the smash of a rifle shot came from the far side of the clearing. The bullet singed the hair on top of his head and smashed into a tree back of him. With a startled roar, Old Eph plunged into the thicket with a jumpy ball of fur squalling after him.

The she-grizzly with a loud *whoof* broke for cover. The next instant, however, the dam went down in mid-stride. A terrible roar shook the clearing. She lurched to her feet. The rifle again spoke. She slumped on her forelegs with a wheezing groan. Blood gushed from her mouth; her sides heaved for air. Then she lay silent and still.

A Redbone hound ran across the clearing, followed by a man. As he drew near the dead bear, the form of another man appeared at the end of the clearing.

For a moment Hal stood appraising the scene in the twilight. As he walked forward the hound bristled and sniffed at him. The hound's owner was looking at the dead she-bear.

"Well, neighbor," he said, his eyes narrowing. "I guess there's no arguin' about this. An' one of

your own brand, that's the joker."

"Yes, it's one of my own strays," Hal acknowledged presently. "It's my steer, so what are *you* beefing about, Porter?"

The other man's face hardened. "Just this, Henderson. This is your steer but one of mine was killed last week. There was two bears here, a big male and this one. Look at them big tracks around the carcass, and the she-bear's tracks are on top of them. She came afterward. The male was the killer. I don't care if he is your old pet bear. I'll get him if it takes all winter."

Hal knew the facts could not be denied. But he said shortly, "I'll kill him myself. If he's an outlaw I'll plug him."

"There's no if's about it," said Porter. "He's a wild bear. The first one that sees him will kill him."

The next morning Hal took up the hunt along the ridges. But Eph was wary. It was several days later that Hal, coming back through the timber pockets in the twilight, saw the grizzly again.

The full moon was rising when Hal moved out into the chaparral on the mesa where part of his herd was bedded for the night. As he rode along the lip of a brush-strewn arroyo, he was startled by the bawl of a stricken steer somewhere down in the snow-silvered gully. He dismounted and began to work his way down into the arroyo. He wanted to finish the big bear at his kill—it would be less regrettable that way. But as he crept into a small opening he stopped. Old Eph was standing over the carcass of a steer, and five bitch wolves and one white lobo were contesting the kill. In the fight they had not heard him.

Now was Hal's chance. An open shot at short range. The ivory bead was on Eph's chest. But instead Hal cut loose at the wolves that were attacking Eph. He downed two. All the other animals vanished like shadows.

He went down to the steer. The two dead wolves were all to the good. The pack might have pulled the stray down. No, it was a bear's job. The spot was in Eph's favorite range and made to order

for him and he was there beside the kill. And Hal had him right in his sights and had not touched the trigger.

Old Eph headed for the sanctuary of his canyon den. In the morning it was snowing again, and in a mountain meadow he began to dig for gophers and mice.

Presently the big bear paused and stood listening intently, his keen ear hanging on the full cry of a pack of hounds. Suddenly with a low rumble of rising anger, Old Eph dropped to all fours and started along a rocky, wooded slope in the direction of his den. He was now fully awake. He walked along logs and crashed through the heaviest thickets he could find. Whenever he came to a ledge he descended it, no matter how steep; he slid down rocky slides, and charged through a herd of deer to disperse his scent. But with all his guile and craft, the pack was gaining on him. The baying now was loud, even in the smothering curtain of falling snow, as he plowed through the drifts.

But he was far from weakened by the long chase. He was simply conserving strength in his search for a fitting battlefield. It was not the hounds he feared so much as the whispering death he knew followed in their wake.

At last he reached his objective, a ledge of rock at the fringe of a meadow near his den. With gigantic effort, he shook himself free of the pack. Then rearing, he stood with his back protected.

Let them come at him now! His running moments were over. And as he waited, his great mouth dripping lather, a sweet and hellish contentment surged through him to kill. He rumbled at them. He ground his teeth at them. He dropped to all fours and lunged at the nearest dog, inviting combat. The hound leaped away with tongue flapping in taunting security.

Then they were upon him—six large bear dogs—like wolves. The big bear went mad with coughing rage. Under their clipping fangs he bellowed like a bull. He slashed with slaving tusks; struck and raked with rending

Continued on page 168

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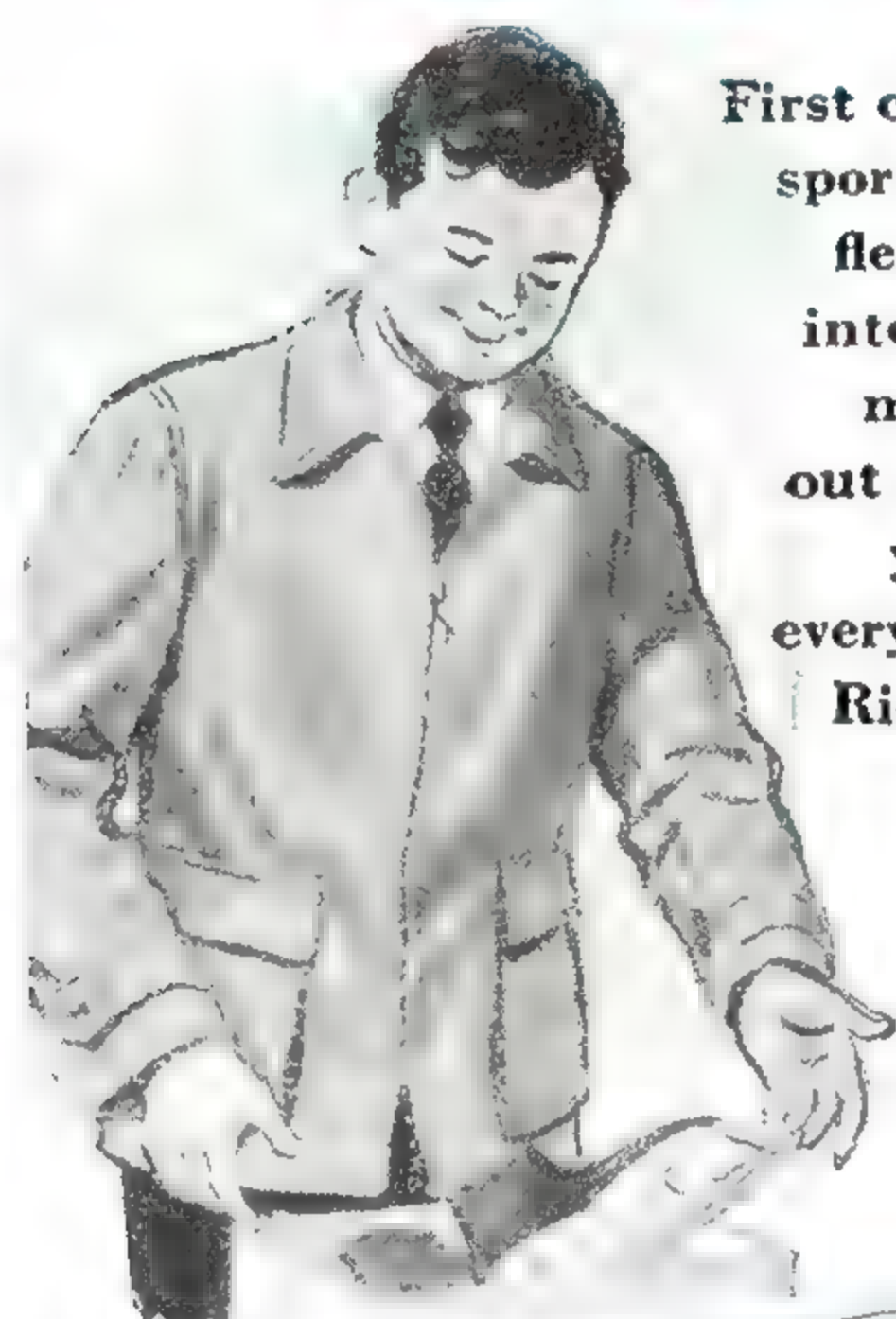
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Truce with a Grizzly

Continued from page 167

claws. Now and then he reared, carrying them up with him and towered for an awful moment. Then down he would go again; lunging and heaving, chopping with his terrible jaws and striking mighty blows.

A moment of this violence and the pack fell back. Three of the dogs lay dead in the snow. A black crossbreed, who had lost the greater part of its scalp, was whirling around in circles. Suddenly it collapsed and lay still in the falling snow.

Only two of the pack remained to continue the fight; a powerful lurcher and the savage Redbone. For another carnal moment the fight was renewed, with the two hounds leaping in for a throat hold. The air was filled with their howls and the coughing of the grizzly. Berserk with killing rage, Old Eph fought with rip and crunch and tear. The white world about turned crimson before his eyes. He saw nothing, heard nothing—not even the voice of a man commanding the dogs to get away. Then there was the report of a gun.

A searing pain stabbed through the shoulder of the grizzly. But it only served to infuriate him more. With a rear, he lurched at the Redbone and smashed the dog with a mighty forefoot, leaving it in writhing death. He charged the wounded lurcher, struck him down and took up the limp body in his jaws and flung it over his head. Then, in his fury, he faced the man, less than a dozen yards away.

It was Hal. They weren't Hal's dogs. He had been hunting from the other direction, had heard the terrific yelling of the fight and was first to get to the spot.

Grimly Hal laid the sights of his rifle on the big bear's heart. But as his fingers caressed the trigger for the shot, his breathing stopped; and for a suspended second his eyes lifted to those of the grizzly towering before him, with the hair along his powerful neck

stiff and erect in anger. And in that heartbeat of time, as the gaze of the great beast locked with that of the man, something happened to the two.

The deep rumble in the grizzly's chest slowly subsided into a low growl—almost a whine of beseechment. The red hatred faded from the old monarch's eyes, flooded back, and, as quickly, vanished at the sound of the man's voice.

"Eph! You *do* know me—don't you? Old Eph!"

The magic sound of the man's voice had brought something out of the misty past to the big bear that cooled the fires of hatred seething in him. For a moment his bristling roach dropped. Then with a low growl, more of wistfulness than anger, the old grizzly slowly sank down on his forefeet. Then leisurely, almost majestically, he turned and fearlessly moved off across the meadow through the falling snow, like some monster animal phantom out of another world.

With lowered rifle, Hal watched him go. The pent-up air in his lungs was abruptly released.

Then it happened. As the big bear reached the opposite rim of the meadow, a dog darted out of the thicket, barking wildly. A rifle shot smashed. A man stepped into the open and Hal saw that it was Porter. It was Porter's pack that had bayed the bear.

Facing the man, Old Eph rose to his full height, looking at the inscrutable enemy he could never understand. Then the rifle shots smashed again, and again, and the grizzly went down. His roar of rage and pain shook the forest as he struggled to his feet and charged.

Once more the gun spoke—three times in quick succession. Old Eph was knocked down again but this time when he regained his legs he did not charge. He lurched into the thick brush. Porter was shoving a fresh clip into his rifle. Hal knew the big bear was finished. ‡



"A cup of coffee—quick!"



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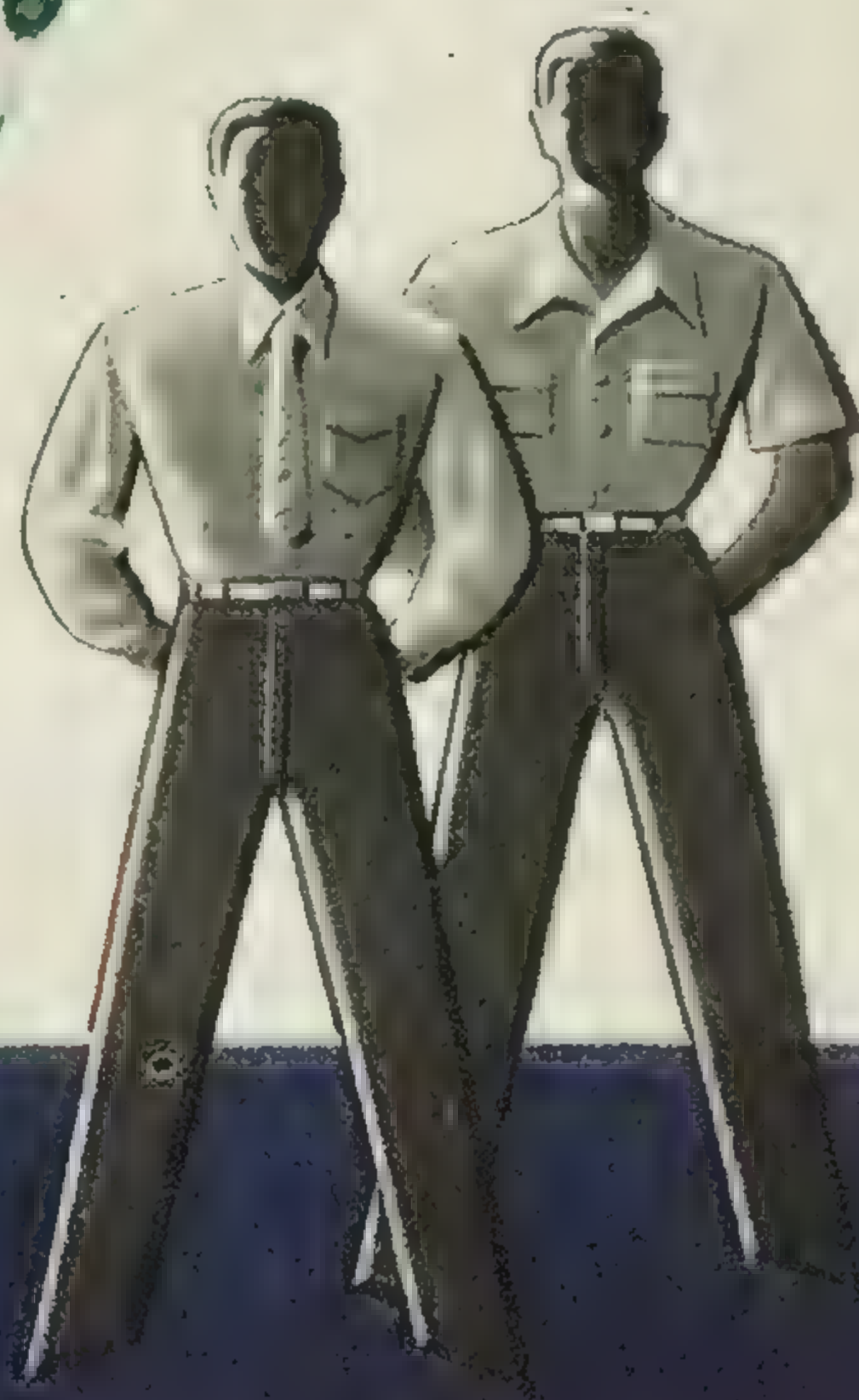
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SPORTS SHIRTS

Cocktail Calendar

for the New Year!

Jan. - Feb.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				2	3	4
5					10	11
12						18
19					1	25
26					31	
8					6	
						1
2					7	8
9	10				11	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	



*Gosh, it's awfully cold in Jan.;
Smooth Hot Toddies warm a man!*

Mar. - Apr.

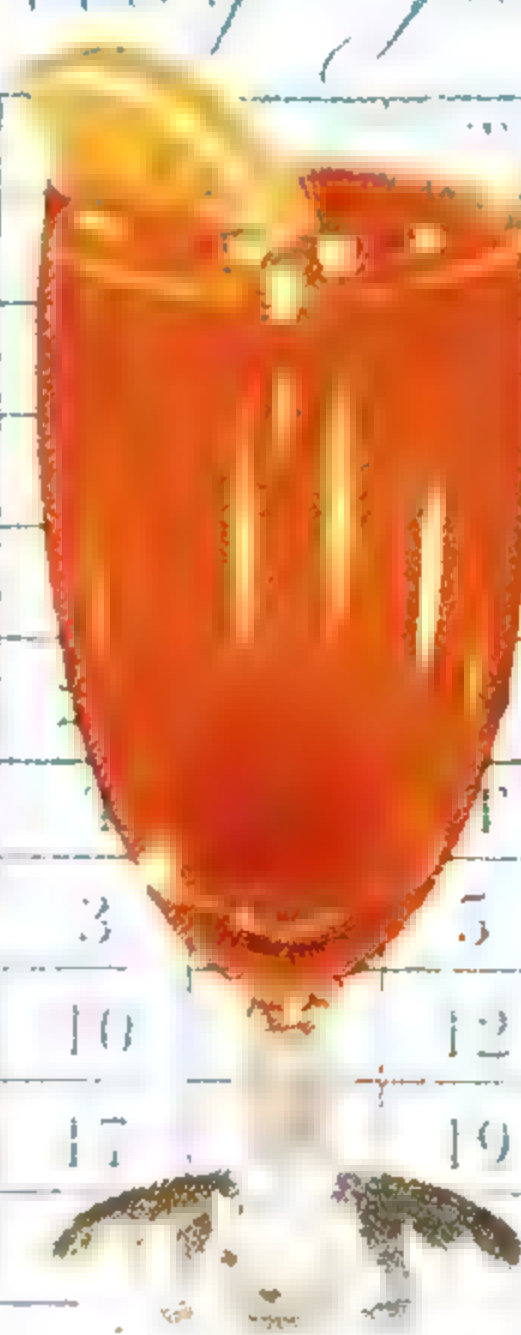
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
						1
2	3				7	8
9	10				14	15
16	17				21	22
23	30	24	31		28	29
5	M				F	S
					4	5
6	7				11	12
13	14				18	19
20	21				25	26
27	28	29	30			



*In March, when winds begin to blow,
Kinsey Highballs cheer you so!*

May - June

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
					2	3
4	5				9	10
11	12				16	17
18	19				23	24
25	26				30	31
8	M				F	S
1	2	3		5	6	7
8	9	10		12	13	14
15	16	17		19	20	21
22	23				27	28
29	30					



*Here's to May and lovely Spring
And Whiskey Sours full of zing!*

July - Aug.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
					4	5
6	7				11	12
13	14				18	19
20	21				25	26
27	28					
8	M				F	S
					1	2
3	4				8	9
10	11				15	16
17	18				22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30



*Time goes by—up comes July
When Kinsey Juleps cool a guy!*

Sept. - Oct.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	1					6
7	8				12	13
14	15				19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30				
8	M	T	W	T	F	S
				2	3	4
5	6	7		9	10	11
12	13				17	18
19	20				24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	



*Thirty days all through September
Bring Manhattans you'll remember!*

Nov. - Dec.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
						1
2						8
9						15
16						22
23						29
8	M				F	S
					5	6
7	8				12	13
14	15				19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			



*Hang the holly—toast the season
With Old Fashioneds smooth and pleasin'!*

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Kinsey is the blend for you!*

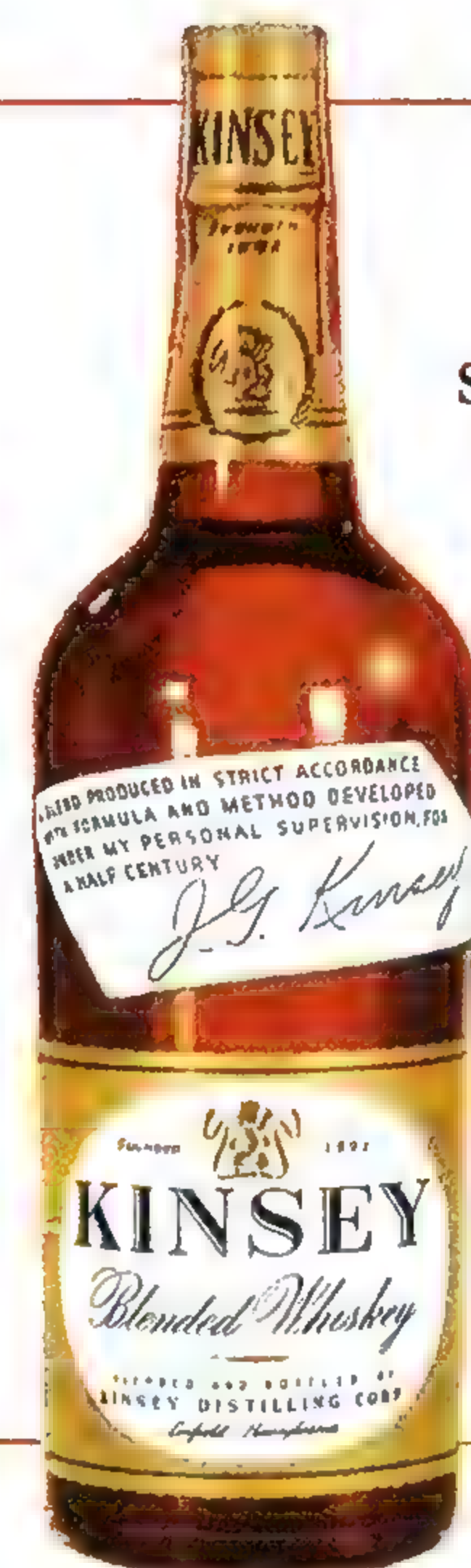
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for
unhurried
moments



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Doctor of Vinous Letters Degree

by LEWIN W. WICKES, JR.

THE supreme glories of the potent potation have served as an inspiration to writers like no other subject, with the exception of love and death. So we offer this potables quiz for readers who have read and others who are curious. The idea is to identify the quotations by author or source. A score of 12 correct is stupendous, 9 excellent, fewer than 6 not so good.

1. "I drink when I have occasion, and sometimes when I have no occasion."

2. "Have ye tippled drink more fine than mine host's Canary wine?"

3. "I love everything that's old—old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine."

4. "The bowl goes trim. The moon doth shine, and our ballast is old wine."

5. "... it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance."

6. "Or leave a kiss but in the cup and I'll not look for wine."

7. "His ancient, trusty, drouthy cronie; Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither.—They had been fou for weeks thegither."

8. "There's nought, no doubt, so much the spirit calms as rum and true religion."

9. "A person at table asked me whether I 'went in for rum as a steady drink?' ...

"Rum I take to be the name which unwashed moralists apply alike to the product distilled from molasses and the noblest juices of the vineyard. Burgundy 'in all its sunset glow' is rum. Champagne, soul of 'the foaming grape of Eastern France,' is rum. Hoek, which our friend, the Poet, speaks of as

"The Rhine's breastmilk,
gushing cold and bright,
Pale as the moon, and mad-

dening as her light,' is rum. Sir, I repudiate the loathsome vulgarism as an insult to the first miracle wrought by the Founder of our religion!"

(As an added fillip, can you identify the inside quotes?)
10. "Neither do men put new wine into old bottles: else the bottles break, and the wine runneth out, and the bottles perish . . ."

11. "There is a devil in every berry of the grape."

12. "Then sing as Martin Luther sang:

'Who loves not wine, woman, and song,
He is a fool his whole life long!'"

13. "Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape Crush'd the sweet poison of misused wine."

14. "The Grape that can with Logic absolute

The Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects confute:

The sovereign Alchemist that in a trice

Life's leaden metal into Gold transmute."

15. "Still, as at Cana's marriage-feast, the best wine is the last."

16. "This song of mine Is a Song of the Vine,
To be sung by the glowing embers

Of wayside inns,
When the rain begins
To darken the drear Novembers."

Answers

1. Cervantes; *Don Quixote*.

2. J. Keats; *The Mermaid Tavern*.

3. Oliver Goldsmith; *She Stoops to Conquer*.

4. T. L. Peacock; *Three Men of Gotham*.

5. Shakespeare; *Macbeth*, Act II, Sc. I.

6. Ben Jonson; *To Celia*. "Drink to me only with thine eyes." Probably liked teetotalers.

7. Robert Burns; *Tam o' Shanter*. But he didn't.

8. George Gordon, Lord Byron; *Don Juan*.

9. O. W. Holmes; *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*. (I don't know where they came from either).

10. *New Testament*; Matthew, IX, 17.

11. *The Koran*.

12. William M. Thackeray; *The Adventures of Philip*.

13. J. Milton; *Samson Agonistes*.

14. Omar Khayyam; *Rubáiyát*.

15. John Greenleaf Whittier; *The Golden Wedding at Longwood*.

16. From H. W. Longfellow's *Catawba Wine*. This is the "wine of the West, that grows by the Beautiful River."

There is as much truth as poetry in his lines:

"There grows no vine
By the haunted Rhine,
By Danube or Guadalquivir,
Nor on island or cape,
That bears such a grape
As grows by the Beautiful River."

"Drugged is their juice
For foreign use,
When shipped o'er the reeling Atlantic,
To rack our brains
With the fever pains,
That have driven the Old World frantic." #

And we always "Triply" impress
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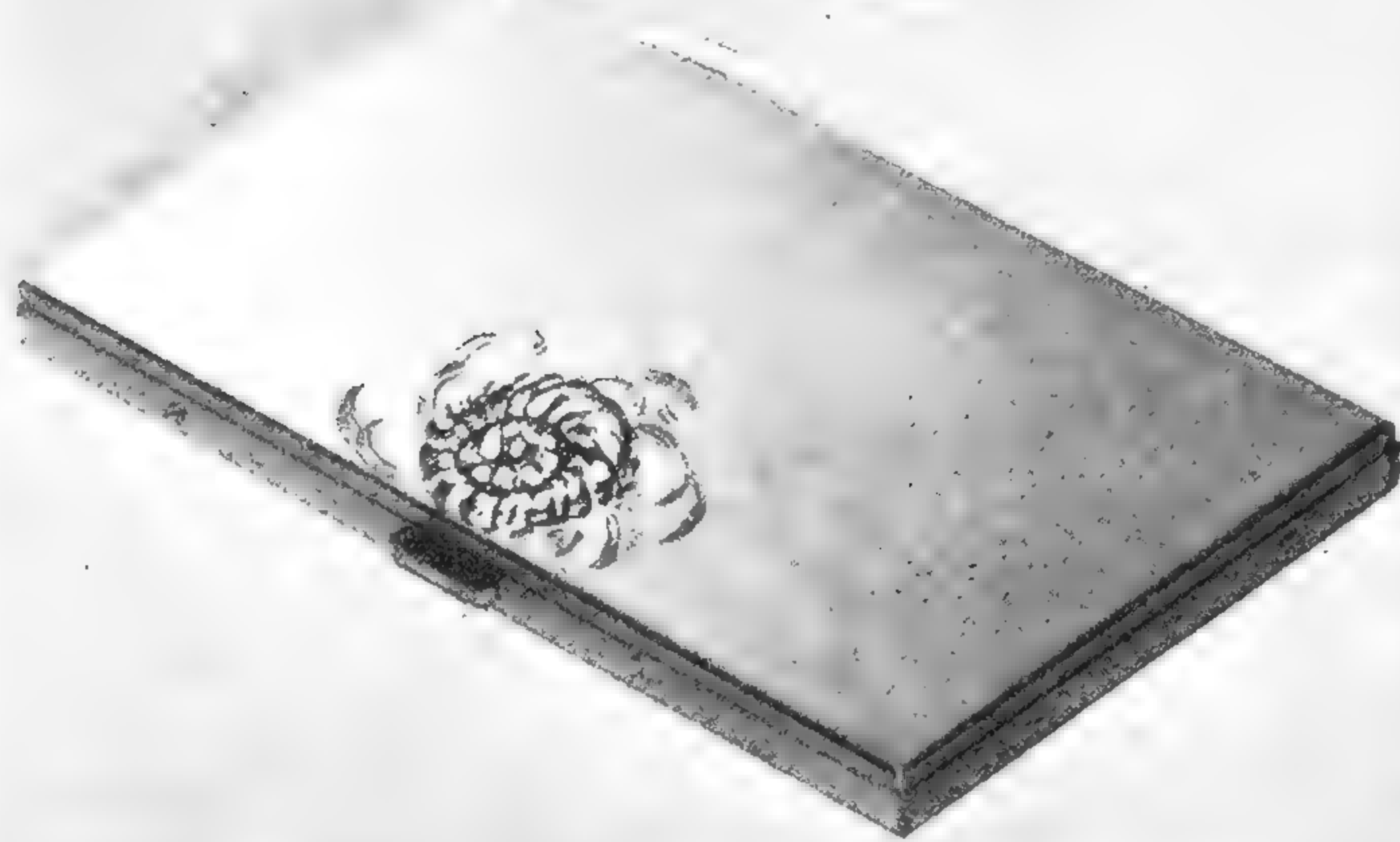
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The Insomniacs

The doctor turned sleuth to find how his men got by without sleep

by EDWARD J. MICHELSON

AMERICAN medics at the Jap prison camp in Manila were baffled. One group of American enlisted men would return to camp at night exhausted and famished after a grueling day of stevedoring at the docks. When they hit the sack they couldn't sleep. Far into the interminable night they lay restively on their backs, staring wide-eyed and helpless at the ceiling. Underfed, gaunt and weary, often treated worse than slave labor, they could not close their eyes. Yet the other Americans in the camp were badly nourished too, and they were asleep. The Navy physician at the camp, Dr. Mack, was just as baffled by the phenomenon as were his Jap keepers.

The men were forced to work. To refuse was to invite a bad beating, a bellyful of humiliation and an even more intense hunger. Having spent the first sleepless night praying for the coming of the dawn, the men were up early. Surprisingly, they were not too weak. They were ready to face a sorry excuse for breakfast and to go back to work.

The second night was a repetition of the first. The men returned to their bunks exhausted and eager to get to bed. They were confident now that sheer weariness, if nothing else, would bring on prompt and merciful slumber. There were no jokes about the song, *The Japanese Sandman*. But they did not sleep.

By the next morning the men were perplexed enough to consult the doctors. The doctors were also puzzled. They wondered whether they should ask the Japanese to give the prisoners a rest.

Disturbed by their inability to sleep, the men still felt they could go on working. When you didn't work you languished in a shady spot and abstained from exercise. That was one way of conserving the little energy you had. When you did work the time went by more rapidly, even though you were under sharp surveillance.

By the end of the second day Dr. Mack had a hunch. Something in the men's manner reminded him of people he had known in show business who had a capacity for denying themselves sleep for long periods.

The third night found the men no more capable of closing their eyes than on the previous two nights. The doctor forced himself to remain awake to study them. To be able to remain at work, the men must have found some extra food. He asked them bluntly: Were they getting extra rations?

The men grinned weakly. "Plenty of chocolate," one of them said.

A shipload of enemy food rations had arrived. The cargo included an abundance of giant chocolate bars, presumably loot from the Netherlands East Indies. The chocolate was rich and tasty; it was downright delicious. If you were caught devouring chunks of it you might be clubbed to death, so you ate it surreptitiously, bolting as much as you could when the guards weren't looking. So you took a chance. The craving for that chocolate was overwhelming, and gorging it while on the job was a refreshing adventure.

Dr. Mack felt now that he was on the right track. But he was a scientist, and he had to check his theory carefully. The only way to find out was to ask the Japanese. He couldn't arouse their suspicions. His patients had had more than their share of misery, and it didn't make sense to add to it.

Handling the Japs when you were their prisoner was a tough problem. A good deal depended on how you handled them. Sometimes when you were submissive they would walk all over you. On the other hand, if you were bent on maintaining your self-respect and dignity, the Nips could be surprisingly polite. Once they had knocked on a prisoner's door in the middle of the night and he had bellowed angrily, "Who the hell's there!" and they were astoundingly apologetic.

On the third day the doctor had his chance. He was thinking of the men at the docks and how they had managed to go without sleep for three days with little loss of strength. Chatting with the Japanese doctor, he remarked casually that the Japanese forces showed amazing stamina. He was astonished, he said, by the alertness and energy of the Japanese fliers. Surely some remarkable drugs must have been given to the men. Or, some newly developed nutritional concentrates.

"Of course our fliers have extra energy," the Japanese boasted. "They can keep going for days without sleep." He paused for a moment to revel in his pride. "Our troops are taken care of nicely. Right now we have a big shipment of rations for them, with special chocolate bars. There's enough benzedrine in that candy to keep a bomber crew operating for seventy-two hours!"

That was all Dr. Mack wanted to know. His hunch was right. In a few days his men would be sleeping again. ##

Mr. Nesbit's Double Life*Continued from page 63*

that the bartender declined to accept any money from him. The only reason why Mr. Nesbit figured he hadn't been exposed so far was that he hadn't made the mistake of visiting the same drinkery twice.

At any rate, the inevitable evening came when Mr. Nesbit, the schizo urge hot upon him again, became involved with a young lady—this time at the Llama Club on 52nd Street.

It started as Mr. Nesbit was working on his fourth Scotch Old Fashioned at the bar. And as the familiar expansive glow engulfed him, he was momentarily shaken to observe, in the big bar mirror, a feminine face which at first he nearly mistook for Bernice's.

Relieved, as it dawned on him that it wasn't Bernice after all, Mr. Nesbit was struck with the nostalgic thought that he did love his wife and wished she were here to share his keener mind and observations.

Brooding thus, he sighed.

"Pardon me," the bartender said hesitantly, "but aren't you the gentleman who made me take that suit a few weeks ago?"

Mr. Nesbit looked up.

"Well!" he said. "The corporal! You must be," he added, "working here. Like to buy you a touch."

"Can't drink on duty, but let me do the honors. Scotch Old Fashioned, isn't it?"

Pondering the myriad laws of coincidence which again brought him in contact with the owner of his pencil-stripe suit, Mr. Nesbit thanked the corporal and thoughtfully drained the glass.

"Drink hearty," the corporal said. "Hell with the Krauts and the Nips."

"The rats," observed Mr. Nesbit, and promptly ordered another.

At that point he chanced to note, in the mirror, a wistful expression on the part of the young lady.

As Mr. Nesbit examined this woebegone look on what unquestionably was an extremely attractive chick, his now analytical mind began probing. Had her husband beaten her that evening, forcing her in desperation to a den of drink such as this? Or could it be that she was but a beautiful waif, striving to have one last fling at the bright lights of the city?

He dismissed this notion because of the girl's smart attire.

Mr. Nesbit, in his perceptive interlude, did not realize he was staring through the mirror at the girl. Suddenly their eyes met. He smiled encouragingly, as though to say, "Never mind, my dear. Everything will turn out all right in the end, I'm sure." The girl smiled back, then shook her pretty blonde head and again assumed the wistful attitude.

Mr. Nesbit moved next to her and said, "There is something wrong."

She said, "Yes, I'm a failure."

"Nonsense. You are far too young and lovely. Permit me to buy you a little drink. Corporal!"

The girl thanked him with what he decided was a warming shyness, and they drank. She had insisted on beer.

"Now," he said. "Tell me about it."

"Well," she said, "my name is Priscilla Hinkle. I work for a newspaper, but I haven't been there long. I'm a cub reporter."

At the mention of newspapers, Mr. Nesbit knew that destiny had brought him here. He now wanted fiercely to aid this frail damsel.

"Perhaps I can help," he said. "You see, Miss Hinkle, I . . ."

"I don't see how," she interrupted. "The city editor told me I'd simply have to come up with some kind of an exclusive story or I'd be canned. I can't find an exclusive."

The green lights—brilliant and crusading—clicked in Mr. Nesbit's brain. As easily as though he were giving a routine suggestion at the office, he said softly, "Would you be interested in Dr. Willis Jensen's comments on the Chinese situation?"

"Dr. Willis Jensen? Oh, you mean that mysterious man who was with Chiang Kai-shek for so long? Gosh, that would be wonderful, but every newspaperman in New York is looking for him. Even if I could find him, he'd never pay attention to a dumb little girl like me."

"My dear," Mr. Nesbit said, "you need look no further. I happen to be Doctor Jensen."

Miss Hinkle's lovely eyes popped. For an instant, Mr. Nesbit felt she would kiss him.

"Holy smoke!" she said. "Pinch me, somebody! This is my lucky day. But wait . . . wait . . . Doctor! I have a notebook and pencil here someplace. If . . . if you don't mind? Look Doctor Jensen, could I buy you back a drink?"

The corporal, who had overheard part of this enlightening conversation, began mixing. "Miss," he said, "excuse me for butting in, but I happen to know Doctor Jensen here. A wonderful guy. On the level!" Mr. Nesbit extended his hand gravely, and the corporal took it with vigor. "Thank you," Mr. Nesbit said gravely, "and may I say the same for a former fighting man."

Miss Hinkle made a mental note to include the corporal in her exclusive story.

For the next half hour, Mr. Nesbit allowed himself to be quoted on every conceivable phase of the Chinese Situation.

He referred to the Generalissimo as "Chiang and I." He admitted to having advised, secretly of course, with Generals Hurley and Marshall. He confessed to having been hidden and protected for harried months on end by Chinese patriots when the Japs tried everything in the book to track him down. And, as a grand finale, he

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Mr. Nesbit's Double Life

Continued from page 175

diffidently declared to the glassy-eyed Miss Hinkle, "You may quote me as saying, my dear, that China plans to take over all of Japan, unseat the Emperor, and employ the Japanese as mercenary troops after MacArthur moves out."

It must have been midnight when Miss Hinkle, having excused herself to make a hurried phone call, produced a photographer. The photographer snapped Mr. Nesbit, who by now was in a somewhat befuddled condition, with his arm around the corporal.

The photo showed Mr. Nesbit drawing what was supposed to be military diagrams on a table.

* * *

Bernice Nesbit was not an unattractive woman.

At thirty-six, she still had her figure; there was no grey in her hair. She had had her moments, while pausing in a cocktail lounge with matron friends, when gentlemen on the loose gave her the eye. It was Bernice's custom at such propitious times to return the look speculatively, then resume her conversation as though nothing had happened. These were minor thrills, but they helped.

Now, as Bernice sat in her little kitchen on Sunday morning while the Manhattan sunshine slipped through the window, she realized that a crisis was gripping her life.

In her hands was a morning tabloid newspaper. Mrs. Newberry from next door had brought it over personally, as the Nesbits never "took" any newspaper but the *Times*. Right smack on page three was Mr. Nesbit's picture with the corporal, along with a story by-lined Priscilla Hinkle.

Miss Hinkle had left nothing out. The headline screamed:

JAPS' DESTINY IN CHINESE HANDS,
CHARGES FAMED MYSTERY
AUTHORITY

The agitated Bernice read this remarkable piece of literature, and went into a brown study.

As the wheels revolved in Bernice's head, a dim and slowly mounting realization of the reasons behind Mr. Nesbit's remarkable peregrinations raced through her emotions. For the first time in her married life, Bernice began thinking hard about her husband.

She recalled some of the many nice things Mr. Nesbit had done . . . like remembering every wedding anniversary and birthday with flowers and gifts, and the time he hadn't batted an eye when she charged that expensive coat, and how, rather than argue over petty domestic matters that cropped up, he invariably said, "It really isn't worth bothering about, dear, don't you think?

Whatever you say is all right."

And the memory of her wedding day revolved in her mind.

A tear came to Bernice's eye, and she suddenly knew that she loved her husband more than anything else in the world.

"I've just been taking him for granted all these years," she thought, and burst into tears.

At this arresting moment, the disheveled figure of Mr. Nesbit appeared in the kitchen doorway. His head was aching, and his conscience chased portentous goose pimples up and down his spine. Only vaguely did he recollect the latter stages of last night's stand, but he did know there was something about a young lady "interviewing" him and—Oh God!—wasn't there a photographer?

Bernice continued to cry.

All Mr. Nesbit could think of was, This is the end; something terrible has happened this time. He walked over to Bernice and awkwardly patted her head, waiting for the storm to break.

Instead, Bernice looked up and threw her arms around his neck.

"Henry," she sobbed, "it's all my fault. You poor lonely man. I don't deserve you at all. I . . ."

Acutely alarmed and flabbergasted, Mr. Nesbit tightened his arms around his wife. He found the sensation comforting. Then

his eye fell upon the newspaper.

"Bernice," he stammered, "I . . . I don't know what to say. It seems—I mean it appears that . . ."

"Henry," she whispered, "it's a lovely picture. You look, well, so authoritative and everything. But it doesn't do you justice, darling. You're much better looking."

"But . . ."

"Never mind, dear. Tell me something."

"Anything," Mr. Nesbit said fervently.

"Do you love me?"

Mr. Nesbit took a deep breath.

"Bernice," he said, "I have always loved you. I love you now, and I always will. I . . ."

"And does Doctor Jensen love me too?"

"Doctor Jensen is crazy about you."

"Henry," Bernice said, "any time you have the urge to go out on the town again, would you like to take me along?"

"Nothing," said Mr. Nesbit, his heart on his sleeve and the song of love turning handsprings in his bosom, "would be more wonderful. Listen, sweetie, would you be able to give your half-witted husband a real kiss?"

She was, and she did. It was a kiss that would have knocked the cars off Boyer and Lamarr. #

Continued from page 63

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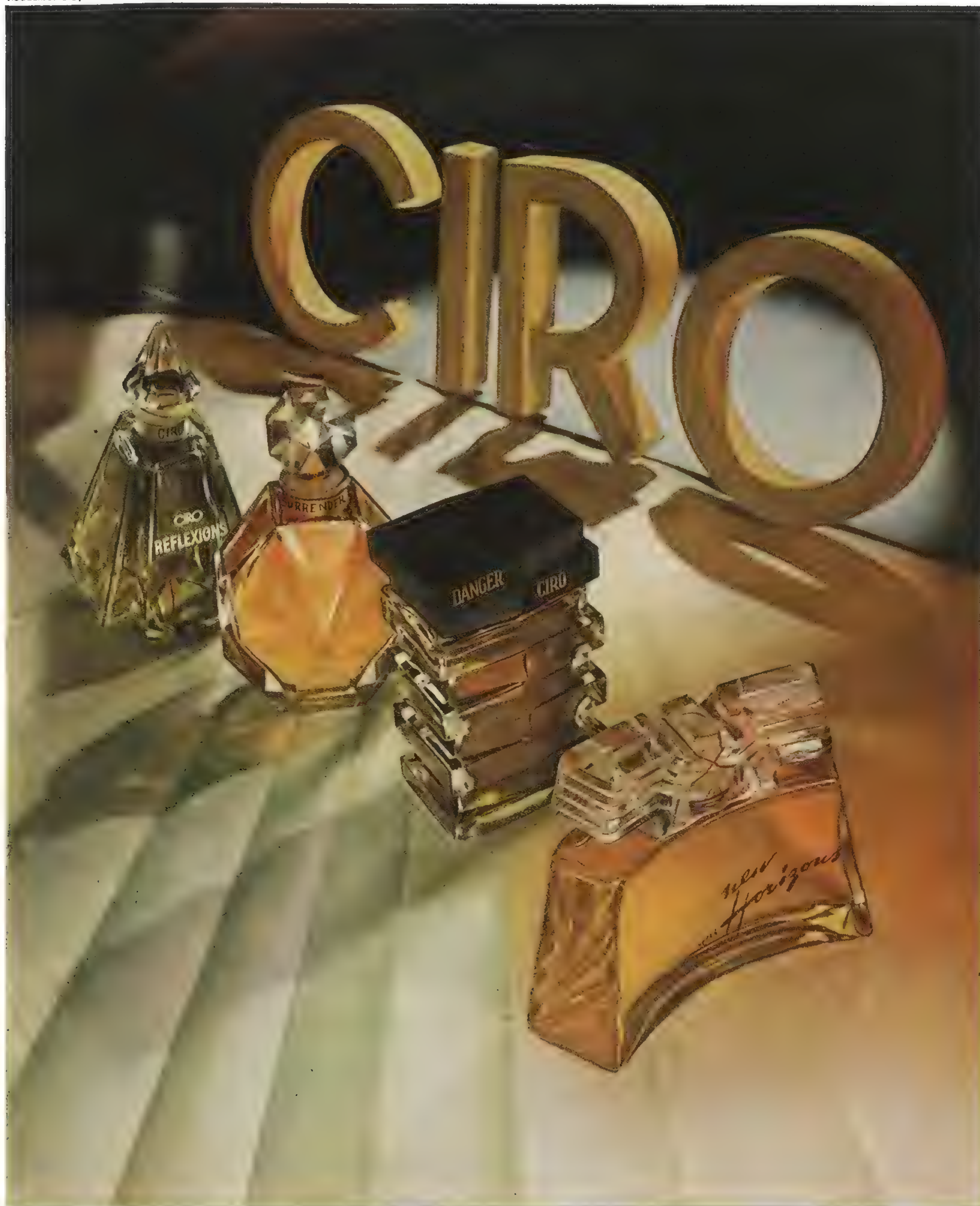
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Punch Drunk

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contempt. "You might get somewhere."

Valin hung his head. He couldn't remember when he had last won a fight. Pietro Georgi, Johnny Erjavec, Sonnyboy Walker, Jack Thompson, Lee Savold, Phil Brubaker, Hans Birkie, Eddie Mader, Newsboy Millich—all of 'em had whipped him.

"All I did, Judge," the woman continued, "was to give Mr. Valin a razzberry after he gave me a sour look." The lady demonstrated, on counsel's request, what she meant by pursing her ruby lips and producing one of the most weird sounds ever to echo through a courtroom.

The 140-pound husband in the case swore that he intervened only after Valin had called his wife a tramp and knocked her out with a right to the jaw. He admitted he wasn't doing so well against his 210-pound opponent until his wife was revived in time to crease Valin's skull with a beer bottle.

Domingo was a convincing witness.

"I'm a victim of persecution," he said, naively fingering the long gash in his head. "Two dames and one of their husbands knocked me down and started playin' ping-pong with beer bottles, usin' my dome as a ball."

After twenty minutes' deliberation the jury's verdict was not guilty. Newspaper photographers rushed up to take a picture of Valin in his moment of triumph and were rewarded with a classic shot. Domingo had collapsed in a dead faint.

"I couldn't take it," he gasped on regaining consciousness. "That's the first decision I got in over two years."

Judge Harder sincerely wanted to see him make good.

"You've got a bad name around here," he said. "Why don't you go back East where nobody knows you, where you can start fresh?"

Valin took the judge's advice in the Summer of 1940 and lost eleven consecutive fights. On his return he confessed that he nearly starved. He said he had to sleep on benches and beg food for two weeks.

Then California barred him for life again.

In the Spring of 1941 Jack Kearns, who was promoting fights, among other things, at Miami, sent Valin a bus ticket and \$15 expenses to meet Pat Comiskey in a main event.

Comiskey was being plumed for a title shot.

More than 5,000 customers paid to see Valin lose in the first round.

"I've been t'inkin'," Valin told Old Man Delano back in Hayward. "Remember what Judge Harder ast me in court dat day, 'Where's your horse?' Dat's what I need, a horse."

The following day he made a down payment of \$50 on a milk-white steed called Tarzan and promised to pay the balance, \$25,

after his next fight. That is, in a ring. Several weeks passed and Domingo forgot all about horses, except the white ones on the labels of his favorite Scotch. But one morning, homeward bound from a night of revelry, he remembered his \$50 equity in Tarzan.

In a little while Domingo was attired in his cowboy ensemble, booted and spurred. In another few minutes he was aboard Tarzan, galloping loudly and happily up and down the main street of Hayward. Domingo had never completely matured and he was enjoying himself immensely until Pete Caviglia, who still owned a \$25 interest in the nag, came after him. There was a short but furious melée. Domingo leaped to the saddle and with a resounding, "Yippeeeee!" dashed over sidewalks, into hotel lobbies and, of course, bars.

Delano delivered an ultimatum: "One of you has to leave."

Domingo took Tarzan outside and hitched him to a car.

After he got his load he put a leg on Tarzan and yelled, "Hiyo, Silva!" and as if by cue, Silva—Louie Silva, the Chief of Police—came up, slapped on the handcuffs, and took him to jail.

"You got nuttin' on me dis time," Valin protested.

"Save it for Judge Harder," grumbled Silva, who was peeved because he had missed his dinner while waiting for Valin to come out of Delano's.

"What am I charged with?" Valin demanded.

"You hitched Tarzan to a car, didn't you?"

"So what?"

"So I tagged you."

Domingo had become the first man to get a ticket for parking a plug near an automobile.

Valin wrote to the newspapers regularly from jails around the country. "I have really fell in love," he began a note from Tank A of the Alameda County Jail. "Her name is Mildred and I have wrote a poem to her:

*Here I am sitting in my cell,
Thinking of you, Sweetheart, more
than I can tell.
You know I love you, Mildred, love
you with all my heart,
I hope you're always with me and
that we'll never part.
I pray to God from up above
That he will never break our love.
I'm thinking of you all the time
And knowing always that your heart
is mine.
If our romance was only here
I know that I could do a year.*

Domingo proudly announced his betrothal the day he came out.

"I hear that Mildred is quite a number," Old Man Delano commented.

Valin laughed. "I ain't gonna marry Mildred," he said. "I got a new one. Connie is her name. I'm gonna settle down and punch nuttin' but da cattle on Connie's ranch. Wait till ya see her."

Three days later he eloped, but not with Connie or Mildred. A

Continued on page 182

UNANIMOUSLY ALL-AMERICAN by FRANK WILLIAMS

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Punch Drunk

Continued from page 181

week later he lost his last illusion as well as his bride.

It all began when Domingo went calling on the bride at the home of her sister where she had fled three days after the wedding. There he met a quiet solemn gent who was one of her old suitors.

Domingo grabbed a bottle of catsup. The old suitor reached for an ice pick. Valin countered with a bottle of steak sauce and the O.S. picked up a bread knife. Domingo appealed to the police.

"As this detail knows Valin well," Patrolman J. Murphy and C. Gerhow wrote in their official report, "we don't believe this is a case for the police. We recommend the release of the defendant on his promise to come to court Monday and face Valin if he shows up, which is doubtful."

The O.S. appeared. "If that bum comes in," he comminated, "I'll knock him clear back to his cradle." But Domingo never did.

The O.S. it came out, was the welterweight champion of three states. And Hayward, by default.

Domingo tried to pick up a few dollars boxing but he was burned out. He once boasted he could outfight and outdrink any man in the country; but, as it must come to all men, his chin gave out about the same time as his liver. The preliminary boys

began knocking him bowlegged.

Frankie Limas, Al Ware, Paul Hartnek, Jerry Goldberg. Newsboy Millich licked him four times.

He was ridiculed wherever he went, even at Delano's, where he used to be safe. The town drunkard had become the town boob.

The war came and the Army got Valin, to the Navy's relief.

Two days after he got out of the Army, he was back in Alameda County jail charged, amazingly, with assault and battery. A new judge, after examining his record, ordered an investigation.

"I cannot regard Valin as a truly dangerous individual," the probation officer began a seven-page report, "but he invariably gets into trouble when his inhibitions are released by liquor. In the last eleven years he has been arrested at least twenty-four times in this territory for disturbing the peace. Probation cannot possibly be of benefit to him, neither will a further jail sentence accomplish anything."

Judge Bruner gave Valin a six-months' suspended sentence provided he leave the county.

Domingo quietly shuffled out of the courtroom on his heels.

Valin had pains in his head. It seemed to him he always had pains in his head.

He remembered when he was

sixteen. The day he was riding a wildcat stage when it had a head-on collision on the Castro Valley cutoff. He woke up in the hospital with a fractured skull. The pains really started that day.

He remembered the night in the rain when his car skidded in Oakland and turned over six times. The pains were worse after that.

He remembered the day he had a fight with a fellow who brained him with an automobile crank.

He remembered when the woman conked him over the head with a beer bottle and the brawl at Camp Roberts when he woke up with a banged skull.

He remembered all the punches his head had stopped in eleven years. And all the night sticks.

He drank to kill the pains, he drank to escape reality, he drank because he felt like somebody else when he was drunk; he knew he always wound up behind the eight ball, but it was better than remaining sober and having your head stabbed by a million pains.

Domingo was not bad. He was sick.

He didn't belong in jail. He should have been in a hospital.

You cannot reform a sick man. And society had no desire to cure him.

Domingo was just an illiterate Portuguese boy who was born in

a shack on Hilo, Hawaii. Society exploited his magnificent body and his dumb courage. And when he no longer could stand up under bestial punishment, when his antics ceased to amuse the public and he was of no further value at the box office, they kicked his battered body out of the county.

Would life be different outside Alameda County? Would his head pain less? Were police saps and night sticks softer out there?

No one spoke for Valin.

Where were the matchmakers and promoters of his fights?

Where were the State Athletic Commissioners?

Where were the Commission doctors who examined him before every fight?

Where were the Commission inspectors?

Where were the sports writers?

Where were all the people who had lived off him the eleven years he earned money in the ring?

Most of them were doing well: buying \$40,000 homes, custom-built Cadillacs, mink wraps and diamonds; supporting night clubs, keeping chorus dames and taking trips abroad; gambling and con-ning so they could buy more homes, Cadillacs, mink wraps, diamonds and dames.

Domingo Valin was alone, broke and sick. #

Continued from page 89



CHARLES DICKENS (1812-1870)

AUTHOR OF "A CHRISTMAS CAROL"

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The Laugh's with Congress

Continued from page 64

week their eyes have opened up!"

You might classify the above as "Political Party" jokes.

Another classification of Congressional humor might concern itself with jokes about "Localities and Local Prides and Prejudices."

It is said that when Senator Daniel Webster of Massachusetts and Senator Henry Clay of Kentucky were seated one day on the plaza of the National Hotel in Washington, they observed a man driving by with some mules. Webster remarked, "Clay, there go a number of your Kentucky constituents. Where do you suppose they are going?" The Bluegrass Senator snappily replied: "They must be going up to Massachusetts to teach school!"

The peculiar voting habits of the various sections of our country were never more wittily characterized than by Finley Peter Dunne's Mr. Dooley who said: "Today th' Dimmycrats will on'y concede Vermont, Maine, an' Pennsylvania to th' Raypublicans, an' th' Raypublicans concede Texas, Allybammy an' Mississippi to th' Dimmycrats. But it's arly yet. Wait awhile. Th' wurruk iv th' campaign has not begun... About th' middle iv October th' Raypublican who concedes Texas to the Dimmycrats will be dhrummed out iv th' party as a thraitor, an' ye'll hear that th' Dimmycratic party in Maine is so cheered be th' prospects that his friends can't keep him sober."

A third classification of jokes is that about Congress itself as an institution. It is indeed a fabulous institution. The co-operative work of its ninety-six Senators and 435 Representatives is nothing short of a miracle of the Republic. No two Congressmen are identical in background, yet somehow they work together and run the country pretty well, present and past difficulties notwithstanding.

They are, it is universally admitted, overworked, with bushel baskets of correspondence to answer, telephone calls and telegrams to respond to, Committee meetings to attend, visitors to be entertained and heard, speeches to be made, documents and news to be studied, floor sessions to be attended and so on.

Often, the floor of the Senate and House is almost deserted while Congress is in session. The absent Congressmen are busy on official business elsewhere, and many among those present may be engrossed in reading. This led

a Russian observer, Boris Marsharov, to note: "Congress is so strange. A man gets up to speak and says nothing. Nobody listens—and then everybody disagrees!"

Before each daily session gets under way, the chaplains of the respective Chambers invoke Divine blessings upon Congress. A little boy watching the prayer in the Upper Chamber turned to his father and asked him if it were true that "the chaplain was looking at the Senate and praying for the country!"

Senators and Representatives are rightfully proud of their respective organizations. So it is only natural that the following is said to have happened. One night a Representative was awakened in the middle of his sleep by his wife. "John," she said, "there is a robber in the house." The Representative turned over and muttered, before he went back to sleep, "In the Senate, possibly, but never in the House!"

Incidentally, there is often a confusion in popular terminology on this matter. A "Congressman" usually signifies a Representative but it also may signify a Senator, and thereby hangs a tale.

Coincidentally, former Senator Guy Gillette of Iowa and Arkansas' young Senator William Fulbright both told me that their favorite true joke was this one. As Senator Gillette tells it, his colored maid had noticed that the Senator, then a Representative,

had his picture in the paper. Underneath was the caption to the effect that he might be nominated for the Upper Chamber. "Is a Senatuh higher than a Representative?" the maid asked. "Yes," answered Gillette, "they are so considered because a Senator represents an entire state and a Representative represents a District of a state." The maid's next question was: "Well, is there anything lower than a Congressman?" Gillette answered

that most people's opinion was that there was indeed nothing lower than a Congressman.

Whatever their differences, members of both Congressional Chambers confront similar problems. One of those problems is fulfilling the varied requests of constituents. One lady once wrote to her legislator: "Dear Congressman: I have tried all honorable means and have failed. I, therefore, now address this appeal to you."

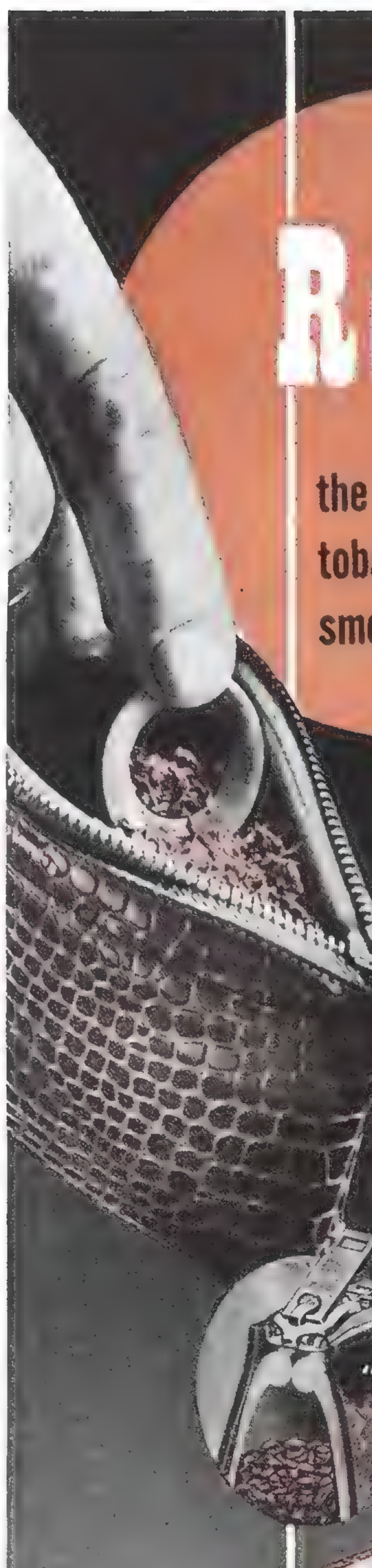
But don't get us wrong. Every laugh's a boost! #



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There Shall Be Music

Continued from page 117

mushroomed for the entertainment of the Occupation Army all feature American music. This ranges from the competent orchestra of the famed Oasis on Tokyo's Ginza or Broadway to the three-piece bands of the smaller cities which can do some surprising things to a simple melody like *Beer Barrel Polka*. I am sure that fifty per cent of the Japanese are convinced that this song is our national anthem. The others know that *God Bless America* is.

The dance halls are operated on the taxi-dance system—an admission fee and then usually one yen (about seven cents) per dance. This alone should prove that despite reports to the contrary, inflation has not yet come to Japan.

The young girls who serve as dancing partners are in as deep a groove as their American counterparts and now swing out in a style worthy of the Savoy. Some can even jitterbug while wearing kimonos. The G.I. does his jumping in combat boots but then the Japs are used to earthquakes. Usually, however, the girls dress "mogo" which is the Japanese contraction of the English words "modern girl" and is used in a derogatory sense to describe one who apes western styles.

Japan has its serious music too. In Tokyo's Hibiya Hall the Tokyo Symphony plays to standing room only. The audience is fifty per cent military with as many G.I.s as officers. These concerts are gala occasions for the European colony, many of whom were interned during the war. They wear their finest and offer a contrast to the uniforms and the shabbily dressed Japs.

The orchestra is under the direction of Dr. Rosenstock, who had quite a prewar reputation in Germany. Dr. Rosenstock is German but non-Aryan. As a friendly gesture to their Axis partner the Japs did not allow him to conduct during the war. Other men such as Professor Pringsheim of the Tokyo Academy of Music, a brother-in-law of Thomas Mann, were deprived of their positions. Judging from the initial concerts

of the Tokyo Symphony, the effect on Japanese music of being placed in Japanese hands was terrific.

During the war the orchestra was ordered to include one composition by a Japanese on each program, although even they will readily admit there is little noteworthy serious music composed by the Japanese.

Their program music is almost entirely the standard classics, usually of German composition. The Japanese portion of the audience is principally students who become just as excited over Beethoven as our bobby-soxers do about Sinatra.

Osaka and Kyoto are the cities where the classical Japanese music played on weird and ancient instruments can be heard. I heard it. I'll take Sinatra.

The greatest American composer to the Japanese is Stephen Foster. I have heard him mentioned in the same enraptured breath with Brahms by one of the leading musical figures of Kyushu.

The Army, of course, tries to bring music to the troops. All division bands are constantly on the move, playing for their outlying battalions. A Marine band is currently playing the toughest series of one-night stands in history, trying to reach all Marines stationed in Japan. Special Service and U.S.O. are bringing the troops more and better shows than they ever had in combat. They have even mobilized a troupe of the best Japanese stage and movie talent for the G.I.'s pleasure, all at the expense of the Jap government.

One recent U.S.O. show featured a very comely miss and her all-girl orchestra. This young lady in an interview with a *Stars and Stripes* reporter sounded off lustily her opinion of G.I.s who fraternized with Jap females. Her fame was made. The entire Army of the Occupation in Japan agreed with her but unfortunately her band was not big enough to correct the situation. The troops generously gave her a night of their time anyway. #



"Pardon me, sir, I thought you were looking for a watchdog. Pets are right this way"

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Blended Whiskey 86 proof, 70 neutral spirits, distilled from grain or potatoes. Three Feathers Distributors, Inc., New York

Nosegay for Yesterday

Continued from page 61

Jenkins Shriver, three-score years and ten—and more—was thinking of his first German, that exquisite form dance which has opened the Bachelors' Cotillion in Baltimore from the time of its Colonial founding. As a member of one of Maryland's oldest and most distinguished families he had early been elected a member. That was back in the eighties. Queen Victoria was hale and hearty, a formidable, world-dominant matriarch. Chester Alan Arthur—strangely enough "a gentleman-born"—was President. We had been having quite an orgy of rail-splitters, tailors and log-cabin dwellers as Presidents, thought Mr. Shriver as he stared out at the crowded boardwalk.

A shy, self-conscious boy he had been—at Loyola; a shy, self-conscious, respectful youth—at Johns Hopkins; he remembered that he only began to make friends of fellow students while he studied for his law degree at the University of Maryland. It came to be said of Alfred Jenkins Shriver that he was slow to friendship, slower to intimacy, but that once he came to know you he was indeed a real friend—to the end of your time or his time. The same thing had been said of his father, the rose grower. The elder Shriver had been a gallant, though no philanderer, an open, unabashed courtier of the fair sex. His son came to be known as "a man's man" after his formative years. It was not that he admired beauty in women less than did his sire—but their charm seemed to humble him. All the lovely girls and women he had known were high on pedestals of his own fancy. He never married—and yet...

Alfred Jenkins Shriver, dying comfortably, without pain whatsoever, shuddered as he withdrew his gaze from several thousand pounds of bare feminine cuticle parading all over the boardwalk and on the sands below. He winced as his old eyes took in a slim young thing arrayed in two tiny scraps of silk stretched over just two portions of her body.

"Knock-kneed as a newborn foal," whispered Mr. Shriver to himself. "It's either that or they're bowlegged. Now I wonder if she—; not that it would have made any difference afterwards. Can't they leave anything to imagination these days?"

Ah, that first cotillion! May we dream with Alfred Jenkins Shriver? Chester Arthur ruled these United States and Old Victoria as good as ruled the rest of the world. Alfred's mother had made his choice for him as escort to one of the ten girls who were to make their debut at the wonder ball. Poor as a church mouse she was, with but a name honored in Maryland since the Calverts—the Lords Baltimore—had taken their grant from Old Rowley, gay, careless King Charles of the Many Loves. You don't get a bid to the

Bachelors' Cotillion, even today, unless you can trace your family back—away back. Dollars don't count—only blood and breed.

He had had to drive far out on Charles Street to pick her up for the dance, away past the old mansions that are now boarding houses or little shops with tiny apartments upstairs. He had his mother's brougham—with the greys and the second coachman; father and mother were using the big carriage with the bays. The girl opened the door of the little run-down house herself, ready and waiting. Behind her, her mother—just as eager, just as happy, already making great plans. For was not this shy young man the catch of the town? A wedding with a Shriver meant an end to scrimping, a return to ease.

He sat across from the girl as they drove downtown—a boy who stared at her as though he had never seen her like before. To him her homemade, modest dancing frock was a Paris creation. Her lack of jewels accentuated rather than took away from her virginal loveliness. Looking at her unwinkingly he thought of what his father had done with the simple Cherokee Climber.

The girl blushed as her eyes caught his silent adoration. "Why," he gulped, "you're just like father's rose!"

She smiled, forgivingly, happily. He danced the German with her—awkwardly, for he never became a good dancer. But despite his awkwardness, all eyes were upon them for she was indeed, of that long-gone year, the belle of that Cotillion. Men and youths crowded round her after that first formal dance—as was their right and privilege. Alfred Shriver, ignored, retreated to the wall, to the doorways. Ten of the loveliest debutantes ever to grace a Bachelors' Cotillion! Alfred Shriver was aware of that. He knew beauty when he saw it. He managed to get a dance with each of the other nine lovely creatures, but all through the night he never took his eyes off Cinderella, who had come into her own and who floated by him in the arms of men less shy but as enslaved.

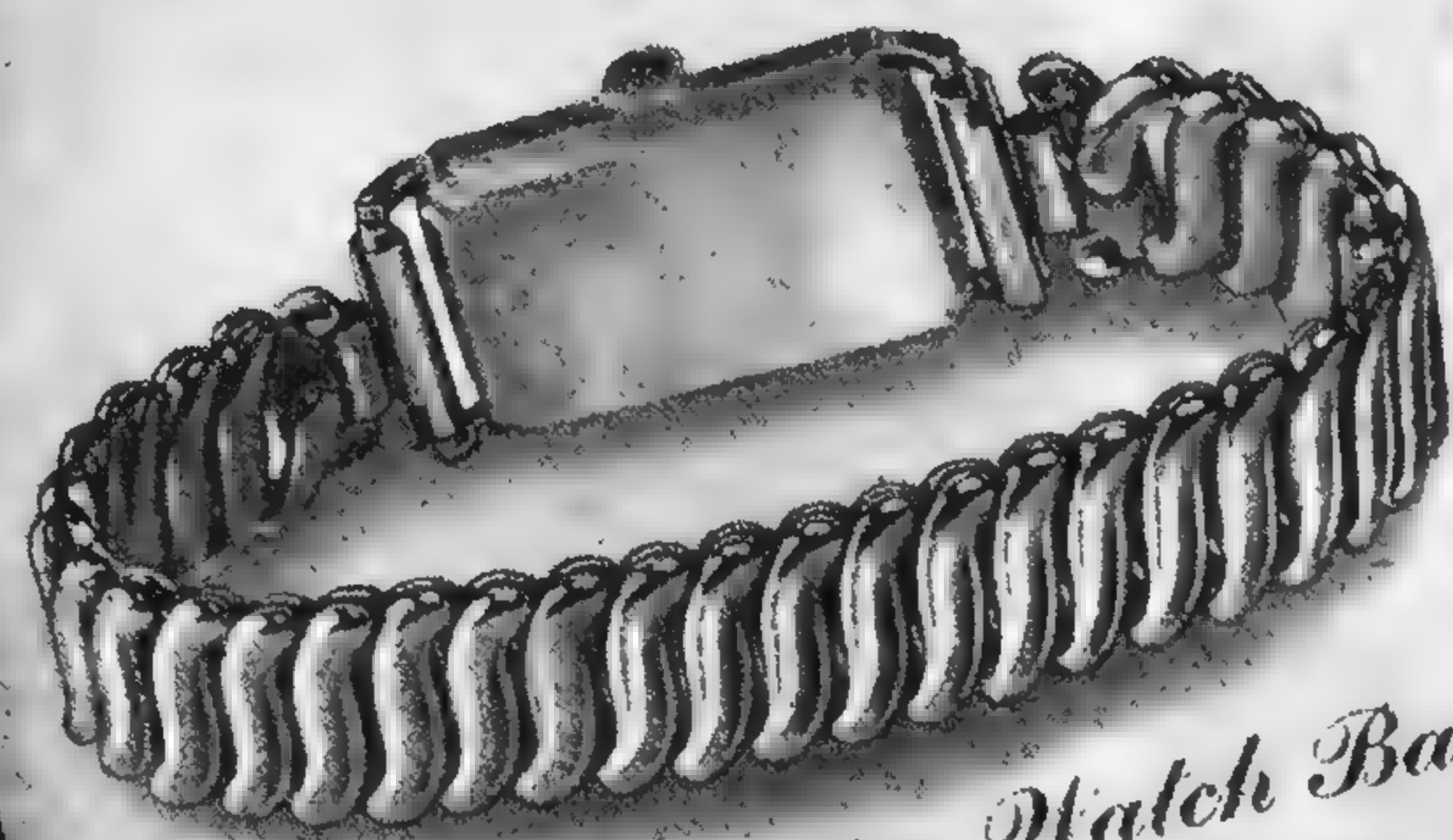
Did she wed or did she not? Whether she would have accepted his offer had it been made remains a question. She must have been well aware that she was deeply loved by this strange, shy youth. Yes, she must have known—through the years—for his eyes told her. What happened?

* * *

Alfred Jenkins Shriver's attorney was making notes of his wealthy client's last will and testament. Mr. Shriver, he was thinking to himself, must be worth well in the neighborhood of a million dollars, possibly more. And he was the last of his line.

Several times the attorney gasped involuntarily as he scribbled his notes. But he knew

Continued on page 190



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Nosegay for Yesterday

Continued from page 189

better than to comment or to offer advice or suggestions. Here was a very old man, an old man who knew just what he wanted. The boy who had been Alfred Jenkins Shriver, shy, awkward, hesitating and adoring, had long mastered those first three youthful handicaps; but he still adored. As the lawyer finished and prepared to depart, Mr. Shriver glanced out of the window. The summer afternoon parade of near-nudity was in full blast. Shuddering, Mr. Shriver asked his lawyer to pull the shades.

* * *

Alfred Jenkins Shriver passed away in Atlantic City, September 3, 1939. His will was made public on October 3, and Johns Hopkins University of Baltimore, as principal beneficiary, accepted the conditions laid down. A sum, now estimated at \$1,300,000, was willed to the university with these conditions laid down for its use:

A lecture hall was to be built on the campus grounds at Homewood, site of the college. On the walls of this noble hall murals were to be painted, the subjects being early-life portraits by prominent artists of the following ten Baltimore women, all of them contemporaries of Mr. Shriver and members of old and famous families:

Mrs. James Brown Potter, the former Mary Handley of Richmond, Virginia;

Mrs. James Teakle Dennis, the former Ida Lee Wade of Baltimore;

Mrs. DeCourcy Wright Thom, the former Mary Washington Keyser of Baltimore;

Mrs. N. Winslow Williams, the former Anne Foster of New England, the only northerner in the group, but wedded to a Marylander;

Miss Fannie Lurman, member of one of Baltimore's oldest families.

These five ladies are alive and in good health. Mr. Shriver in his will named five others as portrait subjects; these either preceded him in death or have passed on since the probating of the will:

Mrs. Henry Clews, the former Louise Morris of Baltimore;

Mrs. Bruce Cotton, the former Edith Johns of Baltimore;

Mrs. J. Lee Tailer, the former Marie Stirling of Baltimore;

Mrs. Charles Morris Howard, the former Harriet Worth of Baltimore;

Miss Lola Robinson, member of an old Baltimore family.

These ten Baltimore Belles of Mr. Shriver's youth—and first Bachelors' Cotillion—are to be painted on the walls of the new Johns Hopkins University lecture hall as he remembered them when they were young—and, oh, so lovely. Which of the ten was the dream girl of his youth, the dream girl of his old age? As a friend of Mr. Shriver remarked after learning the conditions of the will:

"He was too much the gentleman to make any lady conspicu-

ous. So the girl he loved, who either refused him or whom he never had the nerve to ask, is hidden in among those ten beauties. Only she knows, if she is alive, and only Alfred knew—if he survived her. And it's all too long ago for anybody else to remember."

All the living recipients of Mr. Shriver's homage appear to be pleased with the conditions of the will. After their approval and after Johns Hopkins' acceptance of the princely legacy, Mrs. James Teakle Dennis charged herself with the duty of gathering paintings and photographs which would show all ten society leaders as they appeared half a century ago—and more. Said Mrs. Teakle Dennis:

"Mr. Shriver arranged to have a bust of Dr. William H. Welch (first professor of pathology at Johns Hopkins) and President Isaiah Bowman of the University and a portrait of Cardinal Gibbons placed in the new building as well as arranging for the portraits of the ladies. He was trying to create a shrine for the best that was in Baltimore in his time. His provision as to the portraits of the ladies was designed as a compliment to them and I think it is a very pretty compliment indeed."

Said Mrs. Cotton—before she passed away recently:

"It was a pretty compliment which Mr. Shriver has paid to his old friends."

Said Miss Lurman:

"I should like to see it done adequately, as Gainsborough and Sir Thomas Lawrence did it with a certain type of Englishwoman."

The trustees of Johns Hopkins have announced that just as war held up construction of the lecture hall in 1939 so shortage of building materials is holding up the construction now. The University has announced that it wants both building and paintings "done right" when they are done. The gift has been accepted and its conditions will be carried out as soon as possible.

They say that only old buildings are haunted but there is no rule against new ones carrying a ghost. If we live that long—and seeking an answer to the mystery—we intend to spend a night, several nights if necessary, "in the light o' the moon" in a corner of Johns Hopkins' new lecture hall. There will be the lovely faces, all ten of them, and we shall watch for the wraith of a shy and awkward boy in a Victorian dress suit who will lean in a great doorway arch endeavoring to efface himself as much as possible but with adoring eyes fixed on the portrait of just one beautiful girl among those ten beautiful girls.

Then we will have learned Alfred Jenkins Shriver's secret.

*Darling, you will be
Always young and fair to me. #*
Continued from page 61

The Wrongest Guy in the World

Continued from page 76

itics of your democracy;

Don't pay schoolteachers enough;

Have schools like country clubs;

Rate colleges by their football teams;

Prefer the cheap ideas and the expensive settings in your movies;

Break speed records to get somewhere to loaf;

Worship fakery put across by clever press agency;

Proclaim the doctrine of fair play while yelling "kill the umpire";

Have a forty-hour week and get too tired in playtime to go back to work;

Believe the comic strips but not the editorials;

Have the richest land and waste a large part of its production;

Wear yourself into an early grave by intense work;

Support the capitalistic class;

Support the indolent;

Claim to be peace-loving yet retain the deadliest of weapons, the atomic bomb;

Condemn other nations for territorial grabs, yet don't give your own land back to the Indians you took it from;

Drink too much;

Let any Russian outdrink you without getting stiff;

Complain about home shortages but don't stay home when you have a home;

Have no taste for art;

Want to buy and hoard European art treasures;

Don't know how to get along with foreigners;

Plot control of world trade;

Are so smart you outsmart yourself;

Are stupid and uncouth;

And so on until you are the most completely and officially damned person since the species started to walk on its hind legs.

There is always a market for abuse of the typical American man, and with patience, indifference or fortitude he has endured this steady drip of scorn from the belittling drips. The evidence of his surpassing merit—as humans go—is boundless, yet rarely is it brought forth in rebuttal.

Now look at the average American fellow just in a cool appraising way and see how he stands.

So he eats the wrong food, does he? Those hot dogs and the hamburgers and the grub out of cans—how have they shortened his years? Maybe the Bulgarian can show a better record by sticking around the buttermilk jug and staying out of Balkan wars, but there are no figures to prove it. Insurance records show that an American twenty years old today has as many years of life left as a newborn Yank child could expect to have in 1900.

And the variety, quality and quantity of food consumed by the American man certainly is nothing to subject him to adverse criticism when food is considered in its essential nature as fuel for the

human machine. Compare the physical and mental activity of the average American with that of other nationals and the Yank production for food fuel consumed is efficient.

Sure, he has bellyaches and consumes vast quantities of nostrums. Why shouldn't he become afflicted with digestive disturbances when he is expected to carry, in addition to his own load, the responsibility of financing, feeding and preserving the peace and elevating the living standards of his world kin?

Maybe the American doesn't relax enough. Again, consider the load of worldly woe dumped on him collectively, then see what chance there is of introducing the siesta as an American custom. He has won what chance of relaxation he does have by working to invent, make and market machines that will do some of his work easier, quicker and cheaper.

Culturally he's eager, fresh and restless. In what other land has there been the enlightened skepticism and impartial examination that have broken down the barriers keeping the masses from higher education? Where else is there evidence of a determination for education equal to that being shown by American war veterans under the G.I. Bill of Rights?

Before the war the American art, medical, engineering, and various other scientific schools had made plain their superiority in personnel and material resources, and in development of students.

The American performance in combat against the thoroughly trained prize specialists of enemy nations' fighters quite positively demonstrated the physical superiority of the representative American male.

On the friendly fields of sports he also has exhibited superior qualities.

In the charm department and in his social graces the American has conducted himself so there never has been any forbidding difficulty experienced by the representative American abroad securing the consent of discriminating and delightful local maidens to matrimony. And at his home the American man need not be ashamed as comparison is made of the manner in which his light of love is kept bright and warm by spiritual and physical comforts and luxuries. He applies himself to attentions that the Old World spouse regards as mere matters of habit.

Certainly the American is generous, if that be a fault. What other nation in world history can present a record equal to that of the young America in distributing its riches so lavishly to less fortunate countries, and with less expectation of hearty evidences of gratitude? But, at that, he doesn't concern himself too much about the cost he pays for his charities, and in the cold, ultimate

Continued on page 192

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- Superbly tailored by Sandy MacDonald



BROOM and NEWMAN

11 East 26th Street, New York City

Shirtmakers since 1905

The Wrongest Guy in the World

Continued from page 191

analysis, that's what most of his shipments of wealth overseas are. As a freehanded giver of what he's worked to acquire, the American is unique among mankind.

The American man sees himself reviled by visiting correspondents and his fellow citizens for his intolerance. The American's reputed intolerance is being so persistently ballyhooed that were it not for his innate sound judgment he might get really heated up by the designing clowns and racketeers who build the fires of prejudice. Men of other nations have; but not the typical American.

He, the really representative American man, knows himself as one of the American majority. He knows, further, that as an American man who happens to be a proud member of any one of the multitude of groups constituting the union, it is his American nature and duty to accept responsibility for the shortcomings of his fellows as he shares pleasure in their achievements.

He sees elsewhere caste systems, political, ecclesiastic and economic domination of peoples. He, as a free and intelligent American, is self-convinced that despite the mortal errors of his nation, it's the best yet devised and built.

When he shows his pride in his nation and its people he is de-

clared by his critics as a braggart. When he admits defects he hopes to see rectified, he's said to be conscious of his inferiority among the sovereign races of man.

A lot of our self-censure is kidding on the level, for cash. It's a strange national psychology we have acquired in not only meekly accepting criticism but also paying money to receive it.

It must be mystifying to reasonably well-educated natives of other lands to be without socks and read American advertisements censuring the sloppy for not gartering up hosiery and having trimly clad ankles to complete the well-groomed appearance. And it surely must puzzle foreigners who are eager for the discarded clothing of American men to read in our commercial messages it's virtually an American social crime to have the pants and vest fail to meet, thus exposing a view of shirt that covers a belly plumped by groceries.

Prewar advertising in other lands, and such advertising copy as now appears in British, French, Mexican, Cuban, Canadian and South American periodicals, has not used the flagellant theme, except in a few cases when an American exporter inserts translations of his homeland ads. In those instances the advertisements are

strikingly unfitting to the prevailing character of copy inserted by highly successful locally conducted enterprises.

It is undeniable that the American advertiser is a practical psychologist. He knows what pays him. He has learned by costly experiment and observation. He has found that he scores in the cash register by accenting criticism of American prospective customers and tacitly offering immunity to such criticism to his buyers.

For that rare distinction of not being censured, the American cheerfully pays.

Now consider the charge of American intensity in sports.

What Americans abroad in sports ever received more considerate treatment and more substantial rewards than Schmeling, Carnera and Firpo received, notwithstanding that we must admit candidly these tourists were not convoyed by shining specimens of the American ethical standard?

Never has this nation had a part in such bitterness and brawling as has been quite customary in international football contests abroad. The comparatively recent grumbling of the Russians about the reception of their Dynamo soccer team by the British, although evidently merely an

exhibition of Russian hypersensitivity, has had no parallel in our reception of visiting athletes. The error we commonly make is that of excessive hospitality to our guests. That record is marred, in infrequent incidents, by the performance of sourbellies and scolds who are vehemently disavowed by the vast majority of Americans—the typical Americans.

All these things, and many more show to the credit of the American when his character and conduct are examined. Yet the practice of deprecating him persists.

He's damned if he does, and damned if he doesn't.

He's criticized if he is, and criticized if he isn't.

That's been the cruel and unusual fate to which the American man has been subjected, and despite which he has prospered and grown smarter, stronger, greater.

Someday in these rapidly changing times the American man may get tired of being the target for chronic scolds and turn on them with characteristic energy in teaching them good manners and proper respect for a guy who, taking one consideration with another, is the most hopeful indication that the two-legged naked breed is getting better as its route gets farther from the ebbing tide of Paleolithic time. ‡

Continued from page 76



Heading  *South*



A *Soap 'n' Water** BEACH ENSEMBLE

BY JACKSON RAYMOND

You'll rate plenty of applause in this Beach Coat and Boxer Short Ensemble by JACKSON RAYMOND. Fashioned with smart, original styling in exclusive dynamic designs of famed *Soap 'n' Water** fabrics—guaranteed unconditionally washable. Wear it to highlight the resort season now—and to pace the summer season to come. Write for name of store nearest you. JACKSON RAYMOND SPORTSWEAR, INC., 200 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK. PHILADELPHIA. LOS ANGELES.

* REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

JACKSON RAYMOND

Sportswear of Custom Character

RÉMY MARTIN COGNAC

FOR SEVEN GENERATIONS THE IDEAL CHRISTMAS SPIRIT



OR THAT "extra-special" name on your gift-list—the person for whom only a truly *magnificent* present will do—here is the gift of gifts!

For this *fine champagne* cognac, from the proudest vineyards of France, is numbered among the *rarest* and *costliest* cognac of the world!

In its imported, splendidly hand-blown bottle, it is a gift that will *always* be remembered with gratitude and pride.



Pipe Smoking Revolutionized by utterly new principles of construction!

The Amazing ONE OUNCE PIPE

—with the patented built-in Humidome that conditions the tobacco as you smoke it
—no soggy "heel-taps"

THE BRIER BOWLS ARE ALMOST COLLECTORS' ITEMS—AND PRECISION THREADED SO YOU CAN HAVE MANY EXTRA BOWLS FOR ONE SHANK



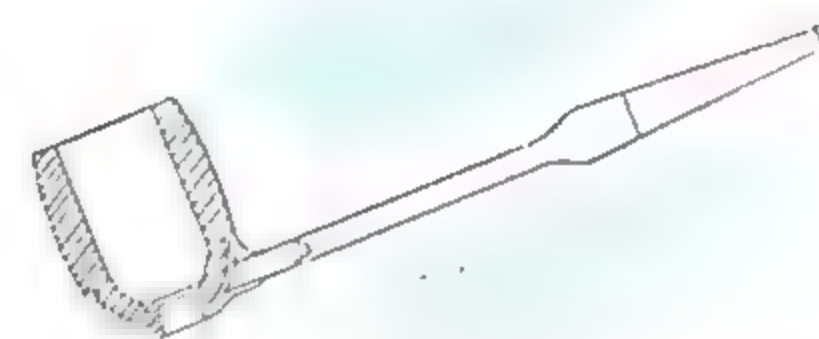
GET A LIFT FROM A GIFT!
AND MAKE HIM FEEL LIKE
A MILLIONAIRE

IMPROVEMENTS undreamed of, now bring new delight to pipe smokers. Yes, and in a pipe so light it weighs but one solitary ounce.

For now has been overcome the greatest of all drawbacks to pipe smoking—the soggy residue collecting in the bowl.

This is prevented by a tiny built-in tobacco conditioner—the *Humidome*. This revolutionary invention "conditions" the tobacco as you smoke it—prevents moisture from collecting in the bowl and ingeniously traps it before it gets into the stem. And man—what a pleasure! No more bitter bite—no more soggy "heel taps."

This pipe, too—The FALCON Featherweight—instead of enclosing the smoke tube in a heavy outer shell, leaves its entire spiral length exposed to cooling air.



Not a gadget—a real pipe made with highest precision. Hailed as a great new advancement in pipe styling—the first pipe with interchangeable bit, shank and bowl. And what bowls! Fine hand selected Mediterranean brier. Each one a treasure. *Extra bowls are threaded* to screw on the shank to serve even the ten-pipe-a-day man.

See this vast innovation in pipe smoking at stores where you would seek the unusual in men's things or gifts. If your retailer doesn't have it write to

FALCON Pipe Co., Inc.
Fort Wayne 2, Indiana.



WHAT! WEIGHS ONLY
ONE OUNCE!
THAT FOR ME!

The first fully air-cooled
pipe—with spiral smoke
tube completely exposed
to the air.

Light as a Feather
Cool as a Breeze
Clean as a Whistle

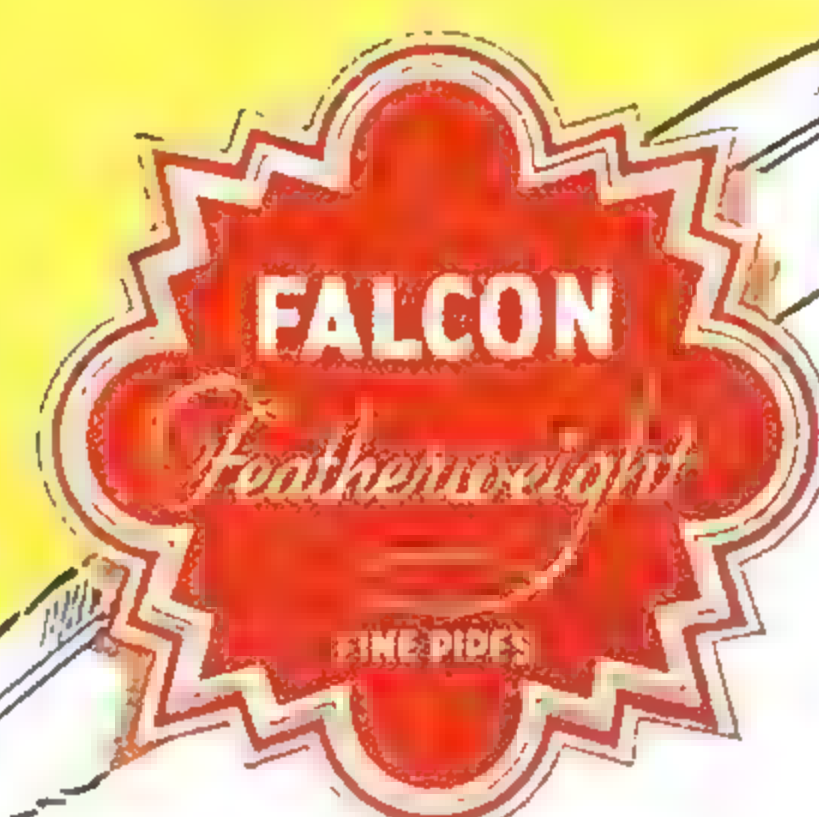
Hand selected Imported
Mediterranean Brier Bowls—
hand polished.



Extra bowls threaded to fit
original shank.

\$10

at your dealer's





DRESS UP for BED

Every night is a wonderful night for sleep when you can luxuriate in the next-to-nothing freedom of these superb new Universal Tailored Pajamas! . . . Created to bring you supreme comfort as well as advanced lounge styling, each individual pair is lavishly cut from a wide choice of soft, rich, colorful fabrics . . . then skillfully tailored to fit with the casual ease of custom sportswear . . . Exclusive new Universal "Cradle Crotch" gives you complete relief from the binding discomfort of the ordinary V-Crotch! At better stores in limited quantities . . . and more are on the way!

UNIVERSAL PAJAMAS

ALSO SHIRTS AND SPORTSWEAR



RELIANCE MANUFACTURING CO. • CHICAGO, NEW YORK

4 Reasons Why Fleischmann's makes America's Finest Holiday Gift



1 Fleischmann's "Dry" Dryness!

Not just dry—FLEISCHMANN'S GIN is "dry" dry... without the slightest trace of "sweetness." In fact, tests show it's 100% dry—a connoisseur's choice, yet priced for you to enjoy!

2 Fleischmann's Taste!

It's light! It's delicate! A taste found only in FLEISCHMANN'S. Made with the aid of costly imported botanicals, FLEISCHMANN'S GIN is *continuously distilled*.

3 Fleischmann's Smoothness!

It's so soft! So velvety! So very, very smooth! The reason? It's 76 years of "know how"—for no other gin was made in America before FLEISCHMANN'S!

4 Fleischmann's Mixability!

It's priceless—for making perfect drinks! And the secret is simply that FLEISCHMANN'S provides the ideal "base" for Martinis, Tom Collins, for all gin drinks! It's "balanced" at 90 proof—just right!

You find all 4 only in **FLEISCHMANN'S** America's First Gin

Just Can't See for Lookin'

Continued from page 107

Cole original, *Straighten Up and Fly Right*, to Nat's own version of such standards as *Sweet Lorraine* and *A Hundred Years from Today*. Often, on such numbers, the whole audience will sing along with him. In a sympathetic house, Nat can even get the customers singing novelties like *Prim Fram Sauce*. Intricate runs by Oscar on his guitar and by Nat on the piano break up the performance. But it is all done with precision and control, effortlessly.

It's hard to see how any machine that works as smoothly as this one does could be anything but the result of careful planning. But as far as Nat is concerned, the King Cole Trio is a complete accident. In his dressing room backstage at NBC, relaxing between assaults by song pluggers, each of whom had a sure-fire hit "written especially for you," Nat grinned and said, "I guess the whole thing was an accident. I never dreamed of the Trio like this. I thought maybe we'd get to play some good hotel spots, not all this money. But let it stay! Man! I'm not objecting!"

Nat was born Nathaniel Coles (the latter became Cole, to go with King, when the Trio was getting started and needed a name) in Montgomery, Alabama, on St. Patrick's Day, 1917. His family moved to Chicago four years later, where his father was pastor of the Truelight Spiritual Temple on the South Side. At the age of twelve he was playing organ in his father's church and singing in the choir.

"But I was always crazy about show business," Nat says, "and I was particularly crazy about bands. Why, I used to stand in front of the radio and lead the bands all the time. That's why it's kind of surprising for me to have a trio."

Nat took piano lessons for a while, "Mostly to learn to read, you know. I could play more piano than the teacher." Then he had his own band, the Rogues of Rhythm. His older brother, Eddie, a bass player with Noble Sissle, joined him and the Coles brothers even made some records for Decca, now collectors' items.

Those years in Chicago, working clubs and dance halls, had a great effect on Nat, as musician and singer. He listened to the great Earl Hines, one of the pioneers among jazz pianists, whose influence is still evident in Nat's playing, and he also heard the great Chicago bands of men like Jimmie Noone. Nat liked the Noone band fine. The theme song of the famous New Orleans clarinetist was a little tune of Mitchell Parish's called *Sweet Lorraine*. "Man, that was the first song I ever sang," Nat says. "That was Jimmie Noone's theme song. Later on, out on the Coast, people got to thinking we wrote that song, but it was Jimmie Noone's theme song." Today, after making *Sweet*

Lorraine one of the juke-box hits of the country, Nat always credits the composer when he introduces it, but most people still think *Sweet Lorraine* is Nat Cole's song.

After playing in various Chicago night spots, the Coles brothers' band joined the show, *Shuffle Along*. When the show left for the West Coast, Nat wanted to go along (there was a girl named Nadine Robinson in the chorus) but Eddie didn't want to, so they split up.

In California, *Shuffle Along* folded. Nat took the band into the Ubangi Club in Maywood (Nat and Nadine were married by now) but the job ended quickly and, like all bands out of work, it broke up. So Nat went out as a single act. While at the Century Club in 1937, a night-spot owner named Bob Lewis told Nat to get a trio and come to work in his Hollywood place, the Swanee Inn. That's how the King Cole Trio was born. Nat hired Wesley Prince, a Pasadena lad and, like Nat, a minister's son, as bass player. Wes suggested guitarist Oscar Moore, a lad the same age as Nat. Son of an Austin, Texas, blacksmith and brass bandmaster, Oscar had taken up guitar under the guidance of an itinerant Mexican named Carl Gomez. (His favorite guitarists today are Segovia and Vincente Gomez. Of the latter Oscar says, "Man, he really plays guitar!") Oscar was nicknamed Jesus Boy because he was born on Christmas Day. Before going with Nat he had been around Los Angeles awhile, playing mostly in movie-studio bands.

The Trio went into the Swanee Inn for two weeks and stayed six months. Prince suggested they call themselves the King Cole Trio; the name stuck.

From the start, Nat and the boys poured it on, never letting up in their anxiety to prove their musicianship. One night during those first six months, a slightly high customer complained, "You guys aren't musicians. You can't play anything but jazz."

Nat pushed his crown back on his head, shrugged off the slur, and said, "Man, we're *musicians*, real musicians! We can play any kind of music."

"I'll bet you a bottle of twenty-dollar champagne you can't learn to play the *Rhapsody in Blue*," the argumentative customer said.

"Just give us a couple of days to get in on it and we'll show you," Nat said. "I'll give you a week," the customer replied.

"So we went out and bought the music, thirty-one pages," Nat says, "and we practised it every day for that week. We got it so good we only left out maybe two bars! We were playing most of it by memory, but I kept the music on the top of the piano, because we couldn't play it all by memory. You just can't memorize thirty-one pages, but we had it down real good. We wanted to show that

Continued on page 198

No Smarter Gift than...



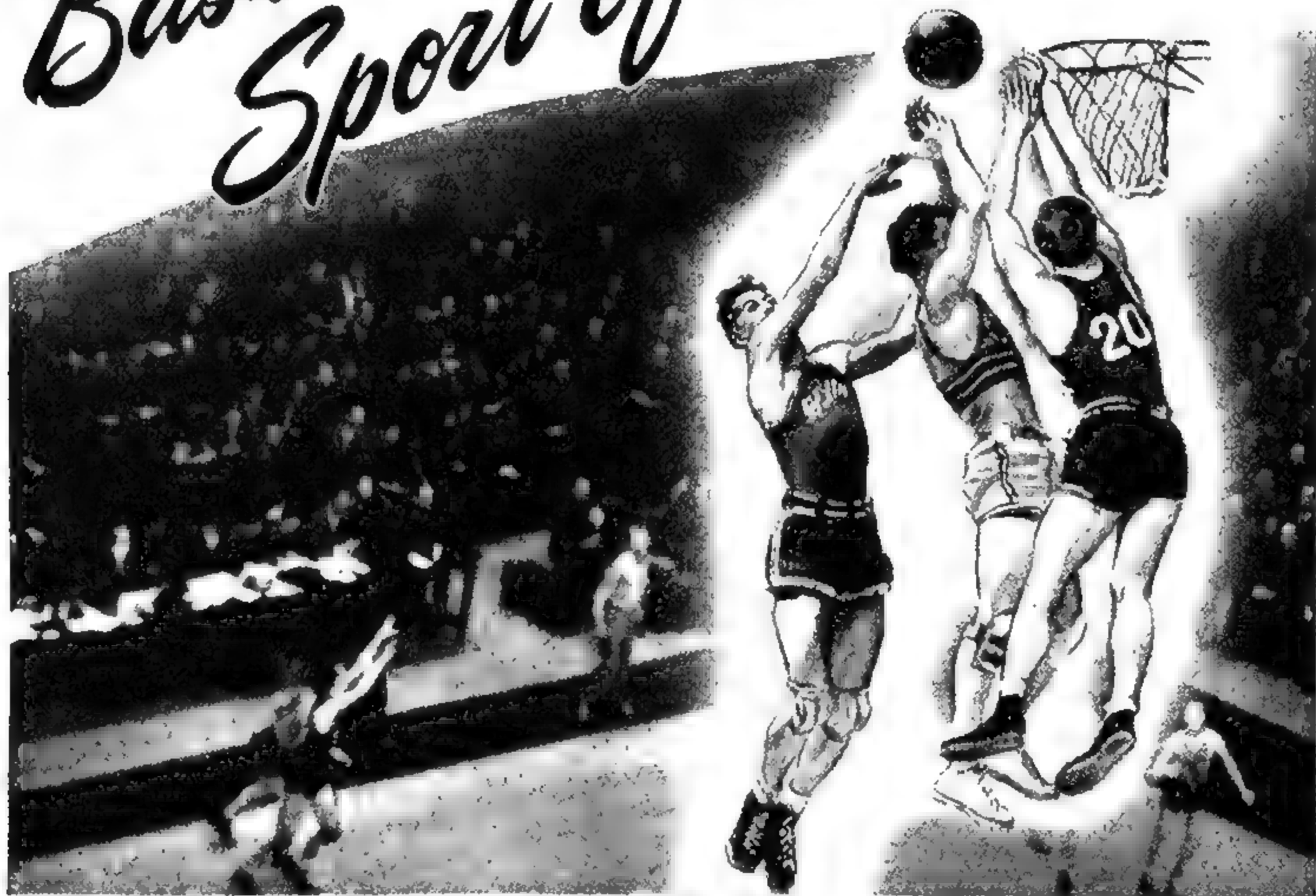
Plain Ends
Ivory Tips
Beauty Tips (red)

MARLBORO

America's Luxury Cigarette



Basketball...the Favorite Sport of Millions



Jockey...the Favorite Short of Millions

90,000,000 people see this tremendously popular winter indoor sport in a peak season. Basketball has more players than any other comparative or combative sport—about 20,000,000 throughout the world—according to the Encyclopedia of Sports by Frank G. Menke.



Jockey Shorts

Millions of Jockey fans at home and abroad wear the internationally known underwear favorite that ended "squirming." The patented Y-Front construction of Jockey is the reason why men prefer this famous underwear. It is the only support garment with the "friendly" pouch structurally cradled for healthful, gentle but bracing, buoyant uplift. Jockey's convenient No-Gap opening . . . its bulkless crotch . . . its trim streamlining and smooth, ingeniously-placed seams which permit complete freedom of action without chafing or binding, are other unexcelled Jockey features, in addition to the all-round comfort of its soft knit fabric. The exclusive Jockey support and comfort features are found in all models. Jockey is made to make every man "a Jockey fan."

THERE'S ONLY ONE JOCKEY

It's a Brand...It's a Trade Mark...It's Made By

Coopers INC.
KENOSHA WISCONSIN

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Underwear · Sportswear · Hosiery

Licenses for Canada, Moodies; for British Isles, Lyle & Scott; for Australia, Speedo Knitting Mill; for New Zealand, Lane-Walker-Rudkin; for Switzerland, Vollmoeller



Just Can't See for Lookin'

Continued from page 197

guy we were real musicians and could play any kind of music and we sure hated to buy him that champagne if we lost."

Naturally, they didn't lose. "We've carried that music around ever since," Nat complains, "but we never have used it again."

Following the Swanee Inn, the boys worked all sorts of night spots in and around Hollywood: Jim Otto's Steak House, Foxhill's Café (here they were just opposite the 20th Century lot), the Club Circle and the Radio Room. They acquired a small reputation and were booked out of town. In Chicago they played opposite the Bob Crosby band and made eight sides for Decca, including a version of *Sweet Lorraine* that is almost identical with the jukebox sensation they later recorded for Capitol. They played Washington, then New York, in 1941.

They'll never forget their exile in New York. They played Nick's in the Village (a task any pianist is especially likely to remember, as the boss insists on playing piano, too), and Kelly's Stables, uptown. One week they ended up with only ninety-nine dollars, after all deduction, and split it three ways. (This fall they'll make \$5,000 a week at the Paramount.) Nat was buying a car. He went to the booking agent and asked for an advance of \$33 to make a payment, and was refused!

After that "rugged time" in New York, they went back to the Coast, played at the 331 Club, made a ten-week trip to Omaha, and returned to the 331 for forty-eight weeks. That brought them through the Winter of 1943-44, and then something happened.

Carlos Gastel, a West Coast dance promoter turned manager, who had known Nat for some time became the Trio's personal manager. Right away they secured a date with Capitol, the new firm which was to make the Big Three in the record business

the Big Four. Their second record for Capitol, *Straighten Up and Fly Right*, was an instantaneous and utterly amazing hit. (The other side was the aptly titled *Just Can't See For Lookin'*.) Within a few months, it was on juke boxes all over the country, was being played on the air constantly on the nation's 1000-odd radio stations and, in general, was making a mint of money for Cole and Capitol. It was a novelty tune, as you no doubt remember; all about the buzzard that took a monkey for a ride in the air.

Nat wrote it from an old joke he had heard a preacher use in a sermon. What was good for the church was apparently good for the Trio too, as it put them in the big money almost overnight.

By this time, the original bassist, Wesley Prince, had been replaced by Johnny Miller, a quiet lad also from Pasadena, whose care with money is reflected in his nickname, "Thrifty." The Trio immediately started to capitalize on their success, with theatre dates, dances and vaudeville performances. This was the same combination agents had called "awkward" a short while before.

Nat attributes the success of the Trio to the job Capitol did in exploiting the records. "But," he adds, "we were able to follow it up with more. We had a lot of tunes. Not like if we hadn't been able to do anything more after that first hit. We had all the numbers we'd worked out over those long years." In rapid succession the Trio made *Gee, Baby, Ain't I Good To You* (another instance of Nat's ability to take an old tune and make it new again . . . this time an old Don Redman number from the McKinney's Cotton Pickers days), *Bring Another Drink, If You Can't Smile and Say Yes, Shy Guy*, and then two real smash hits, *Frim Fram Sauce* and *Route 66*.

Capitol immediately recorded an album of favorite tunes by the Trio, which led the album list of best sellers for weeks. A second album followed, and Decca, which in 1942 had let their contract lapse ("We had to make a choice

between King Cole and Lonie Jordan because of production problems," an executive said), is now busily putting together a King Cole Trio album for release this winter.

The Trio has also made five movies, has contracts for two more, and prior to signing a long-term contract with Kraft Music Hall on NBC made guest appearances on radio shows.

On the Music Hall, on which you get the full gamut of piano styles, from Eddy Duchin to King Cole, the astute hand of Carlos shows again. The Trio is allowed to pick its own tunes (as they generally do on Capitol) and the sane, adult and unbiased treatment of the Trio on the show, as contrasted with radio's usual Uncle Tom approach to the Negro artist, has brought compliments from the National Negro press. The studio audience for the show, incidentally, gets a rare view of the regard in which the Trio is



"Ah, Miss Norton—alone at last"

held by other musicians. Their opposite numbers in the Russ Case studio orchestra (Dave Bowman, piano, Bob Haggert, bass, and Danny Perri, guitar, no mean musicians themselves), are visibly entranced by the operations of the King Cole Trio.

From many years of working together (and, of course, one of the reasons why they can work together so well) has come a powerful personal relationship among the three musicians. They are inseparable on the road, and, aside from Oscar's preoccupation with deep-sea fishing, rings and flashy sport shirts, have little outside interests other than music. They travel together and generally live together on the road and are sufficient to each other for companionship and amusement. They have even worked together all these years without contracts, unusual in the music business.

Music is their whole life, vocation and avocation. They even relax with music. Last year, when Nat accepted his Esquire Awards (gold for piano and silver for singing—Oscar won a gold Eskey, too, as guitarist), he came away from the presentation, saying, "Man, I'm nervous!" then played the piano for two hours!

Now successful and on top of the music business, Nat is looking to the future. Foreign tours have been offered, but he doesn't want to go abroad yet. He's looking for his own radio show, and, with rare wisdom in an artist, doesn't

want to attempt too much. "Just a fifteen-minute show three times a week, that's enough of the Trio," Nat says.

And next year there is to be a series of concerts. "We haven't been playing enough jazz," Nat says, "and we're going to fix that up. In our concerts, we'll play fifty per cent jazz and fifty per cent the pop tunes we've recorded." Special music, including a *Concerto For Three*, is being prepared to "show off the musicianship of the group." Nat and several California friends, including songwriting singer, Frankie Laine, are writing numbers for the concert tour. That idea of not playing enough jazz has been brought to Capitol's attention, too, and in the future the Trio will devote half of their recording time to doing numbers that will let them show more of their abilities than do the popular songs they've been so successful with. There's even more in the future for the King Cole Trio. Nat has bought a home in Los Angeles, "My own home," as he says, and Oscar is planning on a ranch in the San Fernando Valley.

And lastly, the Fiddler's Three are about to make their logical debut in answer to King Cole's summons. A special Christmas record of a new tune, *Christmas Song*, has been recorded for Capitol with violins.

"That'll surprise some of our friends," Nat says.

It probably will. ##

Continued from page 107

Charley One-Hit

Continued from page 97

logue, by any standard you may care to apply, contained more corn than anything distilled in Bourbon County, Kentucky, and for action—here are stage directions for the closing of Scene 5, Act I:

(Music). Thunder and lightning, sheeted specters arise through traps at back and appear L and R from behind rocks (Skuldavelp appears L H 3rd Ent). Demons R and L are pointing to Hertzog, who takes the pen and dips it in the horn. The pen ignites and flames blue. He writes in the book during which heavy thunder and lightning, skeletons wave their arms, Raven croaks, etc., sheeted specters rise and demons appear from behind rocks, etc., serpents writhe to and fro across stage, and demoniacal laughter is heard outside and above. After Hertzog has signed, Zamiel waves his scepter, gong sounds, and Redglare descends with book, etc., amid red fire (music stops).

Since ladies were denied soothing balm of nicotine and acetosalicylic acid had not been developed in 1866, it is permissible to wonder what the frail, tightly corseted young women in the audience used for pick-me-ups in the ensuing entr'acte.

The *Black Crook* filled Jarret & Palmer's prescription with pharmaceutical precision. It afforded opportunity for frequent interpolation of "fairy ballets," for a reasonable amount of singing, and—a peak of daring never before scaled—for young females to stroll

about the stage sans chemise.

Jarrett & Palmer closed a deal with Barras by which he was to receive a stated sum for each consecutive run. It would have been more profitable to them if they had bought all rights for a lump sum of \$100,000.

Niblo's Garden at Broadway and Spring Street was chosen as the theatre to introduce *The Black Crook*, and incidentally the ballet, to American playgoers. This Niblo's Garden was the Radio City of the gaslit era. Two hundred actors could appear on its stage at once, it had an audience capacity of four thousand, a lavishly appointed café as an adjunct and a ballroom which was easily the finest thing of its kind this side of the Atlantic.

On Wednesday, September 12, 1866, after almost four months of continuous rehearsal, *The Black Crook* opened at Niblo's, and the *New York Times* said:

No one need go to see the play—it's a very odd mixture of Der Freischütz, Undine, the Naiad Queen and several little Teutonic nursery tales. . . . But everybody should, and apparently everybody does, go to see the magnificent spectacle and the delightful ballet which are incidental and ornamental to *The Black Crook*. Such dancing has never been seen here; such unembarrassed disporting of human organism has never been indulged in before. The "Demon Dance" alone would fill

Continued on page 200

Now!
Jockey brings you

- comfort...
- support...
- fit...and
- 'social security'

in Jockey Sport Shorts



SUN-SWIM-GYM

Coopers' designers score again. This time they've tailored handsome, long-lasting poplins and gabardines into high-fashioned sport shorts. Then, they added a specially designed Jockey Short as a liner... with the same masculine support and dependable coverage enjoyed by millions of Jockey Shorts wearers. For active sports or leisure lounging, they've guaranteed your "social security" by Jockey's exclusive construction to prevent creeping, binding and gapping leg openings. Ask your Jockey dealer for Jockey Sport Shorts for winter vacation wear.

THERE'S ONLY ONE JOCKEY

It's a Brand... It's a Trade Mark... It's Made By

Coopers INC.
KENOSHA WISCONSIN

Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Underwear · Sportswear · Hosiery

Licensees for Canada, Moodies; for British Isles, Lyle & Scott; for Australia, Speedo Knitting Mill; for New Zealand, Lane-Walker-Rudkin; for Switzerland, Vollmoeller



CHRISTMAS MORNING—

put your
favorite
man

BEHIND A

MELBROKE
TIE



... because this season's Melbroke ties are the same smartly designed and meticulously tailored neckties men have always admired and selected. And yet they still remain astonishingly low-priced at one dollar! Remember, Melbroke Ties are praised by men, year in, year out, for their famous resilient 100% wool construction that miraculously restores form overnight.

\$1.00

BONNIE BRIGHT
AUTHENTIC TARTAN
SCOTCH PLAIDS

22 RICH-TONED
SOLID COLORS
100% WOOL

AT BETTER STORES
EVERYWHERE

YOUR CHOICE OF
SMART, GAY, MODERN
CLUB STRIPES

LADIES—LOOK FOR THE NAME MELBROKE. MEN DO!

MELBROKE TIES
NEW YORK 1. NEW YORK

Charley One-Hit

Continued from page 199

the house for six consecutive months, and every audience would repeat itself often.

Headline attractions of the presentation were (I quote) "Mademoiselle Bonfanti, assisted by Mademoiselle Rita Sangali, 8 secondary solo danseuses, 20 members of the corps de ballet, and 50 auxiliary ladies."

Mademoiselle Bonfanti must have been quite a girl. She was said to have been the only dancer on the American stage who could—at any rate who did—kick higher than her head. But the "50 auxiliary ladies" of the company were without doubt one of the show's main drawing cards, for they were uninhibitedly garbed in "fleshings," one-piece garments of anemic pink balbriggan shaped along the general lines of—and with about as much esthetic appeal as—slightly wrinkled union suits. Still, at a little distance, and in the glamourizing glow of calcium light, the discernible difference between ladies in "fleshings" and ladies in "the altogether" was, as Mark Twain might have said, "not spacious." The impact of this spectacle on a none too sophisticated New York was approximately that of the atomic bomb on Nagasaki.

The New York *Herald* did not share the *Times*' enthusiasm for the beauties of the ballet and the unfrocked female form. It declared editorially: "French dancing girls present a fraudulent disguise of nudity in scant drapery and ape the poses and attributes of nymphs and goddesses in amorous delirium. . . . Nothing in any other Christian country or in modern times has approached the indecent and demoralizing exhibition."

On Sunday evening, November 18, 1866, the Rev. Charles B. Smythe called down divine wrath impartially on actors and producers of the "shameless spectacle" before a crowded auditorium at Cooper Union. It may be inferred many of his congregation hastened to satisfy themselves the spectacle was as sinfully seductive as he had described it. At any rate, *The Black Crook* played four hundred sixty-five consecutive nights, at the end of which it had netted Jarrett & Palmier \$300,000 and paid royalties of \$60,000 to Barras. Such sums would be impressive in the theatre today; in the middle nineteenth century they were unparalleled. As \$55,000 was expended for scenery, properties and costumes, and salaries of the ballet troupe, exclusive of other actors, totaled \$1,000 a week, and as tickets ranged in price from \$1.50 in the parquette to 75c admission and the maximum capacity of the Garden was four thousand, it requires less than Einsteinian ability to figure that attendance at *The Black Crook* was something more than merely satisfactory.

Charles Barras never wrote

another play. He didn't have to. The royalties that poured in from road-show companies of *The Black Crook* in addition to his taking from the Broadway production provided money faster than he could spend it. He bought a greystone mansion at Cos Cob, Connecticut, tired of it, sold it to Edwin Booth for a country home and moved into a palatial suite in the St. Nicholas Hotel in New York. He was a sucker for a touch. No impecunious actor "temporarily at liberty" ever had to ask a second time for a "loan" of ten, twenty, or even fifty dollars.

His end was tragic, violent and unexpected as an incident in his own *magnum opus*. While living at Cos Cob he had made many friends, and it was his custom to spend Sunday evenings there after his return to New York. On Sunday evening, March 30, 1873, he arrived at Cos Cob on the Boston mail train and, impatient to be off, jumped from the car platform before the train had pulled into the station, landing not on the cinder path beside the tracks but on the rocks beneath a railway bridge on which the train had come to a pause. He died early next morning without regaining consciousness.

The New York *Times* for Wednesday, April 2, 1873, bore this announcement:

The funeral of the late Charles M. Barras will take place from Christ Church, Greenwich, Conn., at 10 a. m., Thursday, April 3. Train leaves Grand Central Depot at 8 a. m. Carriages will be in attendance on arrival of the train at Greenwich.

Most of New York's theatrical population was on the train when it pulled out of Grand Central next morning. Four hours later they were on the special train that brought the funeral party back to New York.

Charles Barras had not been a great or even a successful actor. Certainly he had not been a great playwright. But he had made a fortune by the single stroke of luck that brought him, his manuscript and Jarrett & Palmer together at an opportune time, and he had been generous with his profits. He left a city full of friends and slightly envious admirers. The *Times* predicted, "He will be remembered as the author of one production," but even that seems a more generous hand than fate has dealt him. Today few people except students of the theatre and a few old-timers, who recall when annual revivals of *The Black Crook* were events, have ever even heard of him or his one and only success. Yet in its day *The Black Crook* was as much of a stand-by as were Al Reeves' Big Beauty Show or Sliding Billy Watson.

Or perhaps you, gentle reader, being of the modern generation, never heard of Sliding Billy? If so, you started living twenty years too late. #

Continued from page 97

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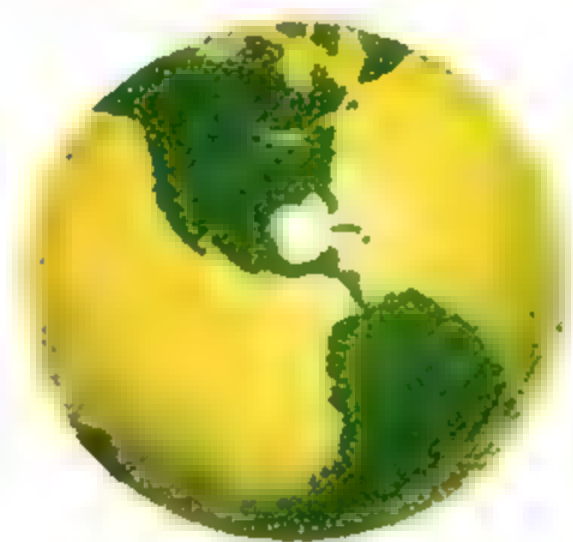
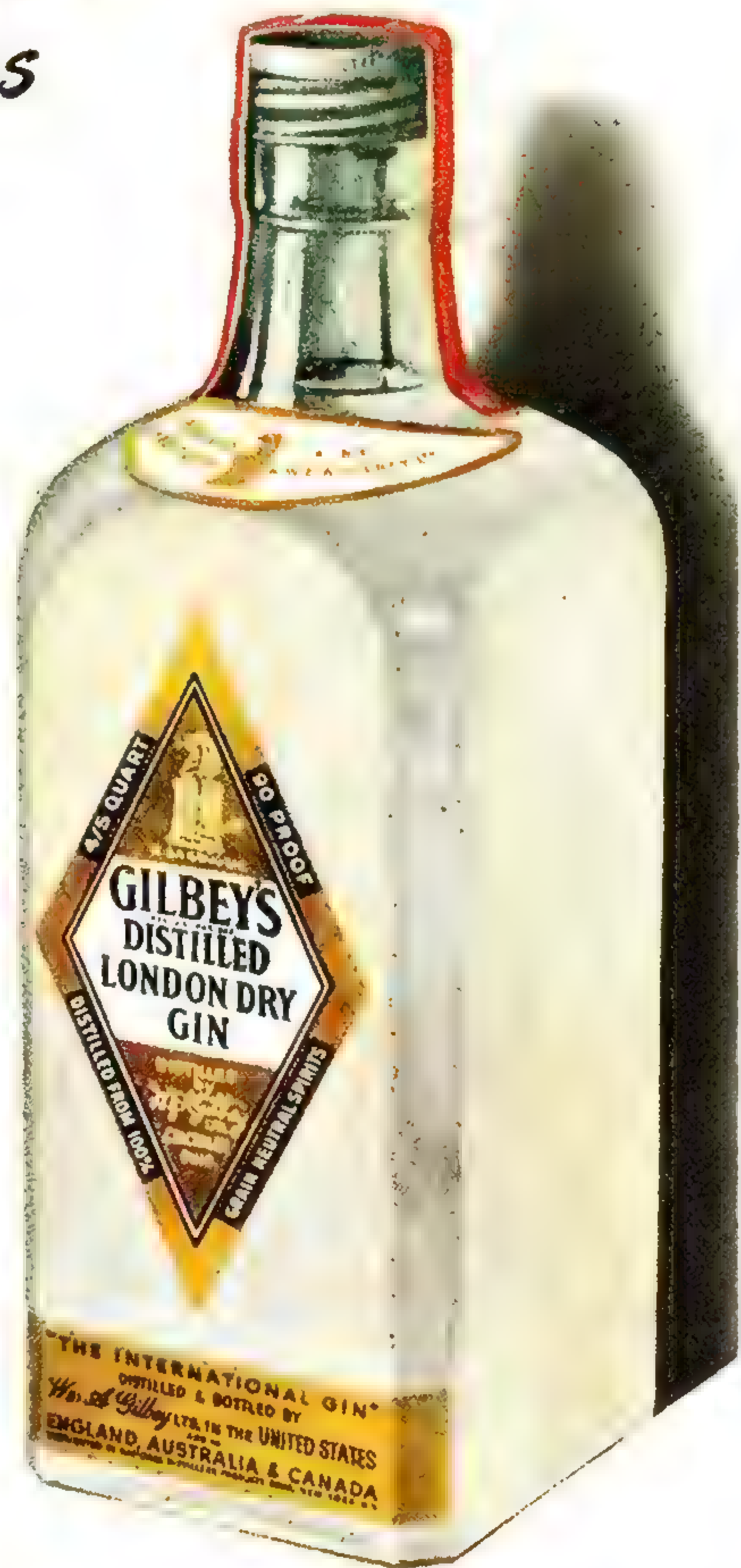
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Metamorphoses of Huey

Continued from page 68

Long story are still alive, and the law of libel still operates (although in Long's own Louisiana it was suspended when he wanted to blast an enemy in print). So each novelist gives his Huey Long character a different name, and tailors the story of his life to fit his own chosen pattern. This is all right, of course, but since hundreds of thousands of people read successful novels, while hardly anybody bothers to read old newspaper clippings, there is a chance that in time the fictional Long will blot out the memory of the real one, and that may encourage some new muzzler to start all over again.

The reason for the retrospective blurring of a case history like Long's is, I think, simple. In an acceptable story the reader wants to have some fellow-feeling for the central figure. No one wants to read 500 pages about an unadulterated s. o. b. The rural bandit who was the

original of Robin Hood probably was no kinder to the poor than Al Capone or Lucky Luciano, and I used to know an old machinist in Providence who swore he had fixed roulette wheels and loaded dice for Richard Canfield, who in legend became known as the Prince of Honest Gamblers.

Sun in Capricorn (Scribner's, \$2.50, if you can find it), the first of the novels based on Huey, appeared in 1942. It was the work of Hamilton Basso, a New Orleans newspaperman turned novelist who had covered the Long story from its beginnings. Basso also had the advantage of being a native Louisianian, which helped him understand the blatherskite's appeal

to the poor white. Gilgo Slade, the name Basso gave his fictional dictator, got his hold because he represented "the force of retribution," and because he could turn on a tremendous spellbinding energy. His face was "as any-

Continued on page 206



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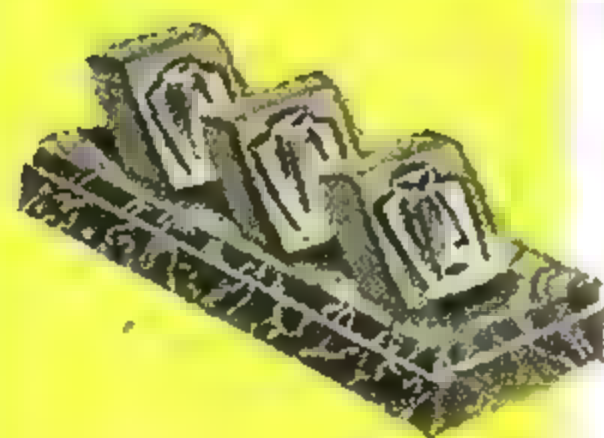
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Metamorphoses of Huey

Continued from page 205

mous in its lack of distinction as any face taken at random from a crowd—until he turned that energy on. I recognized the fidelity of Mr. Basso's reporting from my own memory of Long's meek Waldorf face, with the energy turned off. Slade had "bursts of insane wrath, screaming fits of rage,"—like a fellow named Hitler. Established as governor, he had organized a great vulgar system of circuses to keep his people patient in default of the bread he had promised—endless barbecues, circus parades, a subsidized State University football team, a constant stream of divertissements directed to the feeble-minded, while his political espionage system took care of the recalcitrants. The character who tells the story is a young country lawyer whose affair with a girl he picks up in New Orleans is blown up into a headline scandal by Slade's smear department, simply because the young man's uncle has been nominated on an anti-Slade ticket. He has no direct conversation with Slade in the course of the book, though circumstances compel him to listen to a couple of the dictator's public harangues. The accounts of a Slade reception in New Orleans and of a Slade mass meeting at which the dictator is shot by the

narrator's cousin (the real Long, as you know, was killed more privately) are pure gems. Slade is displayed impersonally like a live tarantula in a glass case, but the reader is not allowed to forget that there are special conditions that are favorable to the breeding of tarantulas. The reason, I think, why the book attained only moderate popular success is that the nice, insignificant hero doesn't hold your interest, while it is hard to work up any fellow-feeling for a tarantula. Basso had a chance to see the Long regime work, and there is stuff in his book too wonderful for any non-witness to invent, for example the state police trick of closing all roads leading away from the dictator's meetings or even around them, so that there was bound to be "a huge crowd" and a traffic jam every time he talked near a main highway.

John Dos Passos, not a Louisianian, but a writer of international caliber, brought out *Number One* in 1943. *Number One* is what the other characters in the book called Homer (Chuck) Crawford, the Dos Passos version of Long. In his novel he writes of a dictator who has already attained the Washington stage of Long's career and is training to be President. In Washington local despots on the make have to be a

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bit more subtle than at home. The point of view is that of an alcoholic, disillusioned newspaperman named Toby Spotswood, the senator's secretary. Spotswood is held to Crawford, even after he has decided that Chuck is no good, by his hopeless yen for the blatherskite's nice corn-fed wife, who plays him for a sucker. Crawford makes Spotswood a dummy officer of a radio company, which receives a lump of money from oil men. The money really goes to Crawford, but the federal income tax people get after Spotswood (a situation closely modeled after the real life dilemma of some Long associates in 1935). Crawford goes off on urgent business, leaving Spotswood holding the bag. Spotswood holds it because he can't bear to make Mrs. Crawford cry. But before he reports for sentence he starts to write a note to leave for the windbag.

"Honorable Homer T. Crawford, Dear Chuck:



"Remember how you laughed at me when I built this air raid shelter? Well I'm getting sixty dollars a month for it now"

"You God damned lousy yellow double-crossing bastard."

Then he tears it up. Chuck might tell Mrs. Crawford. Mr. Dos Passos, with a disdain for drama that borders on pure affectation, omits the shooting from the story. It just ends like that, with the silly souse trapped.

Dos Passos' approach to the Long character is not the same as Basso's. At one stage of his life Chuck Crawford might have been a good man. As Mrs. Crawford explains it to Spotswood, in a rustic patter which that rumblotter finds ingratiating:

"When I first married Homer he was the cutest thing—do you suppose people are like Jerseys? A young Jersey

bull's the cutest thing, we had one once who'd play like a kitten, an' then suddenly he grows up an' tries to kill you."

Nineteen forty-four, for some reason, produced no Huey Long novel, but the next year brought Adria Locke Langley's *A Lion is*

Continued on page 208

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Metamorphoses of Huey

Continued from page 207

in the Streets (now available in a \$1 Sun Dial Press edition) which was the popular sock of the series. It is expressed in a juxtaposition of words that bears a haunting resemblance to language, but it is hard to say which one. It reads like a mixture of *True Confessions* and the dialogue for a parish minstrel show; and in fact ran serially in a national magazine. This time the story is all told as it affected the dictator's wife. The Long character is labeled Hank Martin, the Big Lion.

His wife remembers when she first saw him:

"Silhouetted against the sun, as a magnet with a warm radiance." This apparently means that he was bent over double, like a horseshoe, but gives no directions for taking the temperature of a radiance by eye—"I like y', Sweetface," he whispered huskily, "I'm a honin' for y'. Purely a honin'. Hell, I wanted y' first time ever I seed y'."

"Saw, Hank," she corrected him in a weak murmur. (She was a schoolteacher).—"For a long moment his eyes devoured her." Later she found his plain talk coarse, but he corrected her (at least, presumably, that part of her which his eyes had spit out on the plate).

"It's plumb persnickety to feel

that-a-way 'bout a privy. God 'lmighty!'"

Hank, he fit his way on up, sostained by th' love uv a good woman, but she soured on him the way he wuz a murderin' peoples, tromplin' end erstompin' on their rights 'n doin' ugly with a little swamp girl name er Flamingo he made his secretary thot drun a gangster in a fishpond 'n thowed fish in his face. So when finely sumbuddy riz up n shooted him down, evn his missus hed ter 'mit it twaz all fer th' best.

This great splotch of banana split marked one further step in the blurring process. Dos Passos had made his dictator a bastard who might have been a good man, Miz Langley's Lion was a great and good man who jest onfortnity turned into a bastard.

With Mr. Warren's book we re-enter the zone of communication between literate males. It is writ good, as one er Miz Langleys kerriekters might say; mebbe better writ then Basso'n mebbe not quite just's good writ as Dos Passos.

We also arrive at a point in the circle diametrically opposite to Basso's position. Mr. Warren's dictator is a fine, although sometimes thwarted fellow, a Prometheus really trying to do for his people what Long

Continued on page 209

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Metamorphoses of Huey

Continued from page 208

used to say he wanted to do. He's clean as a hound's tooth, martial law isn't mentioned anywhere in the book, and while he is shot dead, just like Long, the act has no political motivation. A doctor shoots him because he has been sleeping with the doctor's sister, a virgin until the age of thirty-five. The doctor had probably been hoping she'd make it the rest of the way.

Basso made the active villain of his book a character named Fritz Cowan, chief of Gilgo Slade's spy system. Warren tells his story through the mouth of Jack Burden, the fellow who digs up the dirt for Willie Stark to use in his blackmailing. Willie Stark is the name of the Long-Slade-Crawford-Martin personality in *All the King's Men*. At Willie Stark's funeral, after the apolitical homicide, Burden speaks harshly to a newspaper photographer, who replies in astonishment: "You work for Stark, and you call somebody a sonofabitch." Burden sadly concludes that the photographer is one of the myriad victims of a Great Misunderstanding.

Because of Burden, Warren's book is perhaps more valuable than any of the other three as a study in the pathology of dictatorship. Dos Passos was getting warm when he had his Spots-

wood attracted to the dictator by a platonic affection for the dictator's wife. Burden is obviously in love with Willie Stark himself. He tips his mitt early in his narration, describing how he felt while waiting for Stark to speak.

"It's coming," I thought. There was the cold grip way down in the stomach as though somebody had laid hold of something in there, in the dark which is you, with a cold hand in a cold rubber glove. It was like the second when you came home late at night and see the yellow envelope of the telegram sticking out from under your door and you lean and pick it up, but don't open it yet, not for a second."

That is the way a sixteen-year-old boy feels while waiting for his beloved to say something. Stark's words seem just as flat to an outsider as the remarks of the adolescent's sweetie always do, but to Burden they are marvelous.

Like a true lover, Burden is willing to believe anything Willie tells him. The boss says you don't have to frame anybody, because everybody in the world is a crook and all you have to do is dig down in a man's past to get material for blackmail. Burden accepts that and cheerfully goes away to get something on old Judge Irwin, who has been his friend, guide and

Continued on page 210

SHORT KEY CHAINS

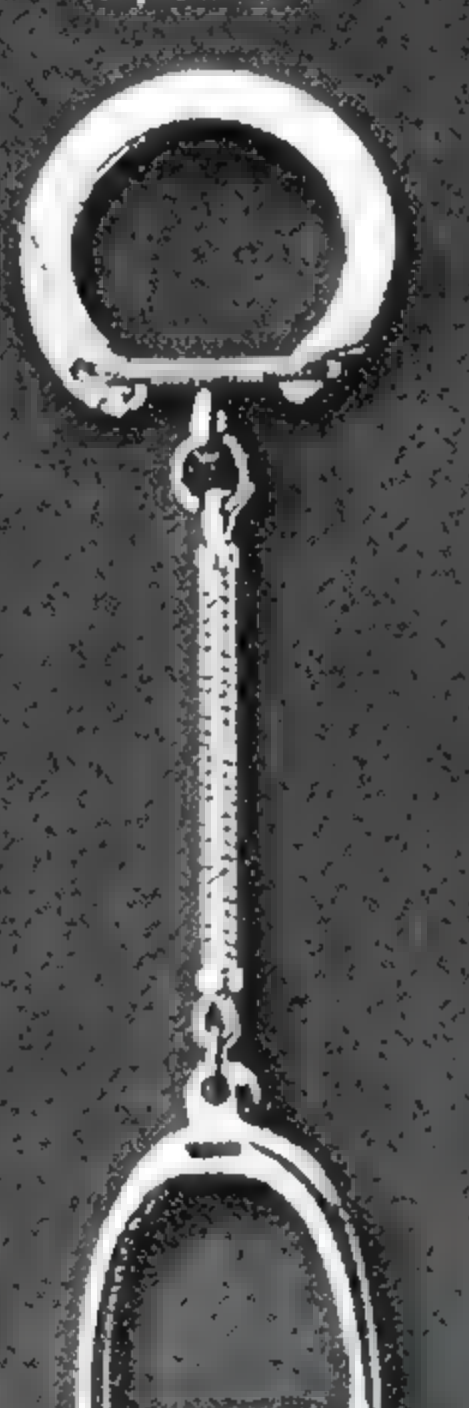
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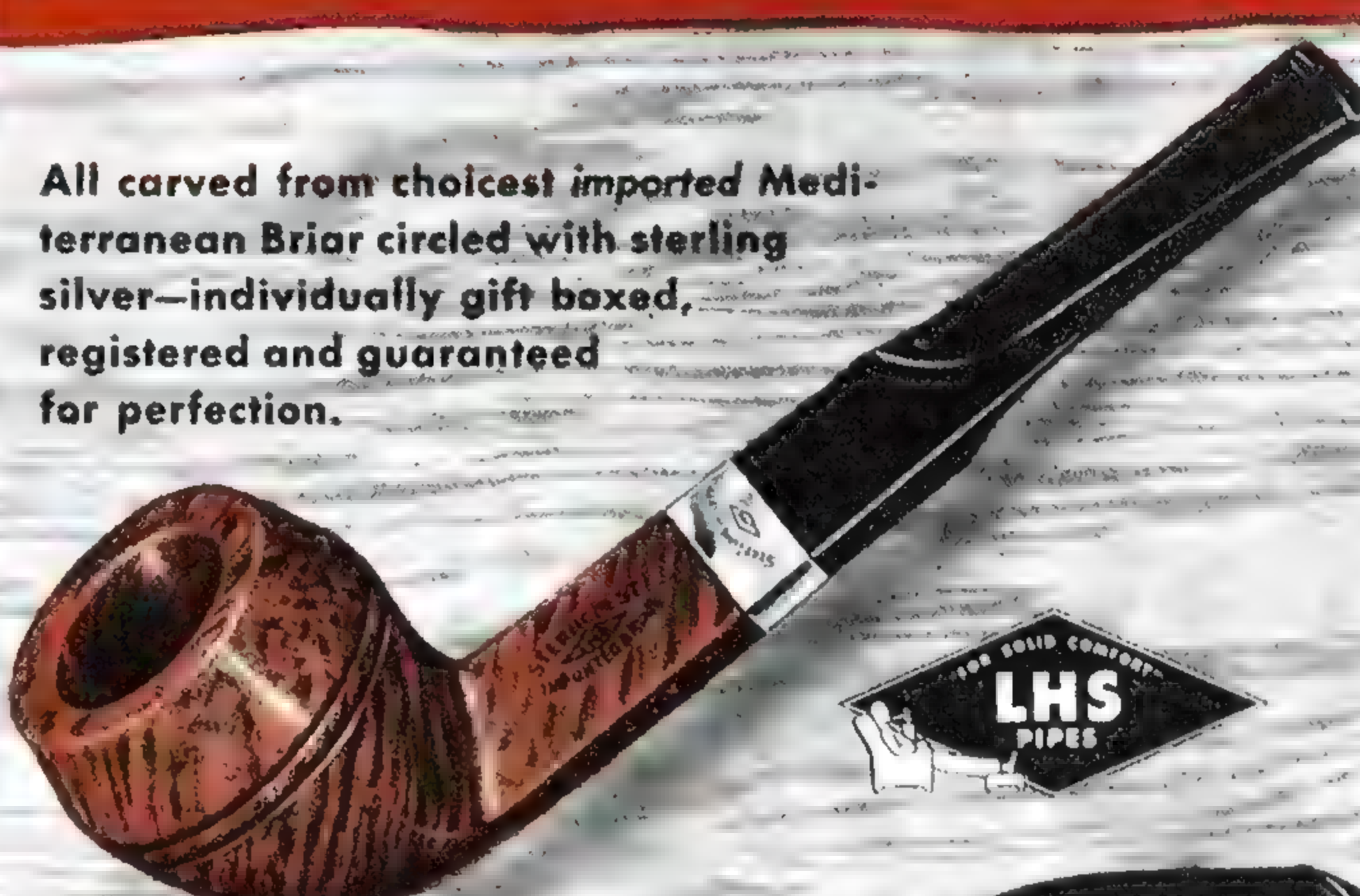
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Metamorphoses of Huey

Continued from page 209

protector since boyhood. He digs up something, a scandal twenty-five years old—it never occurs to him what Willie may have in his past—and when he comes back and tells Judge Irwin, the old man shoots himself. Then Burden's still beautiful, selfish mother tells Jackie that the judge was his real father. This clarifies a lot of things for Burden; he had always had a two-way feeling about his mother, admiring her but hating her for sleeping with so many men. Now that he has learned the identity of her one great lover and knows that he is dead, he apparently feels better about everything—particularly since he has inherited the old man's house. Anyway, he figures, it is no skin off Willie's nose. Willie just wanted the dirt on the judge because the old man was supporting a candidate for Congress Willie didn't like.

Like a true lover too, Burden will believe nothing bad about his adored one. Willie Stark, according to him, never even wanted to be in politics—he was tricked into running for office and then stayed in just to help the people. There was some graft in the state, but Willie never got it. The real villain of the piece is a guy named Duffy, who snared Willie into running, is always tempting him with crooked deals and finally

brings about the great man's death by telling the shooting doctor what his sister is up to. The only real indignation Burden musters up during his narrative is reserved for Lois, his divorced wife. It is about as cruel and contemptuous a bit about a female as you will find in modern letters. Burden was capable of going to bed, but not of forgiving himself or the woman who had dragged him into it. In the end the abject fellow marries the doctor's sister, whom he has been making fumbling duty passes at for nineteen years. They are prepared to spend their declining days, one supposes, in reminiscence about Willie.

Involuntarily, after I finished reading, I thought of a middle-aged woman-man I had seen in a little town in Brittany in the Summer of 1944, after the Germans had taken off for home. He was a collaborator who had been beaten up by the women of the place because he had betrayed the husbands of several of them to the Nazis. He fully, and correctly, expected to be shot. "I admit I was on the Germans' side!" he piped like a loyal Hindu bride mounting her husband's funeral pyre. "I'll never deny it!" And I thought of all the uniformed nances we used to see around Hitler in the newsreels. ‡

Continued from page 68

Man Proposes*Continued from page 70*

the match. Barriers down, the suitor then sends his Cupids back with two pieces of cloth for the daughter. If she accepts them, all that remains is for Pop and the young man to get together on an O.P.A. ceiling price.

In certain parts of Brittany a French peasant in love will take his troubles to the village tailor, who proposes to the girl for him. If she accepts, the tailor then checks with her folks for consent. All going well, the tailor puts on one red and one purple stocking, signifying, undoubtedly, that he is busy uniting one more pair of mismates. Then, Pop on one arm, the suitor on the other, he struts them through the village to his home where they sign the inevitable papers.

A Sicilian wooer lets his mother pop the question to the girl's mother—said question including the amount of dowry. In Papua, New Guinea, romance is defined by the pigs, food, ornaments, pearl shells, calico and beads a swain is willing to fork over to his adored one's father.

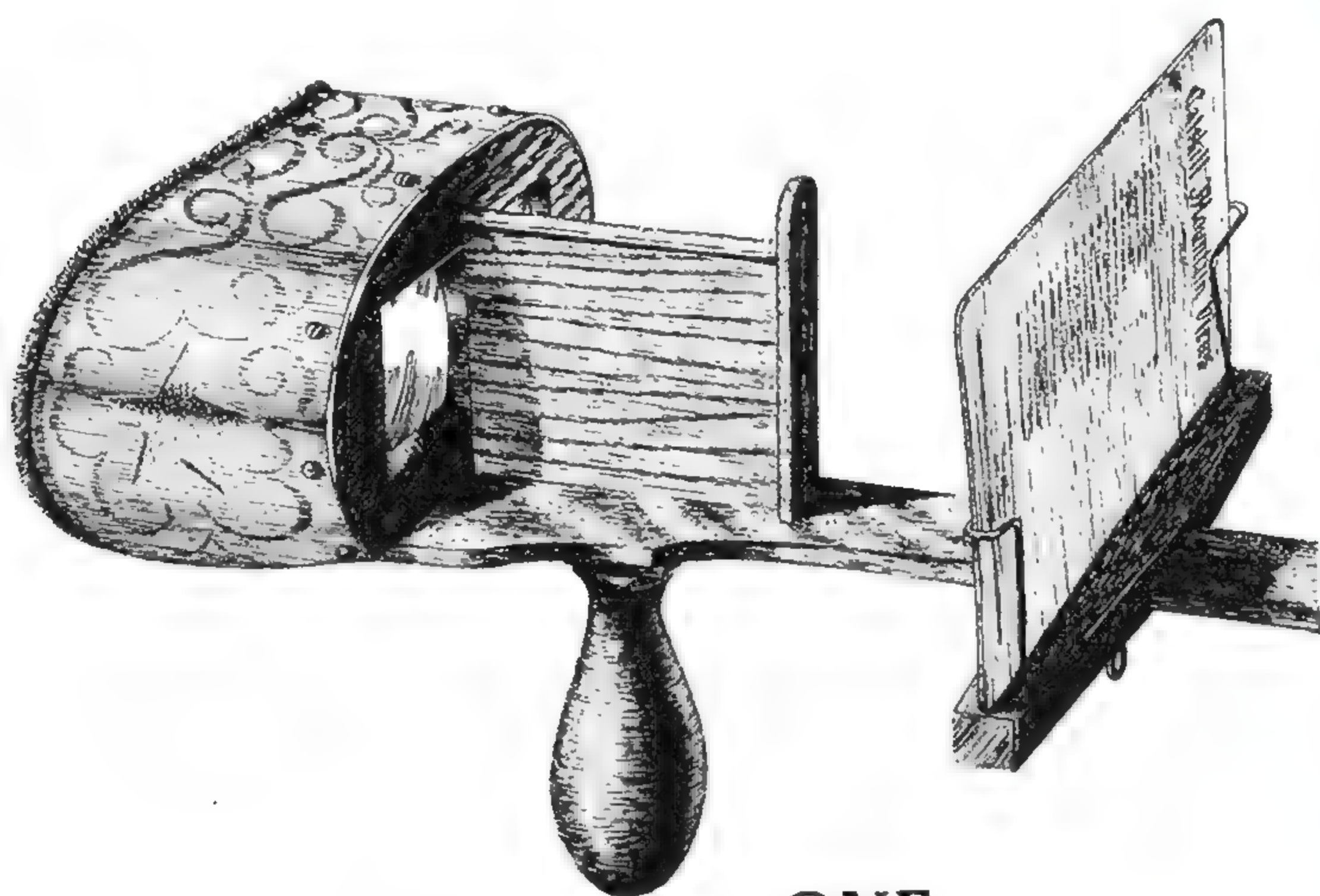
Natives of New Britain, like the Chinese, often arrange prenatal matches. If a prospective father has been paid for marital rights to his expected daughter, and the child is endowed at birth with the wrong set of sex charac-

teristics, Pop is obliged to pay back his advance royalties.

One wizened old New Britain chief, having claimed a promised bride upon her coming of age, soon regretted his bargain. The girl, perpetually homesick, demanded to be sent back to her people. When her husband refused, she went on strike—no cooking, no housekeeping, no conjugal rights. Properly outraged, the old chief decided to mince her instead of words. She was promptly speared, cooked and served up at a merry feast to which he invited all his friends.

In many lands proposing is made easier on male nerves by making it purely a matter of muscle. On the east coast of Greenland, for example, an Eskimo youth with the love light in his eyes simply charges into a girl's igloo or tent, grabs her by the hair and clothes, and drags her home. She is expected to scream and struggle, or else she will be accused of a gross lack of modesty.

Pop continues to snore while all this goes on, secure in the knowledge that if daughter really doesn't like this guy, she has it within her power to make his life nice and miserable, just like any Anglo-Saxon wife—in which case she would be back in due time. This

Continued on page 212

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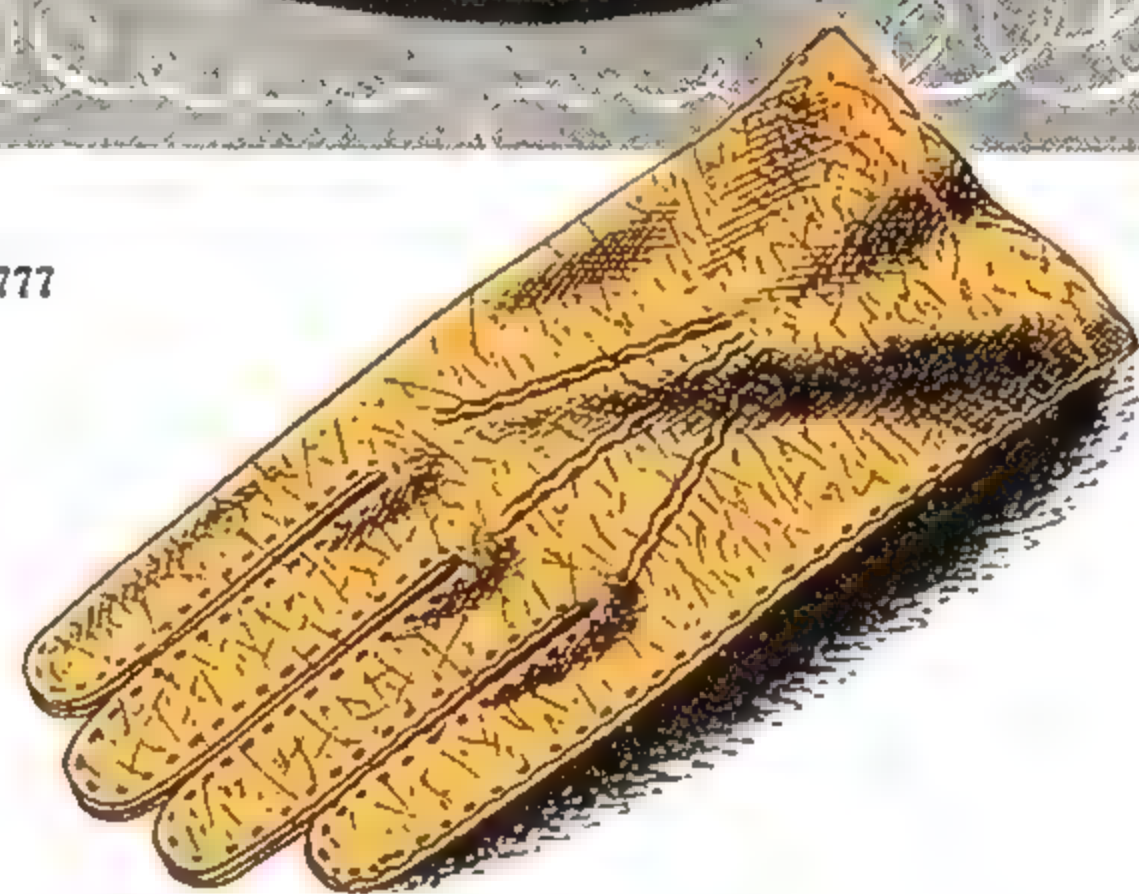


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Man Proposes

Continued from page 211

appealingly simple method of proposal also allows an Eskimo who covets a damsel twice his size to get engaged by proxy, hiring one or two other guys to do his caveman act for him.

Among the Maoris of New Zealand, getting engaged practically involves a tug-of-war, with the girl acting as the rope. When two braves want the same squaw, Pop refuses to arbitrate, inviting them instead to slug it out. Each suitor grabs one of the girl's arms and attempts to get her to come live with him by pulling forcibly. Whichever suitor wins, the poor girl's arms are sometimes dislocated, and often so strained as to be useless for weeks. There is fortunately no case on record of both suitors winning.

In Afghanistan the man who wants a headlock on wedlock simply hides in the street near her home. When she passes his hiding place he springs out and either cuts a lock off her hair, or throws a sheet over her, proclaiming her his bride. However, he's got to strike a bargain with Pop before he can wrap her up and take her home.

Kidnaping is the method heartily approved in the part of India inhabited by the Bhils of the Mahi Kantha. If a youth succeeds in abducting the lady of

his choice across a river, without being apprehended, parents on both sides give their blessings. But if he's spotted, he not only loses the girl but also rates a clout on the jaw from her father. Proving that even in far-off India, the only real sin is getting caught.

Hide-and-seek is the method of proposal used by the Jakun tribes of Malay. If a man wants to marry a girl, he has to chase her through a forest. Failure to catch her, or tripping and falling on his face, will keep him a celibate. But most Jakun girls can't run very fast—naturally. Not through forests.

The Ahetas of the Philippines also go in for a variation of this rigmarole. The girl's parents send her into the forest before sunrise. One hour later the anxious suitor enters the forest to find her before sunset. If she doesn't want to be found, she won't be. If she does, she will. It's as simple as that.

To make sure a man is tough enough to withstand the rigors of married life, the mountain savage of Formosa isn't permitted to ask for a wife until he has presented his chief with a neatly severed head of one of his tribe's enemies. But in the Solomon Islands proof of virility must come from the opposite sex. No damsel is sought

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in marriage until she is daintily tattooed by a sharp knife. Friends who stake her to this beauty parlor treatment expect to be repaid by her tattoo-enraptured husband.

In some countries where a form of face-to-face proposal is to be found, careful provision is made to avoid hurting the sensibilities of thin-skinned lovers. The Karens of Burma, for example, do their question popping at a public funeral. Would-be husbands line up on one side of the corpse, might-be wives on the other.

This cheerful mass proposal opens with a number crooned by the male chorus, who assure the ladies they are very hot stuff, indeed. Then each bachelor moans a love solo, naming the girl who is responsible for his kneecaps melting.

Answering solos from the ladies are always discreetly vague. Lest she be thought too eager, a girl who wants to say yes will sing pessimistically that "It is shameful not to be wanted, but to be divorced afterward is worse, like

a dress that has been washed."

Even if a girl regards her suitor as a thorough drip, she is too courteous to hurt his feelings. "Come to me," she'll sing, "when the full moon appears on the first day of the month." Or, "Eat your rice before it is cooked and come before daylight." If a male Karen knows the score, he realizes he's been brushed off—but ever so politely.

The pairs who hit it off then retire to be married in a bunch, while the others remain to enjoy the funeral rites over the patient corpse.

The Sinambau Dyaks of Borneo are equally considerate. The youth with marital pants in his chants first tips his feelings by

helping his beloved with her daily labors, even going so far as to give her a present upon occasion. Then one night he steals into her house and wakes her up, offering her some of his betel nuts.

If her parents, who sleep in the same room, slumber on or pretend to, the rest is up to her. However, if she refuses the betel

Continued on page 214



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The F. W. Boltz Corp., Los Angeles 24.

Man Proposes

Continued from page 213

nuts, or her parents wake up, the young man may be politely asked to stir the fire or light the lamp. In plain language that means "Get the hell out of here"—but the Dyaks, though they may occasionally hunt a head or two for sport, are too well-bred to be rude.

Lovers in country sections of Austria are spared the earth-rocking shock of the face-to-face "No!" When a suitor is ready to propose, he slips into his sweetheart's hand a new silver coin, wound up in a bright ribbon and wrapped in paper. She then consults Mom and Pop. If the coin isn't returned to him by an intermediary within three days, he can take his engagement for granted. If it is—well, he has been spared the anguish of a point-blank refusal, and has his money back, so what has he lost?

The yodeling Tyroleans say it with bottles. If a girl presents her boy friend with a bottle of liquor, that's equivalent to telling him she can't say no. Should her parents disapprove, turning her thoughts to elopement, she indicates which way the wind is blowing by lowering the bottle from her window to her lover below. In the Unter Innthal section of the Tyrol the custom is reversed. A marriage-bent yodeler offers

the girl of his choice a drink of wine from the bottle he has brought with him. If she accepts the drink, they're engaged. If she doesn't, no more need be said, and he can go home and get pie-eyed by drinking the whole bottle himself.

Even Franco's new order can't change the fine art of proposals among the mountain villagers of Spain. And it is a fine art with the Spaniards, who display admirable tact on both sides of the marriage fence. A suitor will ring the doorbell of his inamorata and ask for a drink of water. If he's invited to sit down, he will then roll a cigarette and ask for a light, observing her all the while. If he likes what he sees, he will make excuses for further visits. Finally he will sound out her father, who promises to "make inquiries" about him. Meanwhile, if the girl has decided that she wouldn't like to have him as a husband, she will make him a present of a pumpkin. That's his polite cue to make himself conspicuously absent.

Otherwise he can keep calling, without benefit of handshakes or kisses, until the girl and her folks consider it time to stop stalling. Incidentally, don't be taken in by that musical comedy propaganda about Spaniards serenading their



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loves, who toss them flowers from balconies. It's true they do it in Valencia and Andalusia—with two torchbearers, musicians and a singer—but only *after* the couple have become engaged. But it does look nice in Technicolor.

Dutch villagers go about the business in a somewhat similar fashion. The prudent suitor, being a very busy man, calls at his sweetheart's home on a Sunday. When the door is opened, he simply asks for a match to light his pipe. He doesn't get it, but he's invited in, holding his unlighted pipe between his teeth. After a number of calls, during which her folks have the opportunity of sizing him up, he finally lets a vague hint fall that on his next visit he means to propose.

When he shows up on the crucial day, he asks for a match to light his pipe—as usual. If they give him the match (at last!) he can go about proposing, sure of being accepted. If he still has to do without smoking on his call, at least his feelings have been spared—and he can take a chance on borrowing a match someplace else.

In passing it should be observed that the custom of keeping company, as contrasted with the formal engagement, was started long ago in Venice among gondoliers' families. The boy friend first called upon Pop with another companion. If the old man had

no objections, the boy was allowed to see the girl for some trial months. If his appetite was sufficiently whetted, he would then ask Pop for daughter's hand. Otherwise everybody forgot the whole thing.

It can easily be seen, in reviewing the customs of proposals as practiced in "more backward" countries of the world, that the path of true love is glazed as smooth as ancient wisdom can make it. If the reader is a married man, let him think back on that agonizing night when he first popped the question. Wouldn't he rather have dragged her off by the hair, or slipped her a significant silver coin?

If the reader is one of those unfortunates who have never quite recovered from a face-to-face refusal of marriage, let him ponder the beauties of a custom which would let him down gently with a pumpkin, an unoffered match or a request to light the fire.

If the reader is an unmarried young lady, quietly despairing of ever hearing the question popped in her delicate ears, she could do worse than to cut this article out and mail it to that guy who has been coming around, tight-lipped, month after month. It might encourage him to bring along some betel nuts, or offer to chase her through a forest.

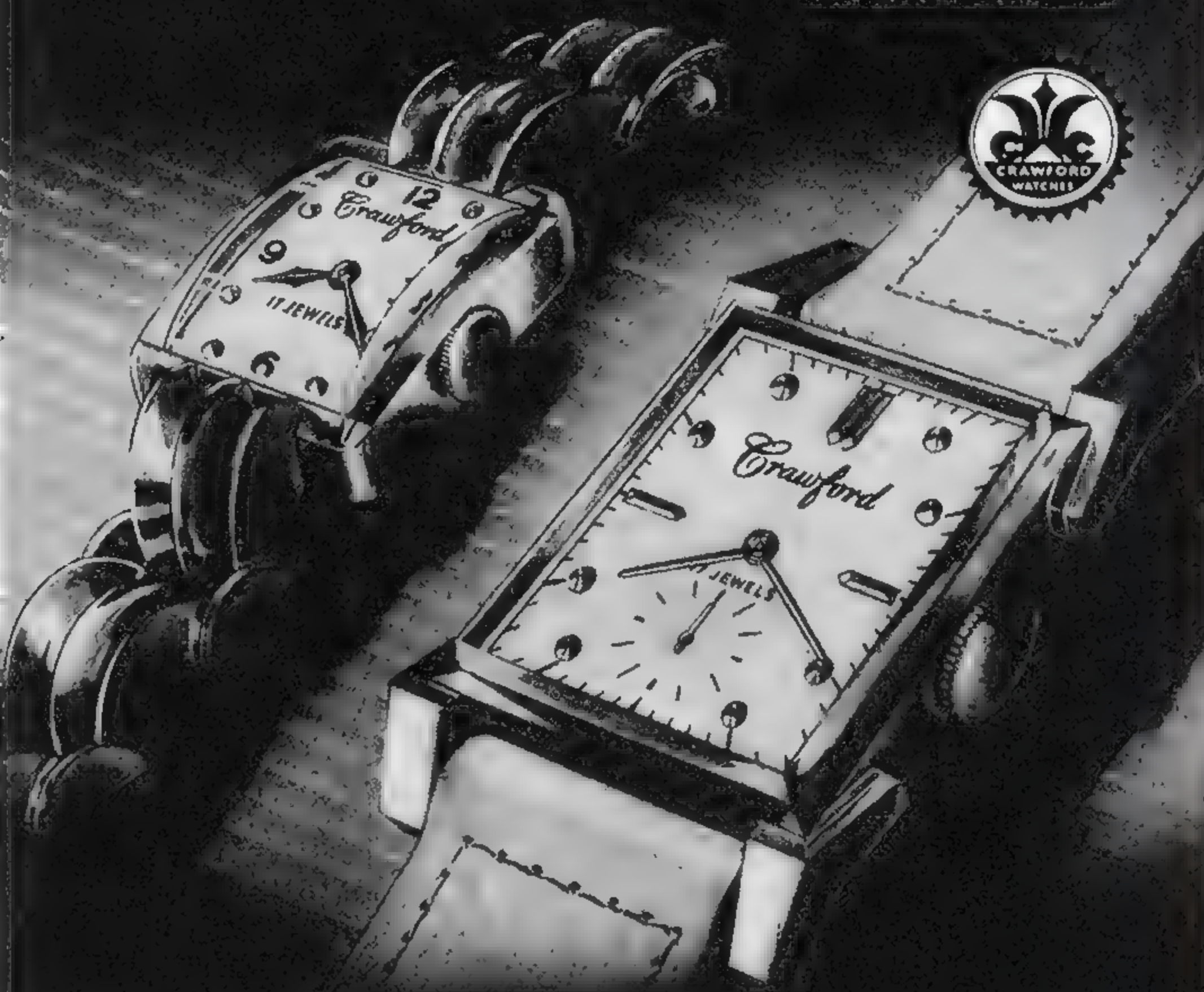
What the hell—you never can tell. ##

Continued from page 70

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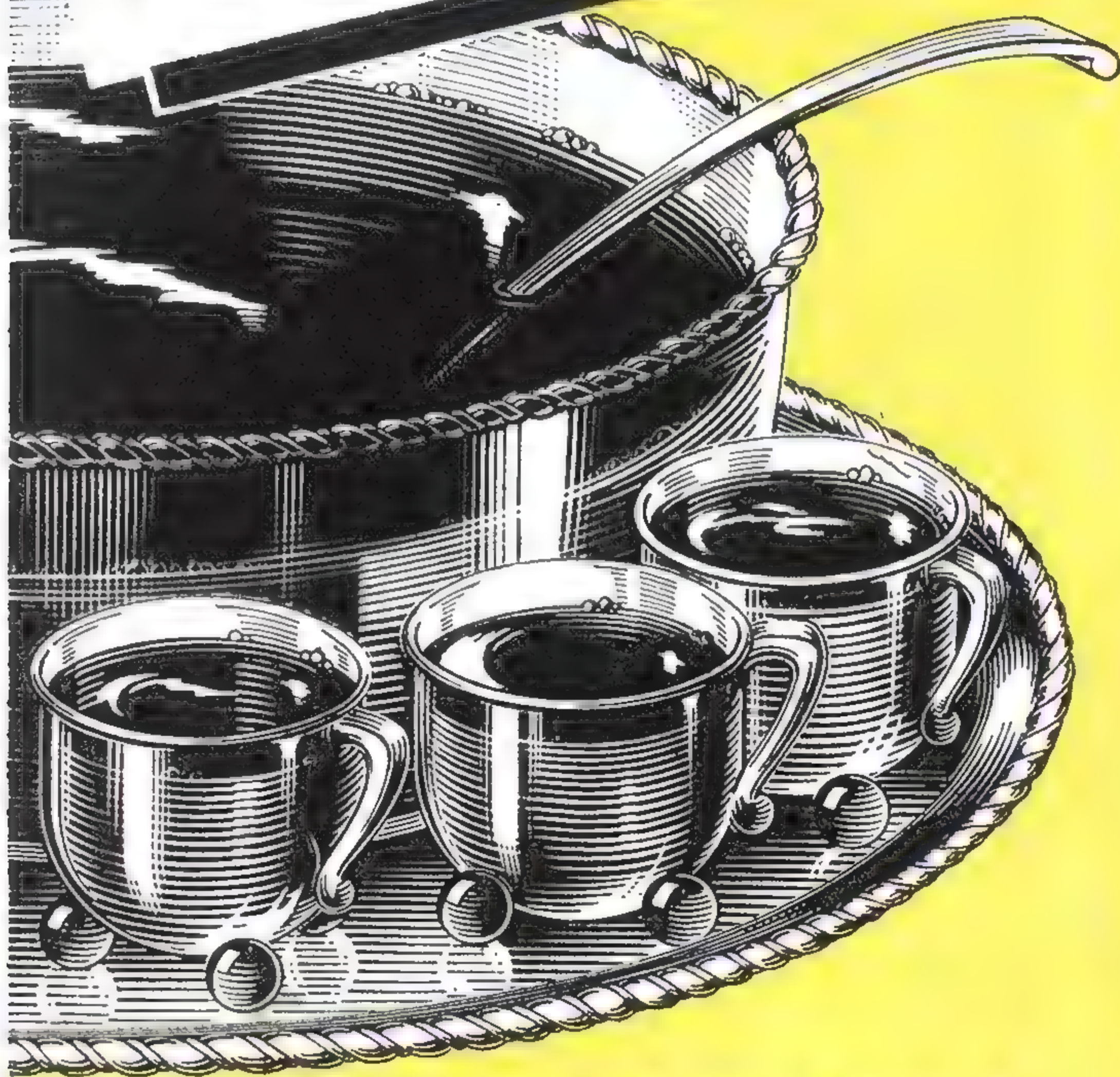
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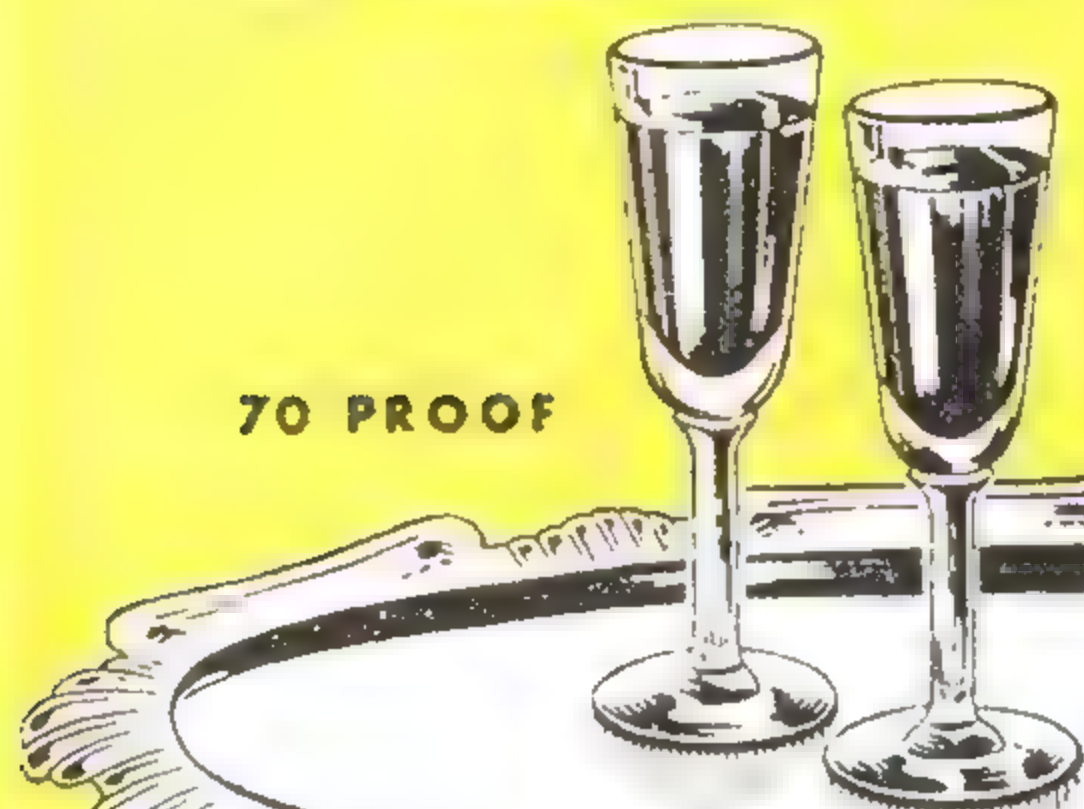
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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 10

the people's choice

May a Briton traveling in this country defend Mr. Moffitt from such reckless attacks as were made upon him in *Sound and Fury* for October? Mr. Jay Gellens indulged in much derision and name-calling, but apparently lacked the sense of fair play to challenge a single Moffitt statement.

Gellens said Moffitt was "unacquainted with Shakespeare." The truth was that Moffitt's article was the only one I've seen printed which understood and explained the long, complicated chronicle of the English kings.

Mr. Gellens also accuses your critic of lacking "adequate background." As an old India Man, I can tell him that only a writer with a rich background could have written Moffitt's review on *Anna and the King of Siam*.

I have read Moffitt's reviews since he first appeared in *Esquire* and have noticed he is the one reviewer who tries to speak for the *entire public*. He has consistently opposed all those forces that make for regional prejudice and disunity of the United States. I wish we had such a man in England.

I can't help wondering if people like Mr. Gellens who are so reluctant to let the common people choose their own entertainment, would not be equally reluctant, if they had their way, to let them choose their own laws.

CAPT. W. R. DAVIS-JONES (Ret.)
 Greatneck, L. I.

when ignorance was bliss

I have read that story, *The Ruined Wall*, by Gerald Kersh. I am a Kersh fan, of course. I think the story is very good. I can still, a half hour after the story perusal, smell the paint Van Gogh splashed on the wall of the French peasant woman's house. But I ask

whether Kersh was fair in not explaining to the poor woman what she missed when she washed Van Gogh's picture off the wall so that only deep scratches and raised cicatrices were left?

LOUIS FREEMAN

Los Angeles, Calif.

a man ahead of his time

On reading your article in October, *The Great Crash*, was interested in noting that the gentleman was whistling *Dancing in the Dark* during the 1929 panic in Wall Street.

Dancing in the Dark comes from "The Bandwagon" which opened in New York on June 3, 1931.

HARRY HARLEM

New York City

themes and variations

In your September issue, Mr. Joseph Wechsberg asserts that "today no Hollywood composer would resort to borrowing..." At the time I read this, it seemed erroneous, since I heard many familiar themes in background music.

My belief is borne out by an article in another publication which states that some of the scores of Miklos Rozsa, one of the highest regarded and best paid movie composers (*Spellbound*, *Lost Weekend*), have scarcely an original theme.

If one of the most prominent movie composers finds that, to meet studio deadlines, he must borrow liberally from the classics, it stands to reason that the same thing is done by the less well-known film composers.

What Mr. Wechsberg may have meant was that today no Hollywood composer would resort to borrowing without changing a few of the notes.

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Every Man a Movie Hero!

Continued from page 73

to fool Al Degarmo, the detective who investigated the case. Degarmo had been a good cop up until the time he met Mildred, but then love came to him, as it must to all men. And he put an ankle bracelet on her instead of handcuffs.

Mildred soon tired of Degarmo so she changed her name to Muriel and married a guy named Bill Chess (also not shown in the picture) and went with him to live at Little Fawn Lake (likewise not shown in the picture). At Little Fawn, Bill was the caretaker of a cabin owned by Derence Kingsley and his wife, Crystal Kingsley. (You guessed it. Crystal isn't shown in the picture, either.)

One day while Bill was away, the devil found work for Mildred's (or shall we say, Muriel's) idle hands—so she up and murdered Crystal (again for reasons which the picture fails to state). After changing clothes with her victim, Mildred sank the body in the lake, and, helping herself to Crystal's car, clothes and available cash, set out to find the more abundant life. Mildred was a girl who liked to turn over a new leaf every now and then. Whenever she did it, dead bodies got stuck between the pages of her life story like crushed roses in a girl graduate's album.

All this happens *before* the picture opens. You will find that if

you memorize the above paragraphs you can not only recite them at cocktail parties but they will also materially assist you in portraying the leading masculine role. You'll need this assistance. For a hell of a lot happens *after* the film gets started. As has been mentioned, Mr. Montgomery appears in a brief prologue (which shows him seated at a desk, reminiscing with all the urbane candor of a movie actor selling war bonds). After that, you're mostly on your own. You have but one comfort—the prologue tells you you're not going to get killed.

Even with this assurance, you're going to work up a devilish anxiety watching the leading woman. Steve I-Wake-Up-Screaming Fisher, who wrote the script, subtly converted Mr. Chandler's epic of exploding cartridges into an enlarged cardiac love story.

From the moment detective Phil Marlowe (played by you, the camera, and Montgomery) walks into Miss Totter's office to be hired by her to start looking for the much-dunked Crystal, you'll chew your nails trying to figure her out. She is the center of the picture's suspense—a beautiful blonde question mark that's constantly hurled, like glittering brass knuckles, into the teeth of the audience. Until the final fade-out,

Continued on page 218

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Every Man a Movie Hero?

Continued from page 217

it's anybody's guess whether she's a poor working girl or a super villainess.

This review has tipped you off to a few of the plot points (for the furtherance of clarity), but it will not disclose the solution to the riddle of Audrey's personality. It's always more interesting to find out about women for yourself.

Even though he lets you and the camera do most of the acting for him, Montgomery still earns his check by his smooth and knowing direction of *The Lady in the Lake*. This is his first directorial assignment and it may be the beginning of a new and distinguished career for a man who already has made his mark as an outstanding actor. Some of the camera work is brilliant, and, despite the trickiness of the technique, the film holds interest—even after the novelty has become familiar. That's the test of any picture.

In addition to making a star of his leading woman, Bob shows an unhamlike generosity to the rest of his fellow players. Jane Meadows, a recently arrived refugee from Broadway, makes a fascinating Hollywood debut as a flighty suspect. Lloyd Nolan is excellent as the cluck cop, Degarmo. Tom Tully gets some great breaks as a tough and honest chief of police, who is equally adept at sweating

third-degree victims and playing Santa Claus for his little daughter.

Thus, this New Year starts with an actor giving breaks to other actors. Maybe the Brotherhood of Man is nearer than we realize.

Cloak and Dagger

Someday the aspiring British film industry may produce a fine satire on Hollywood's efforts to win the war. Shortly after Pearl Harbor, some of movieland's most radical left-wing writers banded together to prepare entertainment for the troops and to indoctrinate all servicemen with what they personally conceived to be the true meaning of the conflict. While eating Chicken Tetrastini at Dave Chasen's these writers concocted a wilderness of plays and broadcasts in which the fictional G.I.s bawled, "Apple pie and Coca-Cola, Maw! That's what we're fightin' for!" Some authors struck eloquent blows at the Fascist dictatorships. But others seemed to get ahead of schedule and plugged an, as yet, undeclared class war.

These fellows apparently forgot that the sons of Republicans, old-line Democrats, white-collar workers and even employers had not been exempted by the draft boards and that these soldiers also liked to look upon the war as *their*

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war. There was a tendency to ignore the fact that Americans of all classes had fought bravely at Yorktown, Tripoli, Buena Vista, New Orleans, Gettysburg and Château Thierry—before Hollywood started unfurling the flag.

To all of this, the genuine patriotism of many movie workers was in happy contrast. In the days following that fateful December 7, all of Warner Brothers' trucking facilities and most of the studio's expensive electrical equipment was placed at the disposal of the armed forces, at a time when Japanese planes momentarily were expected over California, and when every civilian knew that America's defenses were poorly organized. Newly arrived regiments, wallowing in the mud of the Golden State's unusual weather, blessed the Warner carpenters who, at studio expense, built wooden floors beneath their water-logged tents.

Harry Warner's son-in-law, Captain Milton Sperling, was in the Marine Corps, where he made a number of the best informed and powerful of the documentary films turned out by the armed services. Recently returned to civilian life, Mr. Sperling has produced *Cloak and Dagger*, as the first of a series of independent productions which will be released through Warner Brothers. Despite the apparently growing public apathy toward war films, it is a

fairly exciting melodrama that bodes well for the producer's future as a showman.

The theme is the inspiring one that "only a free science can be a good science." Gary Cooper appears as a Middle Western professor, engaged in atomic research, who suddenly finds himself sent to Europe by the Office of Strategic Services to find out how far the Nazis have progressed in their efforts to manufacture an atom bomb.

Mr. Cooper is given two good scenes. In the first, he gets off some excellent high comedy when he contemptuously outwits a beautiful American traitor (Marjorie Hoshelle) who is working for the Nazis in Switzerland. In the second, he stages a hair-raising fight to the death with a Fascist secret agent (played with chilling menace by Marc Lawrence).

However, Director Fritz Lang seems to give Gary bad lighting and poor camera angles deliberately in order to favor the leading woman, Lilli Palmer. During most of the love scenes he has Cooper stand stock-still while Miss Palmer swarms all over him like Frank Sinatra embracing a microphone.

Lilli portrays an Italian partisan, who goes through an endless career of rugged hill fighting without exhausting her supply of silk stockings. Whether or not Miss Palmer is worth the sacri-

Continued on page 220



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Every Man a Movie Hero?

Continued from page 219

fices Mr. Cooper makes for her is a question to be decided by audiences. She is the wife of Rex Harrison and the possessor of a pert profile and a charming personality. But after examining her act, one is inclined to feel that, in her case, woman's place is in the home. Mrs. Harrison could learn a lot from Mr. Harrison.

The picture's finest performance is turned in by Vladimir Sokoloff, who portrays a frightened Italian scientist—a great mind reduced to a jittery jelly by the oppression of Hitler and Mussolini. Helene Thimig also gives an outstanding characterization of a woman whose noble intellect is tortured into immoral subservience by a ruthless dictatorship. Robert Alda is swell as a cocky Italian-American O. S. S. agent, who holds the villains at bay while Gary and Lilli make their escape through a convenient secret passage, apparently left over from an old production of *The Count of Monte Cristo*.

But like *O.S.S.* and *The House on 92nd Street*, *Cloak and Dagger* seems to be a trifle naïve over the fact that the American Army sometimes employs spies. Since the Germans are voracious readers, it is slightly surprising that rumors of Nathan Hale did not, somehow, penetrate the Friedrich-

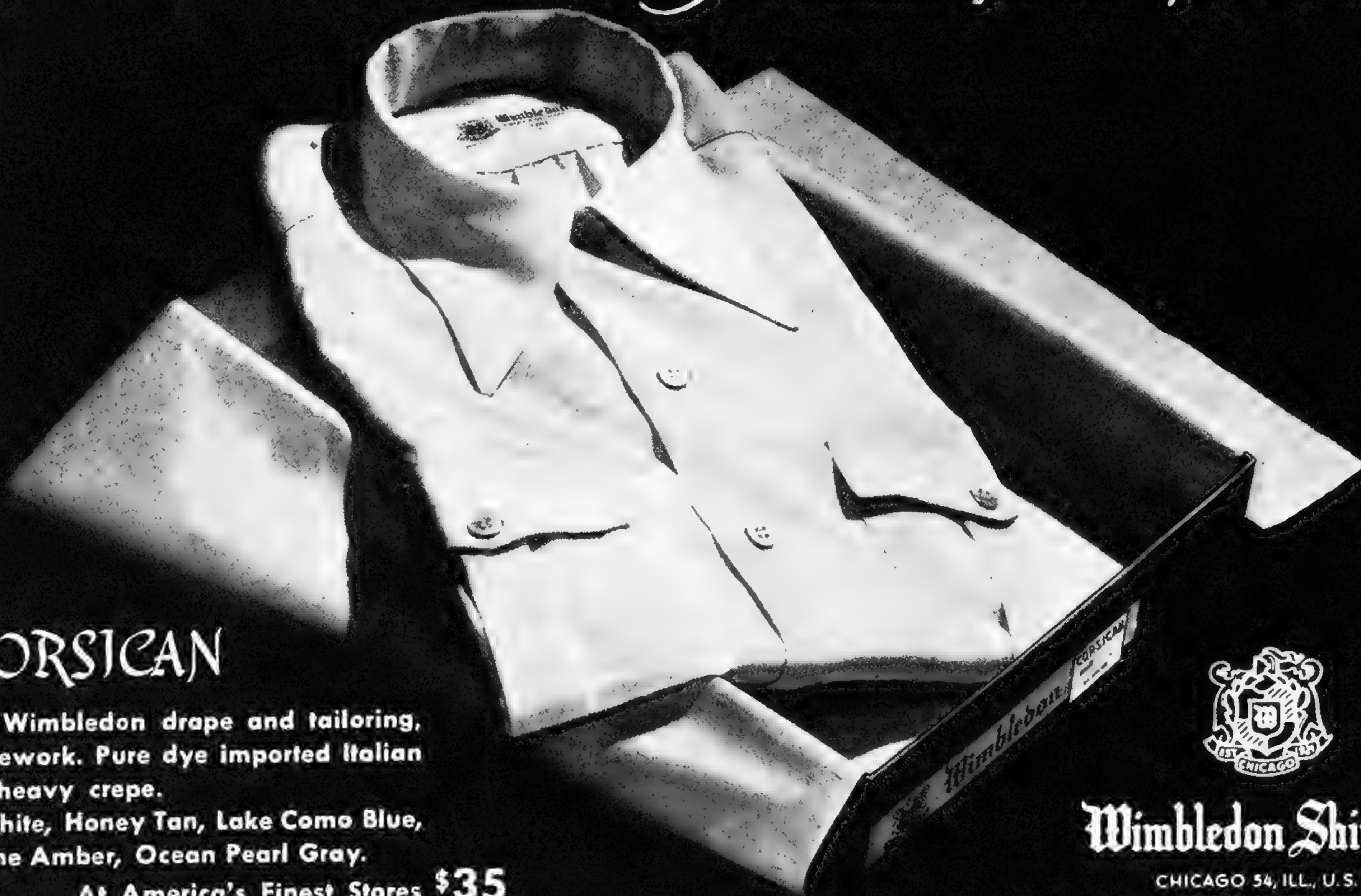
strasse and arouse the curiosity of Heinrich Himmler.

It is unlikely that an American who looked as much like a clean-shaven Uncle Sam, as Gary Cooper does in the film, would have been able to prowl through Occupied Europe in a snap-brim hat without being collared by the Gestapo. It is even doubtful if his ability to "speak a little German" would have enabled him to pass himself off to those multilingual watchdogs as a big shot from the Kaiser-Wilhelm Institute in Berlin. If the enemy was that dumb, the war should have been over long before it was.

The script of *Cloak and Dagger* was written by Ring Lardner, Jr., and Albert Maltz. Mr. Maltz, one of the ablest scribes in Hollywood, has announced through the pages of *The Daily People's World* (April 6, 1946) that all literary, dramatic and movie criticism should be based on whether or not a work of art follows the Marxian "party line." Since he openly advocates Communism as a basis for criticism, it logically follows that non-Communist reviewers have the privilege of examining his work very carefully in order to determine whether or not Communism also is the basis of Maltz' creative writing.

I find but two indications of

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this in *Cloak and Dagger*. The first occurs when the script disgustedly denounces the government for bringing all the scientists in the world together for the creation of a bomb, when they should have brought them together to cure tuberculosis or cancer—"which could be accomplished in one year."

This is fantastically untrue. The fight against tuberculosis has been enthusiastically supported by public subscription for many years. And millions of dollars have been spent in cancer research. To say that the cure for cancer or tuberculosis could certainly be discovered in one year—or in ten years—is the wildest sort of unscientific fictionalization. The implication of this speech is that America is less interested in relieving human suffering than it is in promoting destruction.

The second party-line touch occurs when two female Fascists come into the story, disguised as Sisters of Charity. Perhaps Axis spies often used such disguises, but the incident in the picture goes out of its way to demonstrate the Communist slogan that "Catholicism is Fascism masquerading in the robes of religion."

Except for these two lapses the film is a sincere and pretty entertaining drama of democracy at war. In the game of wits, which all studios play with those who try to shoe-horn Soviet propa-

ganda into their scenarios, the final box score on *Cloak and Dagger* should read: "Warner Brothers—98. Joe Stalin—2."

Three Little Girls in Blue

Meanwhile, Twentieth Century-Fox is going capitalistic with a money-making picture called *Three Little Girls in Blue*. It has no propaganda and no philosophy, and every reel of it is filled with a vast social insignificance.

Yet it has charm. The three little girls (June Haver, Vivian Blaine, and Vera-Ellen) sing tunelessly and romp through a series of gay but familiar situations with a world of cub-like cheerfulness and infectious bounce. The plot is loosely wrapped around their efforts (undoubtedly selfish) to find husbands and security. They take the one nest egg which their poultry farm at Red Bank, New Jersey, has given them and go off to Atlantic City in search of three millionaire husbands. To bait the trap, one sister masquerades as an heiress, while the other two pretend to be her maid and social secretary.

You will not be surprised to learn that the three girls finally marry three fine fellows (amiably played by Frank Latimore, George Montgomery and Charles Smith). Neither will you be too astounded when you find out that the sister who was crazy for money falls for a poor man and the filly who looked

Continued on page 222



Let it snow—let it blow—this is the indoor, fireside season when you want to fairly live in a comfort-conscious Lady Catherine robe. An understanding fashion this, dramatic in design, luxurious in deep pile quality chenille. The soft-focus colors are yours for flattery. For yourself—and for the favorite names on your Christmas list, choose Lady Catherine robes from your favorite store. Or write to The Sanders Co., Inc., Jackson, Miss.

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*Pat. Pending

Every Man a Movie Hero!

Continued from page 221

forward to a low-budget love life winds up with a millionaire.

This doesn't keep *Three Little Girls in Blue* from being lilting and entertaining. It was produced by Mack Gordon, who also wrote the lyrics for its catchy songs. His picture captures the holiday mood of Atlantic City in the early 1900's and makes excellent use of Vera-Ellen's boundingly juvenile exuberance as a dancer. Into this medley of carefully contrived naïveté it manages to insert Celeste Holm's sophisticated banter.

Miss Holm, who will be remembered for her hilarious antics in the Broadway show, *Oklahoma!*, is wonderful as a dizzy socialite who combines a corn-pone Southern accent with an ingenious smattering of headwaiter French. Her thickly buttered bon-ton is supplemented by some flashy views of a Maryland fox hunt. One suspects that Mr. Gordon was less concerned with competing for the dramatic laurels of Molière and Ibsen than he was with gratifying the expectations raised by the film's advance billboards.

A great many movies start in the sales department, where the studio's prize hucksters think up a title that will look good on a billboard. Let us say they decide upon *Love on a Raft*. They then call in the artists, who start paint-

ing the eye-catching climaxes of a story that hasn't been written yet—or even thought of.

As this is going on, the head of the studio has tried the idea out on his wife, who thinks *Love on a Raft* would be terrific for Lana Turner and Clark Gable. Somebody's stenographer likes Van Johnson, so he's included too. Eventually, late one night at Romanoff's, genius strikes a struggling vice-president, who looks up from a plate of smoked salmon and says, "My God! Just think of it! Lana Turner floating around on a raft with Boris Karloff! It chills your blood, don't it!"

No one can refute this, so Boris is booked on the raft's passenger list also. Presently all the theatre owners in the United States get miniatures of the billboard, a startling four-color job containing a terrifying picture of a raft tossed about by mountainous waves.

In the center of the raft stands Clark Gable, clad in a tattered shirt. He leers wolfishly toward Lana (who wears a costume that later will be banned by Eric Johnston) as she looks yearningly toward Van Johnson who, despite his spruce uniform, is looking exactly like the boy next door. In the far corner of the raft squats Karloff about to release a trap full of loathsome armadillos. Over

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INTRODUCING A NEW ERA OF SMOKING PLEASURE to the lucky man who receives one... The **DISTINGUISHED BURWICK PIPE**... hand-finished... handsome... flawless from its Mediterranean Briar bowl to the tip of its stem... **NEW, EXCLUSIVE DESIGN** excludes irritating juices from the bowl, keeping it dry for a consistently cool, clean smoke... **EASY TO CLEAN** because of its simple construction... **ATTRACTIVELY PACKAGED** with a distinctive, marble-grained pipe stand which is a generous gift in itself!

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12⁵⁰

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all this there is a caption spelled out in lightning flashes:

"Don't Wait! Book It Now! Smart showmen won't be slow to sign up for Twentieth-Metro's Diamond Jubilee Hit! *Love on a Raft*, with Clark Gable, Lana Turner, Van Johnson, Boris Karloff and Xavier Cugat's Orchestra! The picture that has everything! This is a Twentieth-Metro Year!"

By now the theatre owner has forgotten the billboards he bit on last year. Besides, he's been hearing a lot about *Love on a Raft*. The publicity departments have been busy. Hedda Jumper's nationally syndicated column has reported that the peace of the Countess de Fresco's lamprey eel roast (where all the guests came dressed as Roman Senators) was interrupted by a fight between Orson Welles and the aging David Wark Griffith over which one was going to direct it. Her rival, Prunella Parsnips, going scholarly, has confided that the story is based upon a posthumous novel by the great nineteenth-century English novelist, Charlie Dickason, whose *David Copperfield* was such a wow.

Jimmy Stradivarius, the radio commentator, has broadcast an open letter to Twentieth-Metro, warning them that *Love on a Raft* will be considered a war-mongering picture by the landlocked cantons of Switzerland. The Swiss Consul General has denied this

and has been induced to confer the Order of the Edelweiss (third class) upon Van Johnson in front of the newsreel cameras, to show there's no hard feelings. An exclusive interview in *Girl's Life* has quoted Van as saying, "Gee—I never expected to get the order of the Edelweiss—It looks just like my Eagle Scout Badge."

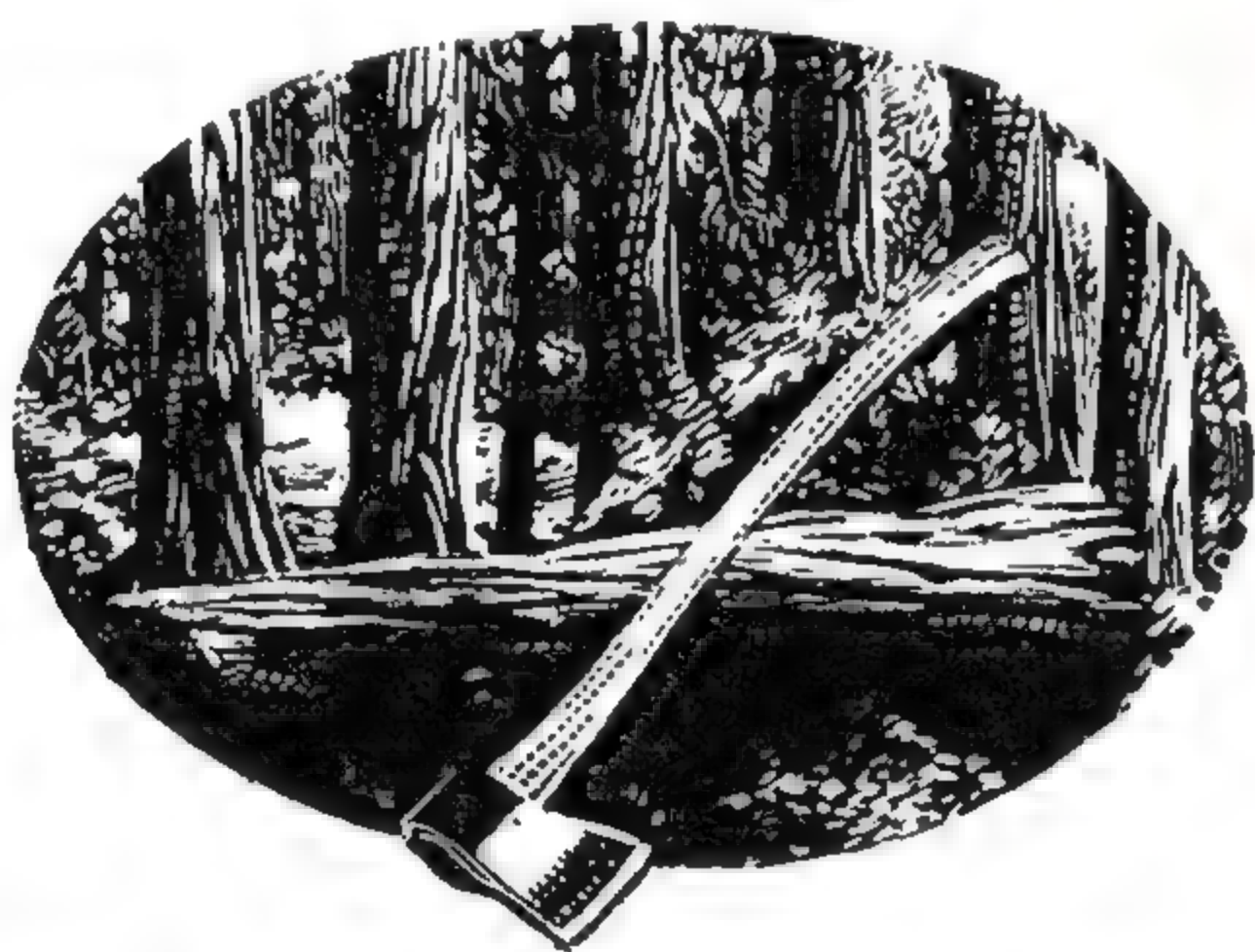
Mr. Stradivarius has retracted his earlier broadcast and has given *Love on a Raft* an advance criticism of four bells, followed by fifteen more when he drops his hammer into the xylophone. By now, the theatre circuits are fighting to book *Love on a Raft*.

With the real work thus over, the company calls in one of its producers and tells him to get a story to fit the title and to have it shot and ready for release by next September. The picture used on the posters is turned over to him, to be used as a blueprint for the actual writing of the drama.

Right here, if the producer is lousy, he decides that *Love on a Raft* is just a symbolic title. After all, isn't all human emotion adrift on a storm-tossed sea of circumstance? His secretary answers this question in the affirmative. This encourages him to get out an old play which he almost got produced when he was a stagehand with the Theatre Guild.

The play was a three-act version of *Seven Who Pass While the Cabbage Boils*. The producer real-

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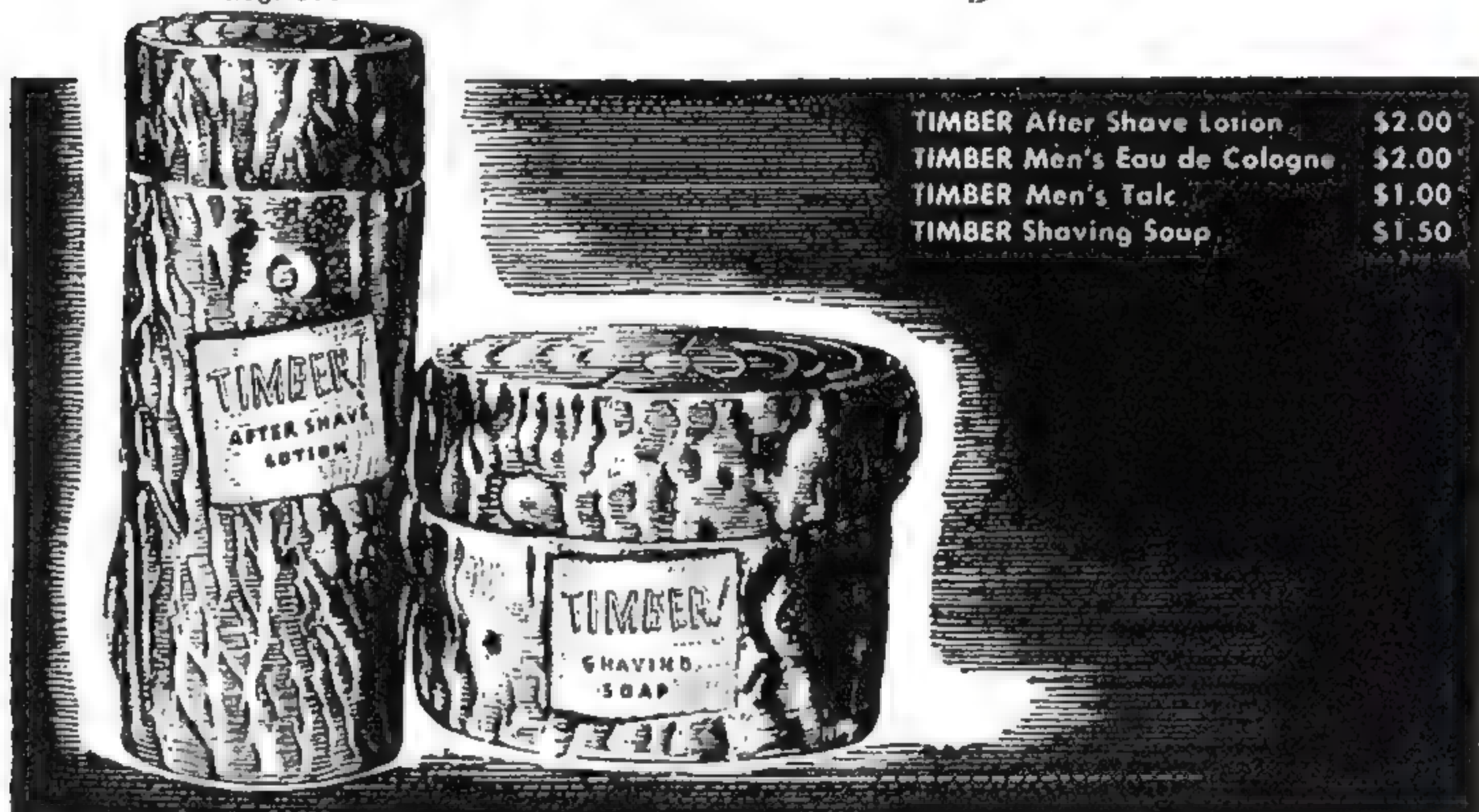


I mportant on the morning agenda of men-in-the-know... **TIMBER** grooming gets them off to as good a start as a brisk walk in the dawn-fragrant woods.

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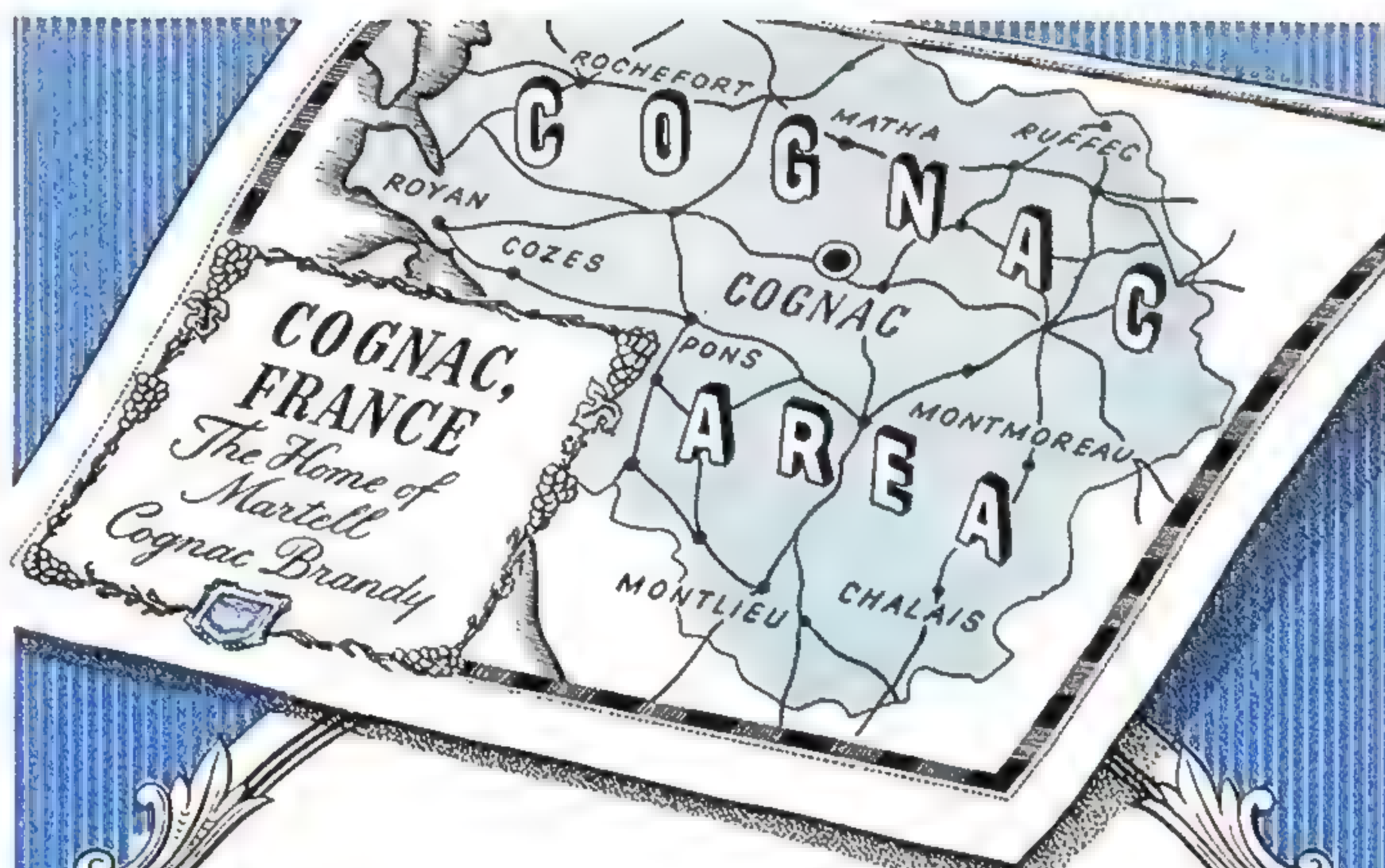


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The one and only L. B. Formula contains a rare *animal* oil which approximates the oils of the human scalp, and guarantees these instant results:

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HAIR OIL

No matter what other hair preparations you may have tried...to Look your Best get L. B. HAIR OIL!

Ask your dealer for L. B. Today

Every Man a Movie Hero?

Continued from page 223

izes he will have to tone down its arty symbolism—on account of the masses. He changes the setting from "A Grey Place in the Womb of Time" to the railroad yards at Bucharest, where he spent his boyhood.

However, he knows that if he tones down the allegory too much he'll get a lousy review from John McManus in *PM*, so he casts Clark Gable in the role of The Man Whose Name Has No Middle Initial. Because he doesn't want to be obvious, the producer doesn't explain too much about this character. A hint is enough for intelligent audiences. Consequently, whenever Mr. Gable appears, Xavier Cugat's orchestra is heard playing the opening bars of Rimsky-Korsakov's *Storm Music* from *Ivan The Terrible*. This is a Slavic melody, but the language of music is universal. So, to the intelligentsia, everything will be quite clear.

Lana Turner is a waif named Softig (sometimes called Zaftig). She is a symbol of Man's Desires and she worships The Boy Next Door who is a track tapper employed at the local round house. A spiritual note is struck when The Boy Next Door throws himself under a train after The Man Whose Name Has No Middle Initial has told him that Man's

Desires should be unattainable. As he does, he sees a vision of Softig adrift on the Lake of Why-for and he looks puzzled.

"All love is on a raft," sadly explains The Man Whose Name Has No Middle Initial.

When Twentieth-Metro's executives see the finished picture, they fire twenty office boys and shout, "My God! Where's Karloff and those armadillos?"

Sometimes they even fire the guilty producer. If this happens, he goes to work for another studio at an increase in salary. The second studio is afraid to pass up a man big enough to spend four million dollars of Twentieth-Metro's money—even though he spent it disastrously. There are seven major lots in Hollywood and, with a little luck, the producer can count on seven years' security. By that time his failures will have achieved such financial importance that the first studio will be clamoring to get him back, and thus his career will continue long after his life has passed into the sere and yellow.

When the rewards of failure are so glittering, only a producer of strong moral character can be induced to struggle for success. So here's to Mack Gordon—the man who didn't make liars out of his signboards. #

Continued from page 73

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Barefoot Beauties of Tehuantepec

Continued from page 57

dress, beautiful and becoming as it is, is Indian merely by adaptation. No matter where they travel or where they may live, they will never discard their native garb. To them it is a distinction which they proudly bear. Even Frieda Kahlo Rivera, wife of Mexico's leading painter, clings to her colorful costumes and it is said she will not permit anyone to forget that she herself is a Tehuana.

Tehuantepec itself is a typical Mexican town with its fifteen Moorish churches, its one-story houses with their grated windows and hidden inner courts, and its narrow, crooked streets. Though steeped in colorful history, not a single memorial is left to remind a visitor of its ancient glories before the arrival of the Spaniards. The town has a population of some fifteen thousand, among which there are a few Syrian merchants and a sprinkling of several hundred non-Indian Mexicans. Among the natives, there is considerable intermarriage so that the blood strain is anything but pure.

Salvador Conde, one of Mexico's younger painters, who has studied the history and customs of these women for many years and used them as subjects for many of his paintings as well as

for his designs on silks and wools, says that their clothes have been highly instrumental in keeping their men in a place of secondary importance. The psychology, he points out, is that though gay and colorful, the costume of the Tehuana is at the same time awesome and impressive. But only when such clothes are worn by women who are unmistakably proud of their beauty and heritage can such an effect be achieved.

The younger women dress alike in a costume that is easily and readily recognized anywhere in Latin America. Their skirts are full and wide and sweep along the dusty, unpaved streets. On the hem of each skirt is a twelve-inch white ruffle, carefully tacked on and meticulously starched to a crisp cleanliness and pleated with thousands of minute creases that would drive the most exacting laundress mad. Since no Tehuana is ever seen in a soiled ruffle, it must be surmised that in no part of the world are people given to a more ardent worship of cleanliness.

From their proud forebears, the Tehuanas inherited their short square blouses or *huipils* which in all probability must have been directly responsible for the current exposure of midriffs in the

Continued on page 226

Can you read this Picture?



This is Indian writing for "big fish"—the kind you're set to catch when you're wearing Berkray's PONCHO Jacket. Styled for all outdoors and made of Hego's all-weather Paratwill for all-season wear. At better stores, about \$12.95.

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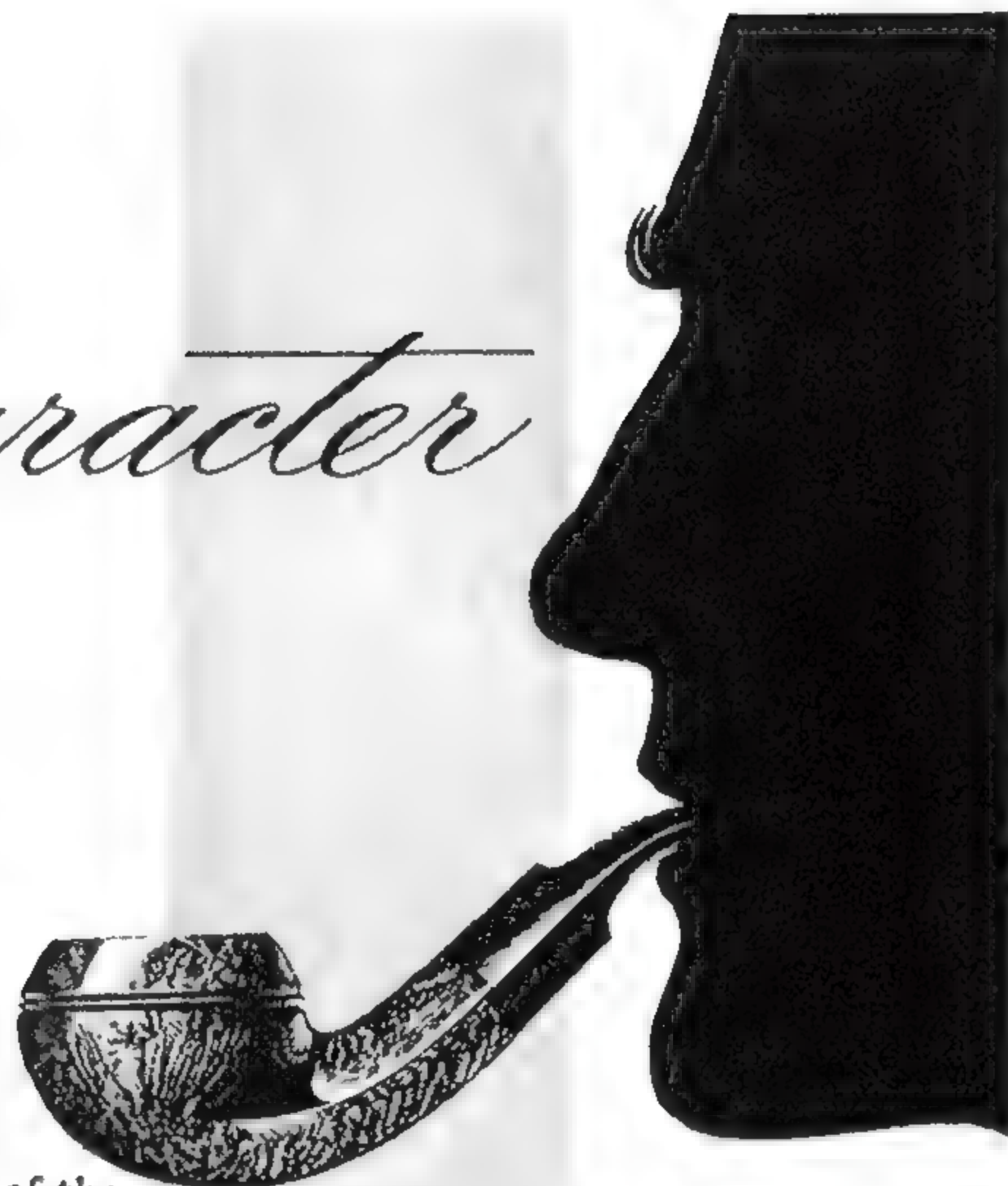
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Barefoot Beauties of Tehuantepec

Continued from page 225

more civilized locales of the world. The *huipils* are of red, yellow or blue, always contrasting with the color of the skirts. Both are richly patterned in embroidery of colorful designs that have been handed down from one generation to another. Because the *huipil* is short, it barely reaches the waist and when the Norther blows, it raises the blouse and reveals the rounded breasts of the women. Here again, their naïveté is evidenced. It seldom occurs to them to be ashamed or embarrassed. And if the wind is persistent and sweeps their voluminous skirts over their heads while they are walking, they take their time in pulling them down again—and Tehuanas never wear underwear. Sometimes, however, when the wind is too persistent, they will tie a piece of cord around their skirts just above the knees to keep the garments from flying in their faces too frequently. Such practice is simply to prevent annoyance and due to no display of modesty.

The Tehuanas wear their long black lacquered hair parted in the center and interbraided with brightly colored skeins of wool. Then they coil the braids about their heads like a chaplet. For more formal functions or for church or festivals, they wear the most amazing headdress conceiv-

able on top of their heads. The *huipil grande* reminds one of the headdresses worn by the early American Indian chiefs. In reality, it is like an infant's dress with thousands of carefully starched pleats around the hemline, neck and sleeves.

Many years ago a ship was wrecked in the Gulf of Tehuantepec. In the cargo that was washed up on shore were hundreds of baby dresses. The women were intrigued by them. Since their own babies never wore clothes, and since the tiny garments would fit no other part of their own bodies, they concluded that the little white dresses were intended to be worn as a kind of hood. Draping the hems over their foreheads, they were immediately enchanted by the effect and ever since have worn them as their native headgear without making a single change or alteration. Even today, the billows of crisply starched ruffles remain the most important detail of their festive attire. And even though it may add inches to their height and make them tower over their menfolk, they are so proud of this headdress they would rather die than discard it.

In the matter of ornaments, the ladies of Tehuantepec are equally practical. They use gold coins for their bracelets, earrings and neck-

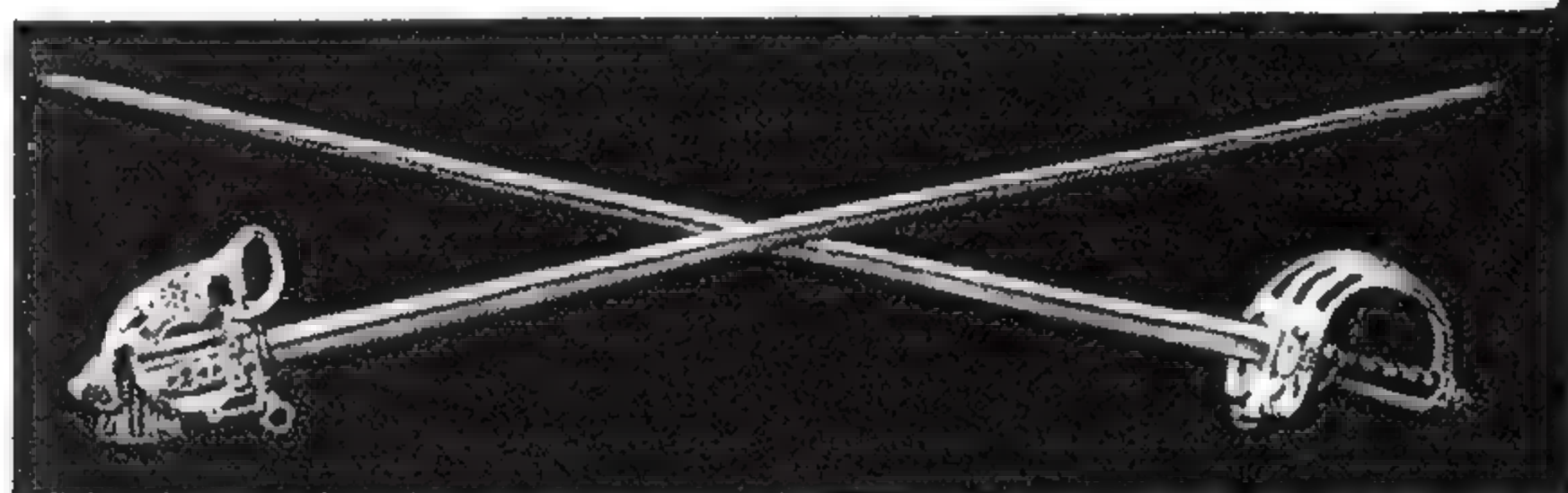
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The WILKINSON SWORD RAZOR



The same Wilkinson craftsmanship that created swords for Wellington and Lord Nelson...the same Wilkinson Sword Company that designed and forged the Sword of Stalingrad and the Eisenhower Sword of Honor, created this brilliant safety razor.

Yes, it is brilliant! It's ingenious . . . with seven hollow ground, *long-life* blades—one for each day of the week—to ward off steel fatigue; with *adjustable* depth of shave, with a guard that rolls, with mechanized stropping! In one Wilkinson Razor—all the shaving conveniences a man can ask for.



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laces. And it is not unusual to see one of these tall, statuesque women walking down the street decked out in a thousand dollars' worth of gold pieces.

But the most persistent and striking paradox about their elegant and elaborate dress is that these Junoesque beauties, with all their colorful clothes and glittering jewelry and crisply starched ruffles and lovely high headdresses, never wear shoes!

Other women of Mexico may cast off their native garb for modern mail-order styles and cramp their feet into uncomfortable shoes, but not the proud and haughty Tehuanas. They carry the same pride and dignity manifested in their apparel over into every other phase of their lives.

Such temptation is something the women of Tehuantepec have resisted for hundreds of years. Although a Tehuana may be standing in the market place with a squawking chicken under one arm and a squealing young pig under the other, she can still manage to

look like the most regal and refined woman in the world. At the same time, when she wants to be coquettish, she archly shrugs one shoulder and shows a bit of stomach. If she wants to be more pointed, she boldly flips her *huipil* with her hands and shows more than merely her midriff.

The impressive refinement of these women is evidenced at first glance. Oddly enough, it is not merely a veneer to be penetrated by glib phrases or romantic flattery. Sometimes it is even difficult to understand how any man can get up sufficient courage to court these demigoddesses. But the fact that they do marry, have husbands and children, shows

that they allow themselves to be wooed and won.

In some parts of the town, no man will consider a virgin as a suitable partner in marriage. Unless a woman has managed to give birth to one or two children outside of wedlock, her chances of getting a husband are very slim. It isn't that the men of Tehuan-

Continued on page 228



"Buck up, Smitley! We're all nervous at our first wedding!"

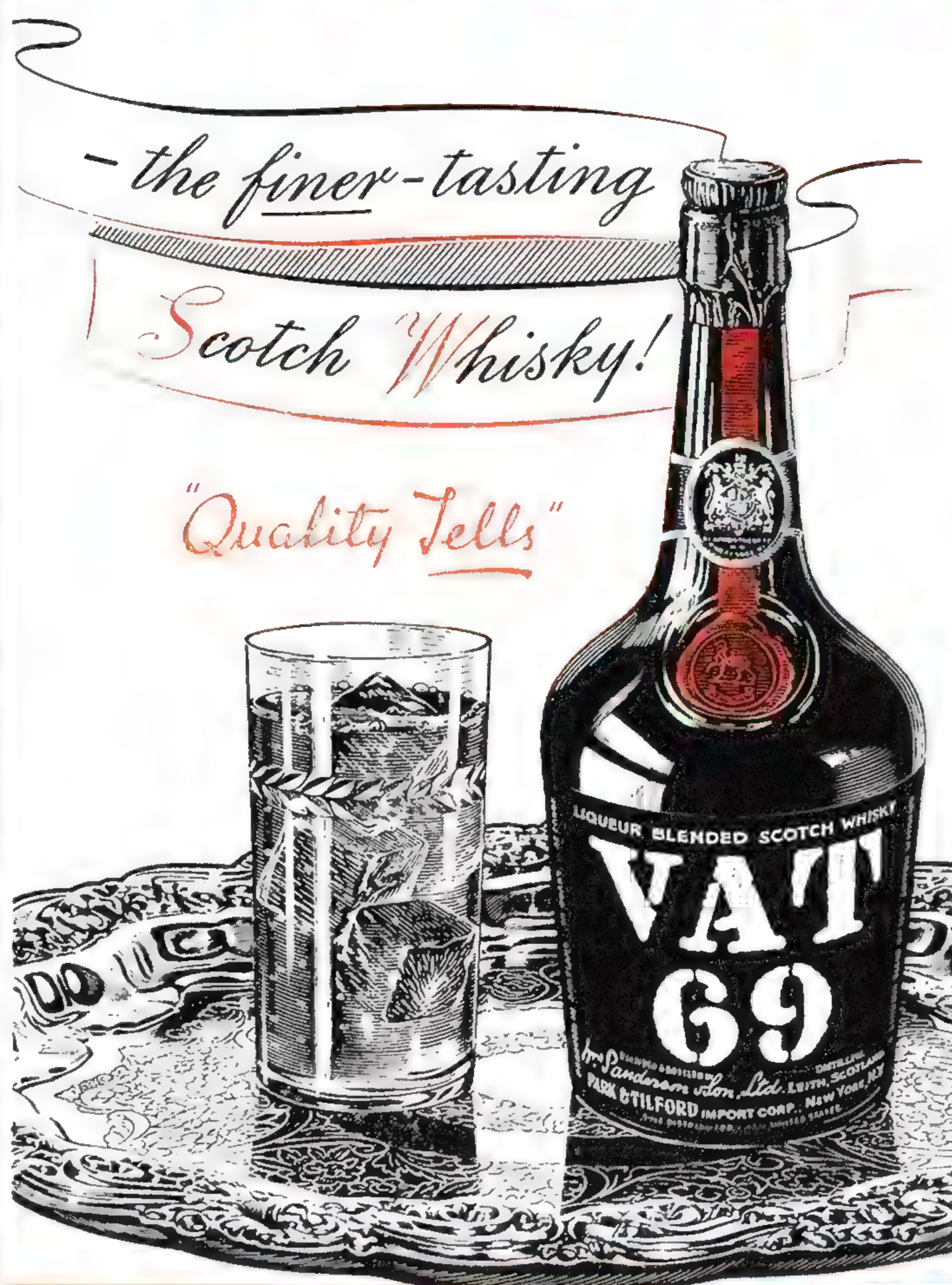


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FITS IN THE RIGHT PLACES!
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R.M.S. Queen Elizabeth
Maiden Voyage 1946



Menu



King's Guard
\$13.95 MOST STYLES



It's a **FREEMAN** shoe

Barefoot Beauties of Tehuantepec

Continued from page 227

tepec are quite that lazy but rather that there will be no doubt about the woman's fertility. And in this strange country, the more children, the more providers there are for the future and the more leisure there will be for the husbands.

The pattern of courtship dates back to the days of the Aztecs. For a short time, the girl's father will chase off the boy friend. He will insult him verbally, discourage him by hurling stones every time he puts in his appearance or even wave a shotgun in his face when he knocks at the door. After this game has gone on for a short period, the suitor leaves a gift on the doorstep. This might be a goat, a chicken, a load of wood or even a calf. If, by the next morning, the gift is taken indoors, it shows that the ire of the girl's father has been appeased and that the young man has every chance of being accepted by the girl's family.

The swain's relatives then make a formal call on the prospective bride's family and the haggling over terms begins. The girl's father tries to strike up a good bargain and get as much of the boy's family possessions as he possibly can.

The groom's family, in retaliation, calls attention to all the

girl's defects—even if she has none—and may say that she has bowed legs, crossed eyes and protruding teeth. Sometimes these haggling sessions end up in a free-for-all but usually the families come to terms and celebrate with an engagement party to which they invite practically everyone in town.

In some of the near-by towns, trial marriages are practiced. The girl lives with the boy's family for a year or less. If she obeys her mother-in-law, takes all the insults, and proves herself a flawless housekeeper, then there is a marriage for keeps. Otherwise, she is sent back to her father and then she must wait at her home until she is given another chance.

The wooing of the Tehuana is carried on in strict accordance to her own whims and wishes. If she is not interested in the moonlight and her Latin lover thinks he can bend her to his will he might receive a none too gentle poke in the ribs, or if he is still persistent, his lady love might even swing a decisive haymaker to the jaw.

The fact that these ladies permit themselves to be courted is no indication of the weakening of their own position. It merely means descending from their pedestals to fulfill their womanly

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destiny. The women of Tehuantepec even feel that it is a sacred duty to perpetuate their strain and thus preserve their dominance. No matter how scornfully they may look upon the men they marry, no matter how shabbily they seem to treat their husbands, the women are wisely aware that the men are a very necessary factor and an important one in their lives.

Because of their pride and hauteur and their indomitable spirit of independence, the women of Tehuantepec make the worst servants in the world. They refuse to be ruled by anyone—man or woman. Either they rule or they refuse to work. But for the greater part, they prefer being in business for themselves and most of them are.

A man who is married to a Tehuana is generally resigned to becoming a combination servant and errand boy when he takes the vows. Love, honor and obey, in the dictum of these Latin ladies, applies solely and exclusively to the male. The women utilize them to perform the menial chores around the house, to act as messengers and to sire their offsprings. Men are seldom entrusted with money and never permitted to run any of the business establishments or to handle the family finances. The entire family fortune is carried by the women in a little cotton bag around their

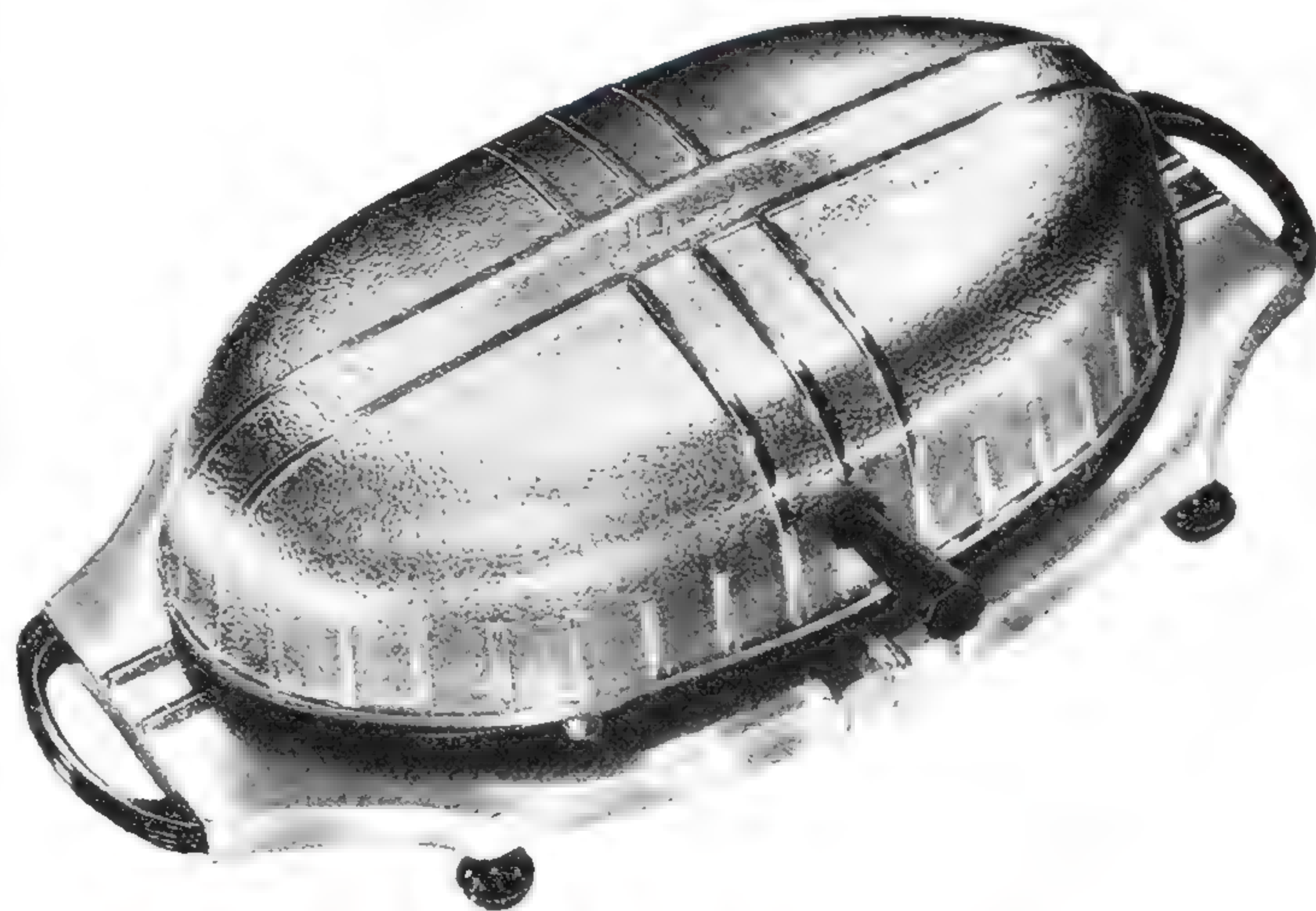
necks. Changing a hundred- or even a thousand-peso note seldom fazes the average Tehuana. She always has more than that on her person.

A man's credit in Tehuantepec is not good unless his wife authorizes it. And the only time he is permitted to handle money is when he is running an errand for his wife.

The men of Tehuantepec are practically useless individuals; they spend their time sitting in doorways or lolling in the shade watching their womenfolk carrying on their businesses. All buying and selling is completely under the control of these stately, bronzed amazons in their crisp white *huipil grandes* and their colorful costumes.

The visitor who thinks all Mexicans are fond of bargaining will be shocked when he brushes up against the tawny Tehuanas. He might just as well try bargaining with a salesgirl at the perfume counter of Saks Fifth Avenue. These women tolerate no nonsense. A man must know his place with them. He must not expect to be treated as their equal. He must not expect any respect from them. They will not flock around a prospective customer to make him buy their merchandise. They refuse to deliver any sales promotion talks. If the customer wants to buy he simply comes to them and asks for what he wants. They

Continued on page 230



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Left—Gift Set de Luxe—Royal Oak Cologne, After Shave Lotion, Powder, in rugged square cut bottles, and Royal Oak Shaving Soap in a hollow square of pickled oak, water resistant . . . \$10.00*



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Lightfoot, 663—5th Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

Barefoot Beauties of Tehuantepec

Continued from page 229

quote their price. He takes it or leaves it.

At the same time, their honesty and integrity is something to serve as a lesson the world over. They know that most tourists—particularly *Norte Americanos*—have plenty of money which they toss about freely and carelessly, and that they are accustomed to pay more for what they buy. But they will quote the same prices to Americans as they will to their next door neighbors. They have no desire to make money by charging exorbitant prices.

For the greater part, these proud women have chosen their husbands from outside their own tribe. Long before railroads were built, many adventurers, seeking the west coast, followed the route of the Tehuantepec Isthmus. Many of these men surrendered to the charm of the Tehuanas, forgot the west coast and were absorbed by this dignified race. Though their descendants may be called Indians, they are actually white. The line is drawn not by blood but by speech, dress and manners.

The Tehuanas still deify their original ancestors. They describe them as strong, handsome and courageous. All of them have died fighting bravely to preserve the ideals and dignity that their women are still carrying on after hundreds of years. Through some odd and inexplicable quirk, instead of their numbers diminishing, they are continually increasing. The women outnumber the men four to one and because of this superiority are better able to dictate to their menfolk.

The history of the women of Tehuantepec is an endless story of plunder and rape. Throughout the centuries, they have stanchly withstood the lust and ravishments of invading Spaniards as well as the onslaught of native tribes.

Although much the greater part of their history is now shrouded in time, it is known that their forbears were French soldiers stationed in the garrison outside their town. These men were strong, tall and handsome. The women still worship them and whenever a man bearing the slightest resemblance comes into their midst, the Tehuanas shamelessly try to attract him in every way. They feel that when enough of these men come to remain permanently, they will gladly relinquish their present role and revert to a secondary place as dutiful housewives and mothers. Then, and only then, will they again become shy, frivolous and obedient.

However, until that time, the girls will grow up to rule and dominate; the boys to marry and meekly accept subjugation from this strange tribe of proud, beautiful glamazons. ‡

Continued from page 57



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No-Sided Professor

Continued from page 67

time of Moebius it was believed that any surface, such as a piece of paper, had two sides. It was the German astronomer who made the disconcerting discovery that if you take a strip of paper, give it a single half-twist, then paste the ends together, the result is a "unilateral" surface—a surface with only *one* side!

If you will trouble to make such a strip (known to topologists as the "Moebius surface") and examine it carefully, you will soon discover that the strip actually does consist of only one continuous side and of one continuous edge.

It is hard to believe at first that such a strip can exist, but there it is—a visible, tangible thing that can be constructed in a moment. And it has the indisputable property of one-sidedness, a property it cannot lose no matter how much it is stretched or how it is distorted.*2

But back to the story. As an instructor in mathematics at the University of Chicago, with a doctor's thesis in topology to my credit, I had little difficulty in securing admittance into the Moebius Society. Our membership was small—only twenty-six men, most of them Chicago topologists but a few from universities in neighboring towns.

We held regular monthly meetings, rather academic in character, and once a year on November 17 (which happened to be the anniversary of Moebius' birth) we arranged a banquet at which an outstanding topologist was brought to the city to act as a guest speaker.

The banquet always had its less serious aspects, usually in the form of special entertainment. But this year our funds were low and we decided to hold the celebration at the Purple Hat where the cost of the dinner would not be too great and where we could enjoy the floor show after the lecture. We were fortunate in having been able to obtain as our guest the distinguished Professor Slapenarski, universally acknowledged as the world's leading topologist and one of the greatest mathematical minds of the century.

Dr. Slapenarski had been in the city several weeks giving a series of lectures at the University of Chicago on the topological aspects of Einstein's theory of space. As a result of my contacts with him at the university, we became good friends and I had been asked to introduce him at the dinner.

We rode to the Purple Hat together in a taxi, and on the way I begged him to give me some inkling of the content of his address. But he only smiled inscrutably and told me, in his thick Polish accent, to wait and see. He had announced his topic as "The No-Sided Surface"—a topic which had aroused such speculation among our members that Dr.

Continued on page 232



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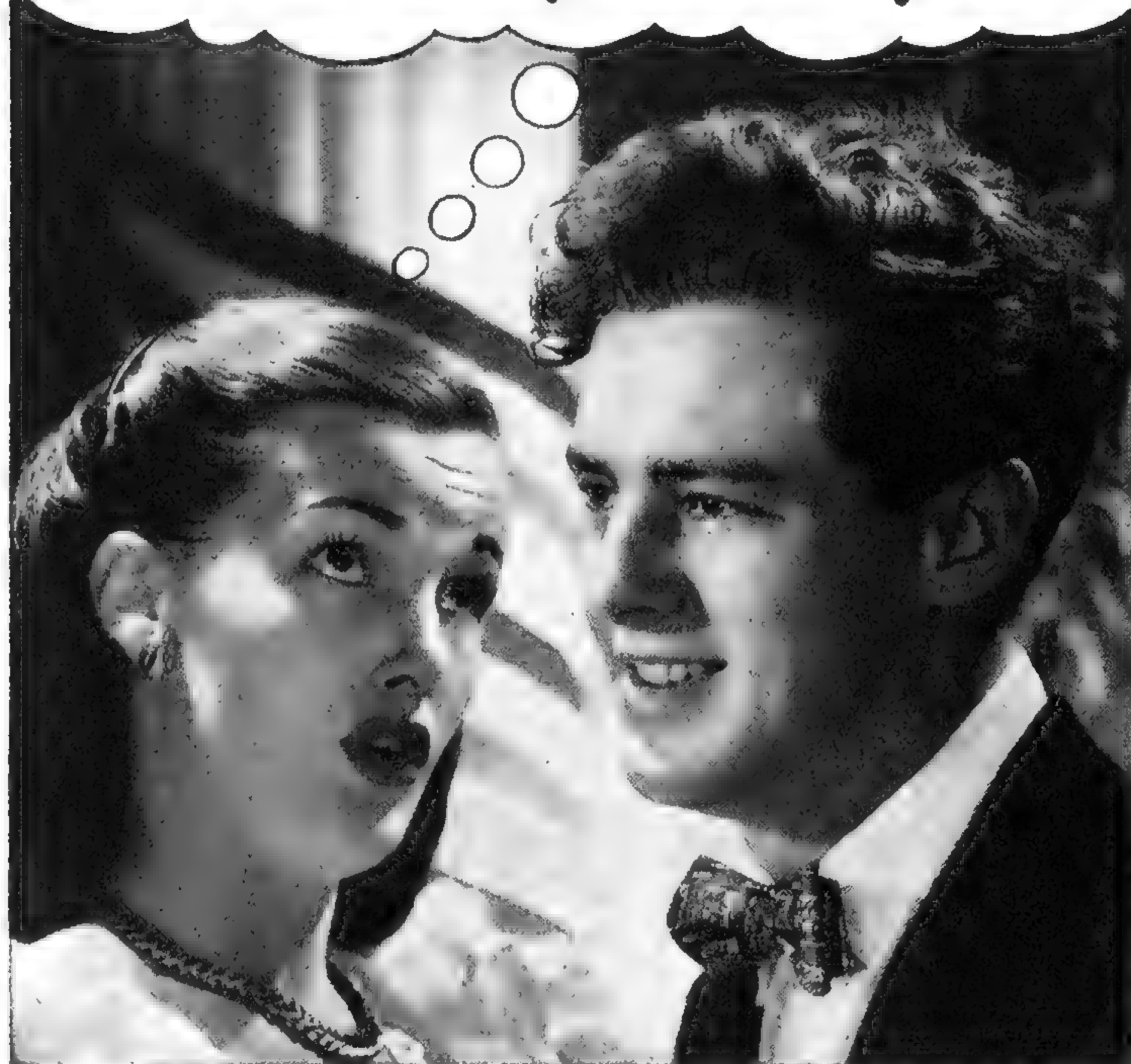
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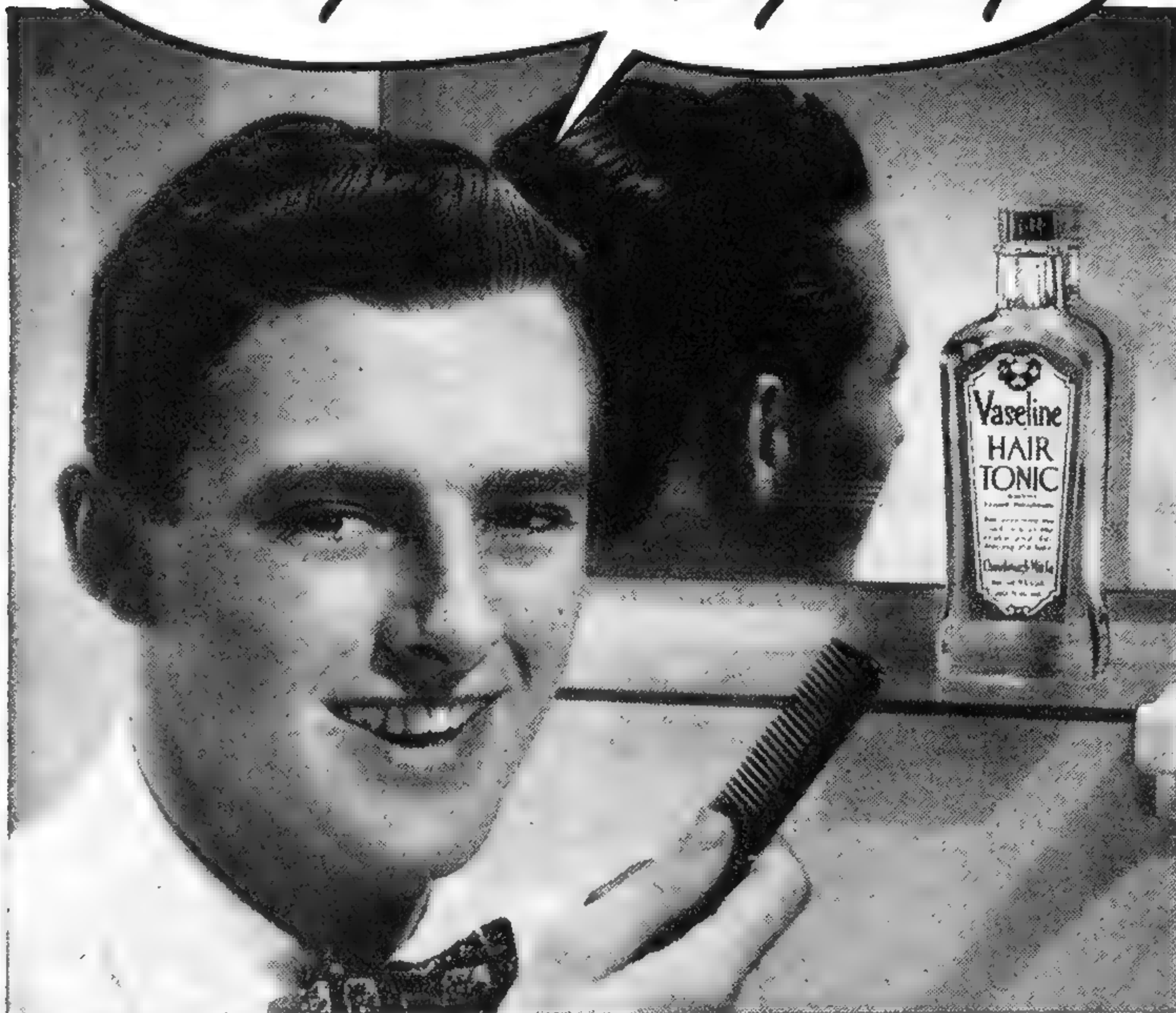
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No-Sided Professor

Continued from page 231

Robert Simpson of the University of Wisconsin wrote he was coming to the dinner, the first meeting that he had attended in over a year.*3

Dr. Simpson is the outstanding authority on topology in the Middle West and the author of several important papers on topology and nuclear physics in which he vigorously attacks several of Slapenarski's major axioms.

The Polish professor and I arrived a little late. After introducing him to Simpson, then to our other members, we took our seats at the table and I called Slapenarski's attention to our tradition of brightening the banquet with little topological touches. For instance, our napkin rings were silver-plated Moebius strips. Doughnuts were provided with the coffee, and the coffee itself was contained in specially designed cups made in the shape of "Klein's bottle."*4

After the meal we were served Ballantine's ale, because of the curious trade-mark,*5 and pretzels in the shapes of the two basic "trefoil" knots.*6 Slapenarski was much amused by these details and even made several suggestions for additional topological curiosities, but the suggestions are too complex to explain here.

After my brief introduction, the Polish doctor stood up, acknowledged the applause with a smile, and cleared his throat. The room instantly became silent. The reader is already familiar with the professor's appearance—his portly frame, reddish beard, and polished pate—but it should be added that there was something in the expression of his face that suggested that he had matters of considerable import to disclose to us.

It would be impossible to give with any fullness the substance of Slapenarski's brilliant, highly technical address. But the gist of it was this. Ten years ago, he said, he had been impressed by a statement of Moebius, in one of his lesser known treatises, that there was no theoretical reason why a surface could not lose both its sides—to become, in other words, a "nonlateral" surface.

Of course, the professor explained, such a surface was impossible to imagine, but so is the square root of minus one or the hypercube of fourth-dimensional geometry. That a concept is inconceivable has long ago been recognized as no basis for denying either its validity or usefulness in mathematics and modern physics.

We must remember, he added, that even the one-sided surface is inconceivable to anyone who has not seen and handled a Moebius strip. And many persons, with well-developed mathematical imaginations, are unable to understand how such a strip can exist even when they have one in hand.

I glanced at Dr. Simpson and

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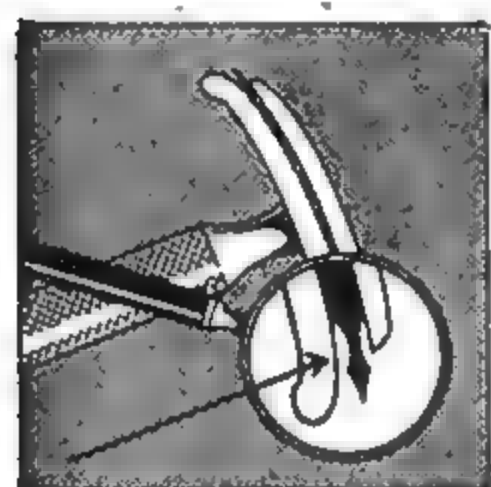
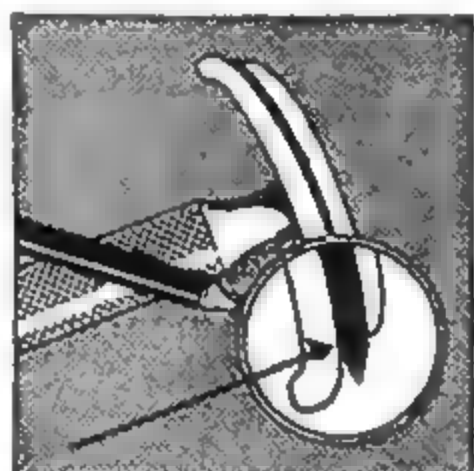
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thought I detected a skeptical smile curving the corners of his mouth.

Slapenarski continued. For many years, he said, he had been engaged in a tireless quest for a no-sided surface. On the basis of analogy with known types of surfaces he had been able to analyze many of the properties of the no-sided surface, and finally one day—and he paused here for dramatic emphasis, sweeping his bright little eyes across the motionless faces of his listeners—he had actually succeeded in constructing a no-sided surface.

His words were like an electric impulse that transmitted itself around the table. Everyone gave a sudden start and shifted his position and looked at his neighbor with raised eyebrows. I noticed that Simpson was shaking his head vigorously. When the speaker walked to the end of the room where a blackboard had been placed, Simpson bent his head and whispered to the man on his left, "It's sheer nonsense. Either Slappy has gone completely mad or he's playing a deliberate prank on all of us."

I think it had occurred to the others also that the lecture was a hoax because I noticed several were smiling to themselves while the professor chalked some elaborate diagrams on the blackboard.

After a somewhat involved discussion of the diagrams (which I was wholly unable to follow) the professor announced that he would conclude his lecture by constructing one of the simpler forms of the no-sided surface. By now we were all grinning at each other. Dr. Simpson's face had more of a smirk than a grin.

Slapenarski produced from his coat pocket a sheet of pale blue paper, a small pair of scissors, and a tube of paste. He cut the paper into a figure that had a striking resemblance, I thought, to a paper doll. There were five projecting strips or appendages that resembled a head and four limbs. Then he folded and pasted the sheet carefully. It was an intricate procedure. Strips went over and under each other in an odd fashion until finally only two ends projected. Dr. Slapenarski then applied a dab of paste to one of these ends.

"Gentlemen," he said, holding up the twisted blue construction and turning it about for all to see, "you are about to witness the first public demonstration of the Slapenarski surface."

So saying, he pressed one of the projecting ends against the other.

There was a loud pop, like the bursting of a light bulb, and the paper figure vanished in his hands!

For a moment we were too stunned to move, then with one accord we broke into laughter and applause.

We were convinced, of course, that we were the victims of an elaborate joke. But it had been beautifully executed. I assumed, as did the others, that we had witnessed an ingenious chemical

Continued on page 234

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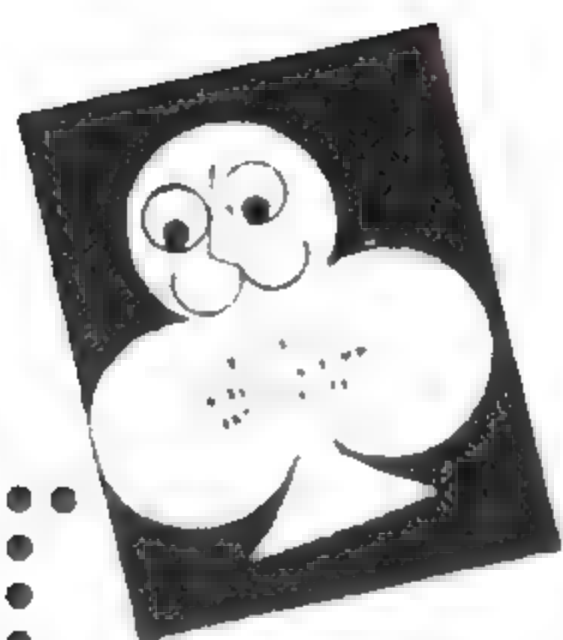
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No-Sided Professor

Continued from page 233

trick with paper—paper treated so it could be ignited by friction or some similar method and caused to explode without leaving an ash.

But I noticed that the professor seemed disconcerted by the laughter, and his face was beginning to turn the color of his beard. He smiled in an embarrassed way and sat down. The applause subsided slowly.

Falling in with the preposterous mood of the evening we all clustered around him and congratulated him warmly on his remarkable discovery. Then the man in charge of arrangements reminded us that a table had been reserved below so those interested in remaining could enjoy some drinks and see the floor show.

The room gradually cleared of everyone except Slapenarski, Simpson, and myself. The two famous topologists were standing in front of the blackboard. Simpson was smiling broadly and gesturing toward one of the diagrams.

"The fallacy in your proof was beautifully concealed, Doctor," he said. "I wonder if any of the others caught it."

The Polish mathematician was not amused.

"There is no fallacy in my proof," he said impatiently.

"Oh come, now, Doctor," Simpson said. "Of course there's a fallacy." Still smiling, he touched a corner of the diagram with his thumb. "These lines can't possibly intersect within the manifold. The intersection is somewhere out here." He waved his hand off to the right.

Slapenarski's face was growing red again.

"I tell you there is no fallacy," he repeated, his voice rising. Then slowly, speaking his words carefully and explosively, he went over the proof once more, rapping the blackboard at intervals with his knuckles.

Simpson listened gravely, and at one point interrupted with an objection. The objection was answered. A moment later he raised a second objection. The second objection was answered. I stood aside without saying anything. The discussion was too far above my head.

Then they began to raise their voices. I have already spoken of Simpson's long-standing controversy with Slapenarski over several basic topological axioms. Some of these axioms were now being brought into the argument.

"But I tell you the transformation is not bicontinuous and therefore the two sets cannot be homeomorphic," Simpson shouted.

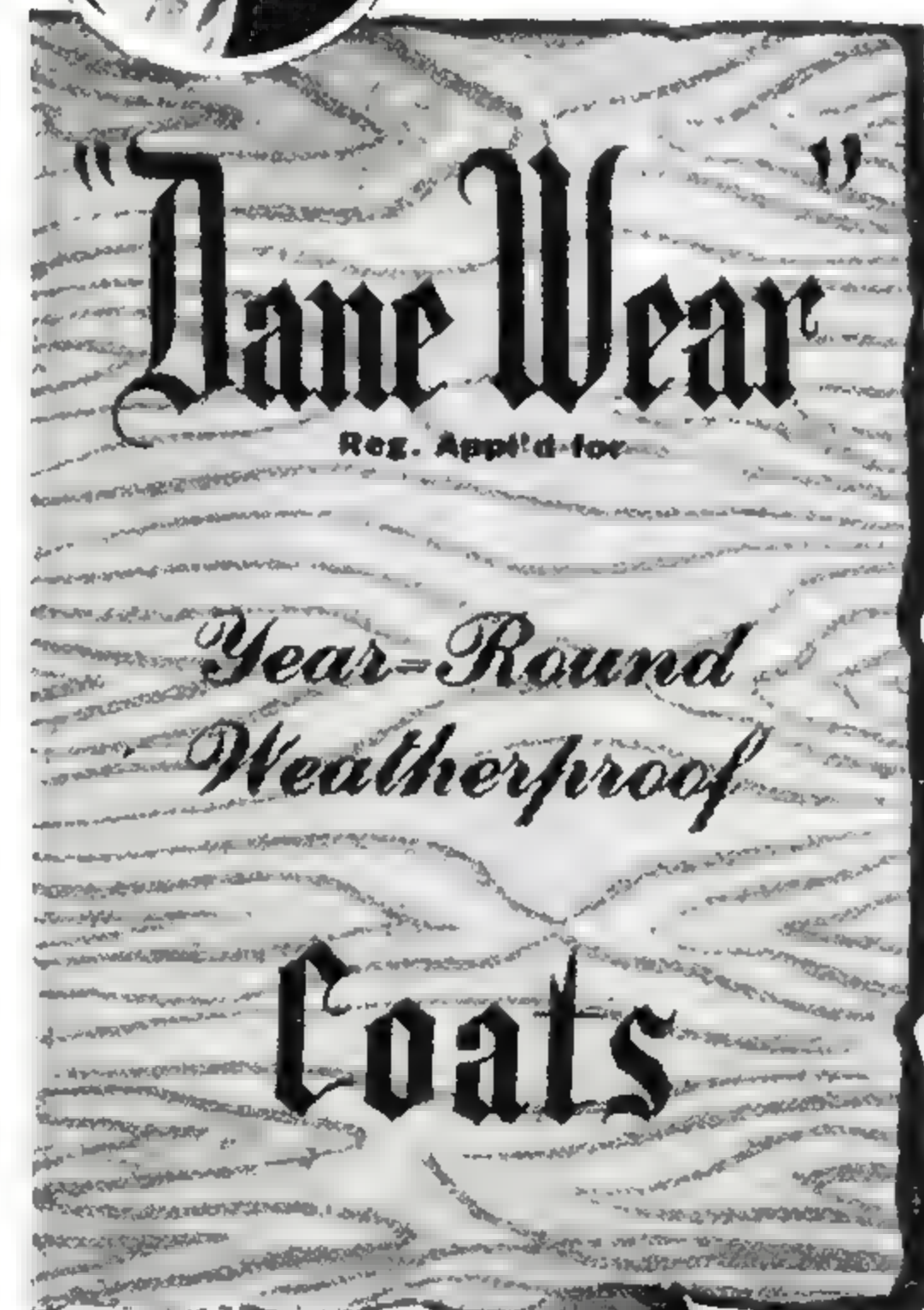
The veins on the Polish mathematician's temples were standing out in sharp relief. "Then suppose you explain to me why my manifold vanished," he yelled back.

"It was nothing but a cheap conjuring trick," snorted Simpson. "I don't know how it worked

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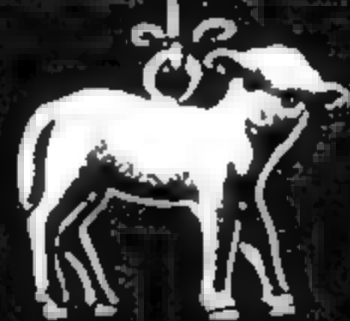
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and I don't care, but it certainly wasn't because the manifold became nonlateral."

"Oh it wasn't, wasn't it?" Slapenarski said between his teeth and sent his fist crashing into the jaw of Dr. Simpson. The Wisconsin professor groaned and dropped to the floor. Slapenarski turned and glared at me wildly.

"Get back, young man," he said. As he outweighed me by at least one hundred pounds, I got back.

Then I watched in horror what was taking place. With insane fury still flaming on his face, Slapenarski had knelt beside the limp body and was twisting the arms and legs into fantastic knots. He was, in fact, folding the Wisconsin topologist as he had folded his piece of paper! Suddenly there was a small explosion, like the backfire of a car, and under the Slapenarski hands lay the collapsed clothing of Dr. Simpson.

Simpson had become a nonlateral surface.

Slapenarski stood up, breathing with difficulty and holding in his hands a tweed coat with vest, shirt, and underwear top inside. He opened his hands and let the garments fall on top of the clothing on the floor. Great drops of perspiration rolled down his face. He muttered in Polish, then beat his fists against his forehead.

I recovered enough presence of mind to move to the entrance of the room, and lock the door. When I spoke my voice sounded weak. "Can he... be brought back?"

"I do not know, I do not know," Slapenarski wailed. "I have only begun the study of these surfaces—only just begun. I have no way of knowing where he is. Undoubtedly it is one of the higher dimensions, probably one of the odd-numbered ones. God knows which one."

Then he grabbed me suddenly by my coat lapels and shook me so violently that a bridge on my upper teeth came loose. "I must go to him," he said. "It is the least I can do—the very least."

He sat down on the floor and began interweaving arms and legs.

"Do not stand there like an idiot!" he yelled. "Here—some assistance."

I adjusted my bridge, then helped him twist his right arm under his left leg and back around his head until he was able to grip his right ear. Then his left arm had to be twisted in a somewhat similar fashion. "Over, not under," he shouted. It was with difficulty that I was able to force his left hand close enough to his face so he could grasp his nose.

There was another explosive noise, much louder than the sound made by Simpson, and a sudden blast of cold wind across my face. When I opened my eyes I saw the second heap of crumpled clothing on the floor.

While I was staring stupidly at the two piles of clothing there was a muffled sort of "pfft" sound behind me. I turned and saw Simpson standing near the wall,

Continued on page 236



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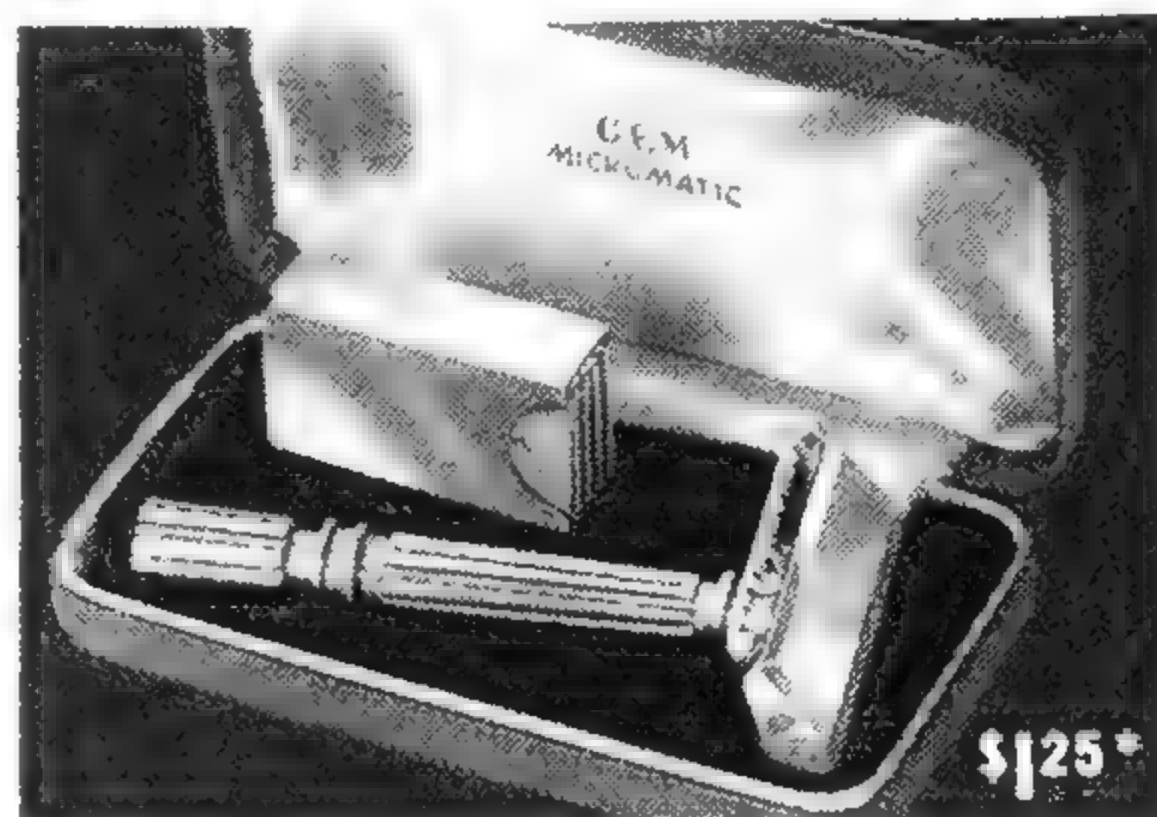
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No-Sided Professor

Continued from page 235

naked and shivering. His face was white. Then his knees buckled and he sank to the floor. There were vivid red marks at various places where his limbs had been pressed tightly against each other.

I stumbled to the door, unlocked it, and started down the stairway after a strong drink—for myself—and I became conscious of a violent hubbub. Slapenarski had, a few moments earlier, completed his sensational dive.

In a back room below I found the other members of the Moebius Society and various officials of the Purple Hat Club in noisy, incoherent debate. Slapenarski was sitting in a chair with a tablecloth wrapped around him and holding a handkerchief filled with ice cubes against the side of his jaw.

"Simpson is back," I said. "He fainted but I think he's okay."

"Thank heavens," Slapenarski mumbled.

The officials and patrons of the Purple Hat never understood, of course, what happened that wild night, and our attempts to explain made matters worse. The police arrived, adding to the confusion.

We finally got the two professors dressed and on their feet, and made an escape by promising to return the following day with our lawyers. The manager seemed to think the club had been the victim of an outlandish plot, and threatened to sue for damages against what he called the club's "refined reputation." As it turned out, the incident proved to be magnificent word-of-mouth advertising and eventually the club dropped the case. The papers heard the story, of course, but promptly dismissed it as an uncouth publicity stunt cooked up by Phanstiehl, the Purple Hat's press agent.

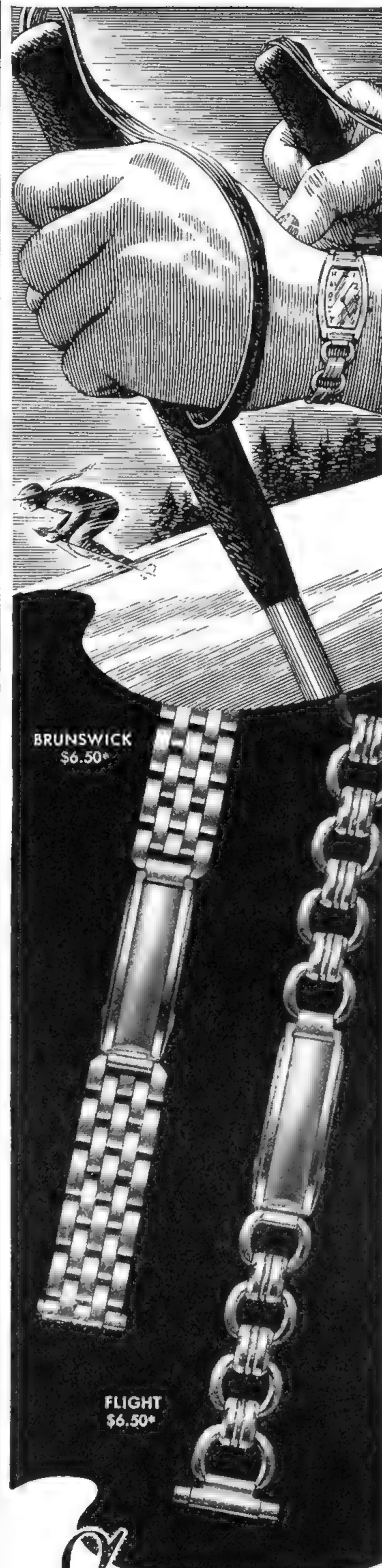
Simpson was unhurt, but Slapenarski's jaw had been broken. I took him to Billings Hospital, near the university, and in his hospital room late that night he told me what he thought had happened. Apparently Simpson had entered a higher dimension (very likely the fifth) on level ground.

When he recovered consciousness he unhooked himself and immediately reappeared as a normal three-dimensional torus with outside and inside surfaces. But Slapenarski had worse luck. He had landed on some sort of slope. There was nothing to see—only a grey, undifferentiated fog on all sides—but he had the distinct sensation of rolling down a hill.

He tried to keep a grip on his nose but was unable to maintain it. His right hand slipped free before he reached the bottom of the incline. As a result, he unfolded himself and tumbled back into three-dimensional space and the middle of Dolores' Egyptian routine.

At any rate that was the way Slapenarski had it figured out.

He was several weeks in the hospital, refusing to see anyone



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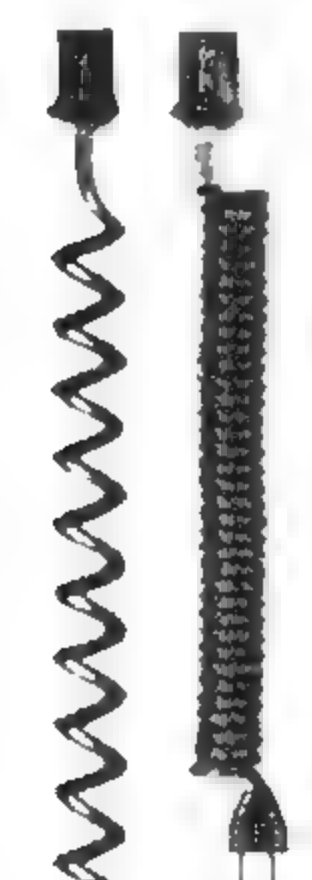


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until the day of his release when I accompanied him to the Union Station. He caught a train to New York and I never saw him again. He died a few months later of a heart attack in Warsaw. At present Dr. Simpson is in correspondence with his widow in an attempt to obtain his notes on nonlateral surfaces.

Whether these notes will or will not be intelligible to American topologists (assuming we can obtain them) remains to be seen. We have made numerous experiments with folded paper, but so far have produced only commonplace bilateral and unilateral surfaces. Although it was I who helped Slapenarski fold himself, the excitement of the moment apparently erased the details from my mind.

But I shall never forget one remark the great topologist made to me the night of his accident, just before I left him at the hospital.

"It was fortunate," he said, "that both Simpson and I released our right hand before the left."

"Why?" I asked.

Slapenarski shuddered.

"We would have been inside out," he said. #

1. The reader who is interested in obtaining a clearer picture of this new mathematics will find excellent articles on topology in the Encyclopaedia Britannica (Fourteenth Edition) under Analysis Situs; and under Analysis Situs in the Encyclopedia Americana. There also are readable chapters on elementary topology in two recent books—Mathematics and the Imagination by Kasner and Newman, and What is Mathematics? by Courant and Robbins. Slapenarski's published work has not yet been translated from the Polish.

2. The Moebius strip has many terrifying properties. For example, if you cut the strip in half lengthwise, cutting down the center all the way around, the result is not two strips, as might be expected, but one single large strip. But if you begin cutting a third of the way from the side, cutting twice around the strip, the result is one large and one small strip, interlocked. The smaller strip can then be cut in half to yield a single large strip, still interlocked with the other large strip. These weird properties are the basis of an old magic trick with cloth, known to the conjuring profession as the "Afghan bands."

3. Dr. Simpson later confided to me that he had attended the dinner not to hear Slapenarski but to see Dolores.

4. Named after Felix Klein, a brilliant German mathematician, Klein's bottle is a completely closed surface, like the surface of a globe, but without inside or outside. It is a unilateral surface like a Moebius strip, but unlike the strip it has no edges. It can be bisected in such a way that each half becomes a Moebius surface. It will hold a liquid. Nothing frightful happens to the liquid.

5. The trefoil knot is the simplest form of knot that can be tied in a closed curve. It exists in two forms, one a mirror image of the other. Although the two forms are topologically identical, it is impossible to transform one into the other by distortion, an upsetting fact that has caused topologists considerable embarrassment. The study of the properties of knots forms an important branch of topology, though very little is understood as yet about even the simplest knots.

6. This trade-mark is a topological manifold of great interest. Although the three rings are interlocked, no two rings are interlocked. In other words, if any one of the rings is removed, the other two rings are completely free of each other. Yet the three together cannot be separated.

Continued from page 67

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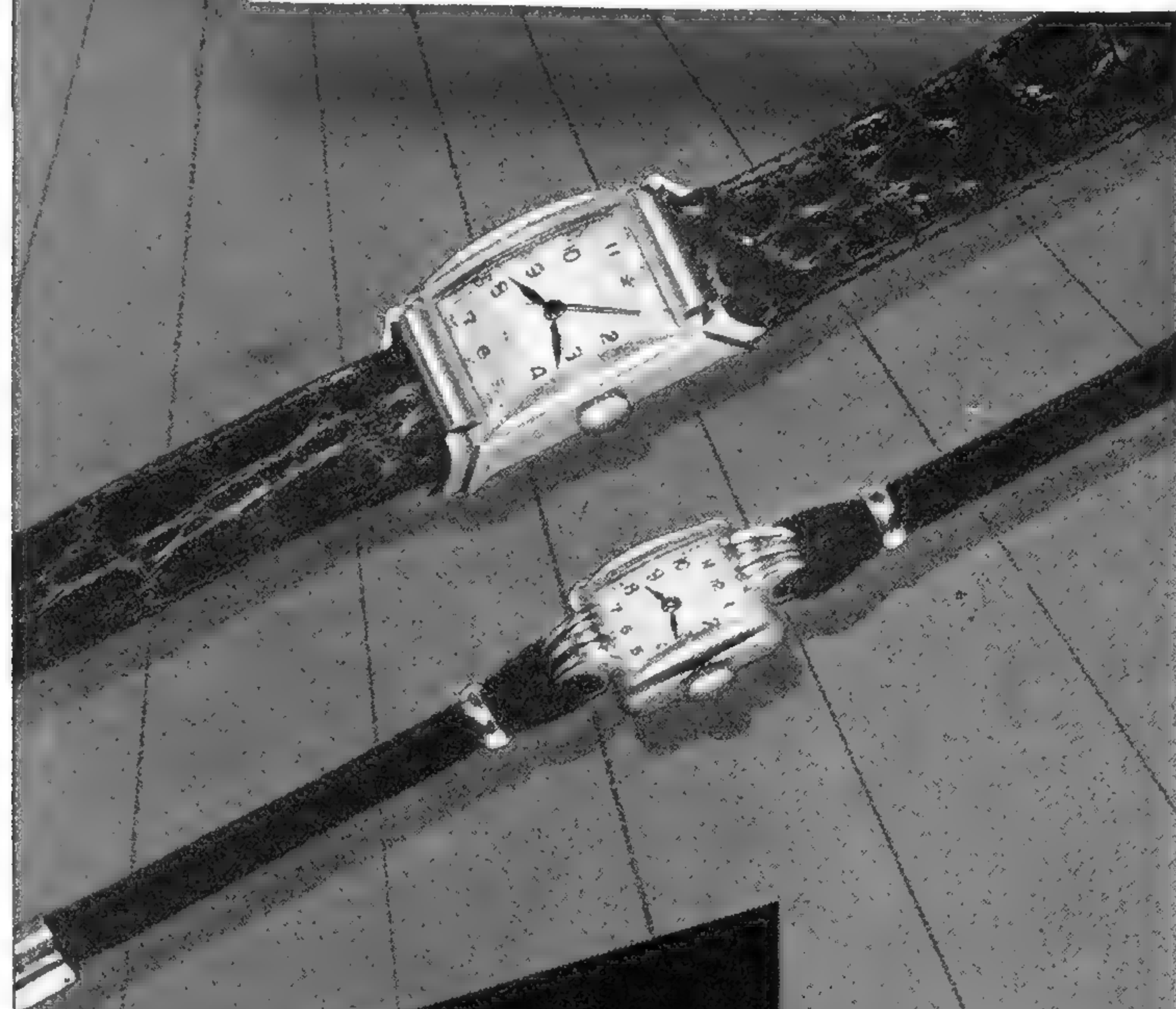
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The Strange Chest

Continued from page 58

to my companions and read slowly:

"In this fine house built of stone and wood I have lived in the law of the Torah and great are my years."

"That's wonderful," Holtzman interrupted. "It again proves the Torah or Old Testament actually existed."

"Two thousand years ago," Crawford added.

"Listen," I said, starting again. "The hands of many men fashioned my house, all carpenters good, builders of skill. Skill not found in this my city of Nazareth. But one youth possessed such skill with his hands and He was of us in Nazareth. His art was greater than all others as He fashioned rooms with windows and doors which even now stand fast against the sun and wind and rains. Fine urns of gold and silver adorn my rooms and priceless spices fill my bins. Strange then that this, a wooden box, should be my prized possession."

I held my breath as the meaning of the next full sentence took form in my mind. My hands trembled as I wiped the perspiration from my face. I bent lower and went on. "The hands of Jesus of Nazareth, first son of Joseph fashioned this chest."

"My God," Holtzman shouted hoarsely, "His hands."

He ran to the door, turned, and in a tremulous voice said, "I'll double the guard. No one must touch it."

I glanced at Crawford and saw that his mouth was working nervously.

"Go on, Ben," he urged me in an eager voice.

My eyes went back to the scroll hurriedly. The quick move released my glasses and I experienced a sickening feeling when I heard the glass splinter. I hadn't the power to focus my eyes without them.

Holtzman rushed in. I could barely make out his form.

"I've got thirty men around it," he said.

Groping with my hands, I picked up the giant magnifying glass. Bending almost to the page, I could barely make it out. As if in the distance, the words vaguely took shape and I again started reading aloud, this time more slowly than before.

"Strange youth this son of Joseph. What wood full worthy of the hands that held the plane and saw and chisel? But not for labor with His hands for He was wont to be a prophet. His eyes and voice a touch of velvet on the cheek as in the hills and in the fields He spoke unto the multitude of words of which it is said but a few and children understood. So long ago it was to me He said, if thine small sight be that of God thine sight shall be in full forever.

"Deeds good and words gave He, is said with truth. But even now I have not understanding of



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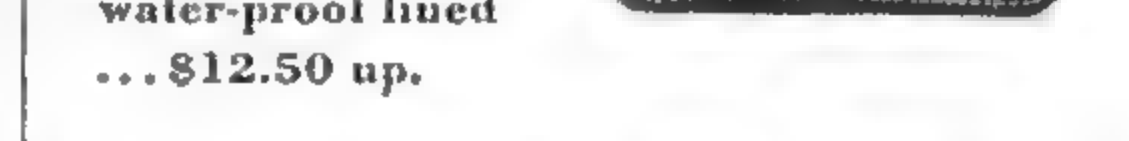
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the words. The words which gave to many much. The words which brought Him to the cross.

"The many years have gone and soon my time is come. Unto my seed I grant my house and fields. But to the earth I take this chest, my prized possession, builded by young Jesus, eldest son of Joseph, the good carpenter. Would that He lived."

I glanced up silently.

"Is that all?" Holtzman asked, a ring of disappointment in his voice.

I nodded thoughtfully, adding: "Except for the enumeration of his family and estate."

"Damn it," Holtzman cried angrily. "I thought this might have the answer."

The strong clear resonance of his voice caught his ear. His hands streaked to his throat as he glanced at each of us with a puzzled expression. Suddenly, a low rumble in the near vicinity of the shed broke the silence. Amidst the muffled roar of many men's voices the shed shook violently, knocking over the table.

"Cave-in," Holtzman shouted, and started running for the door. Crawford and I scrambled after him.

Outside, the men were milling around a deep crevice caused by the cave-in. I hazily saw some of them still climbing out. With dismay I noted the chest was not in sight. I ran to the edge and dimly made out Holtzman at the bottom. He came to the surface, his eyes wild.

"It's completely shattered!" he cried in anguish.

The pooled weight of the men stationed around the chest brought about the collapse of the surface, causing the chest and its guard to drop thirty feet to the floor of the excavation. The heavy stone and earth had taken their toll. Crawford scrambled up with surprising agility. I stooped and retrieved something which fell from his hand. He glanced at me strangely. It was merely a small piece of the gleaming veneer.

"It's a miracle no one was hurt," he said soberly.

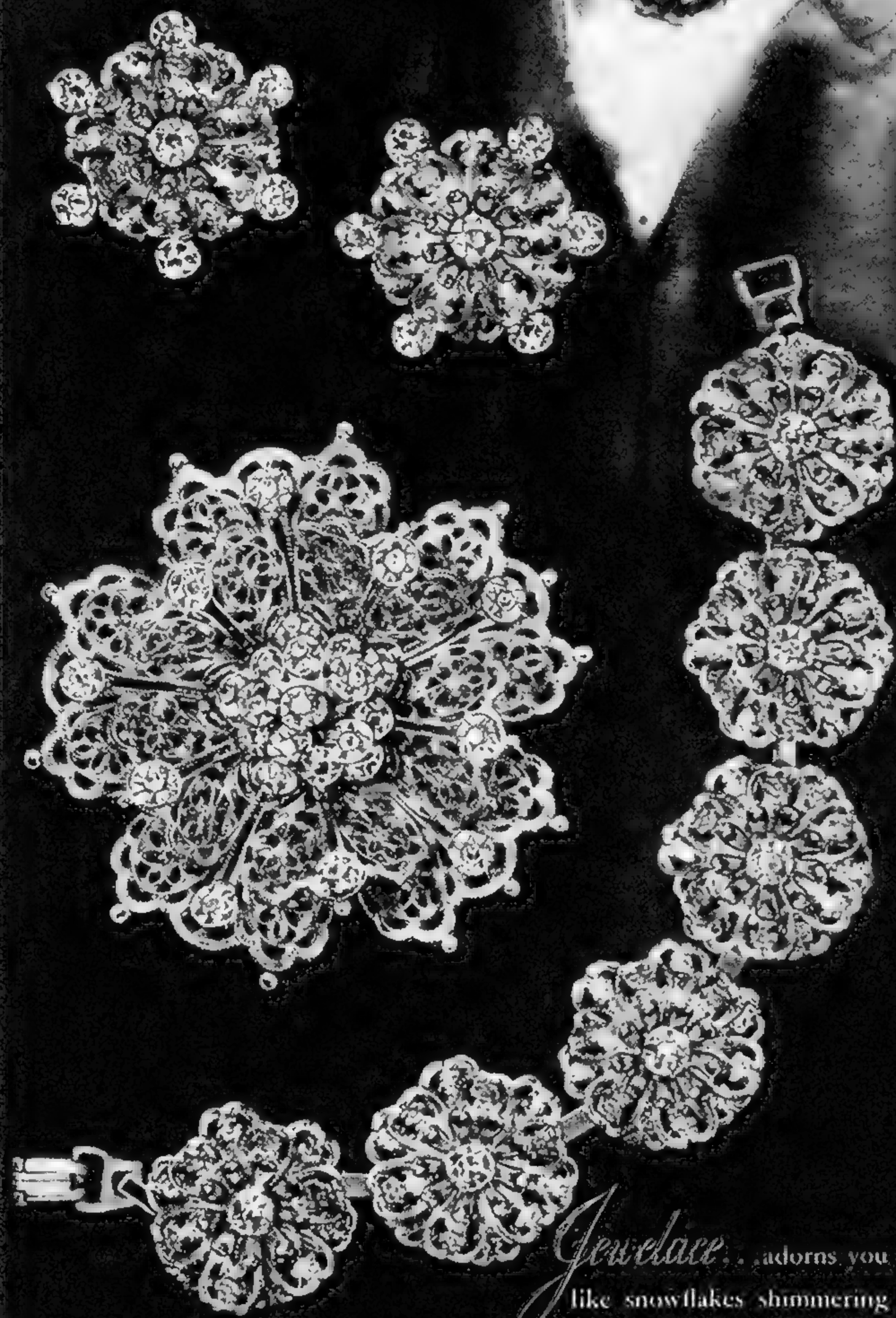
A look at his face startled me. It was no longer twisted hideously. It was a strong lean face with even lips smiling warmly. My eyes involuntarily shot down to his hand. No longer knotted, it hung straight, his fingers extended normally. I couldn't believe my eyes. My hands flew to my face to adjust my glasses but the memory of the incident in the shed stopped the motion in mid-air.

I watched Holtzman studying Crawford intently. He put his arm around him and, picking up the now perfect hand, kissed it humbly. He glanced at me, his eyes shining. Pointing to his eyes, he asked in a soft, clear voice: "You too, Ben?"

Before I could answer, I involuntarily burst into tears.

"And I can see," I cried happily, laughing through my tears. "Now, I can really see." #

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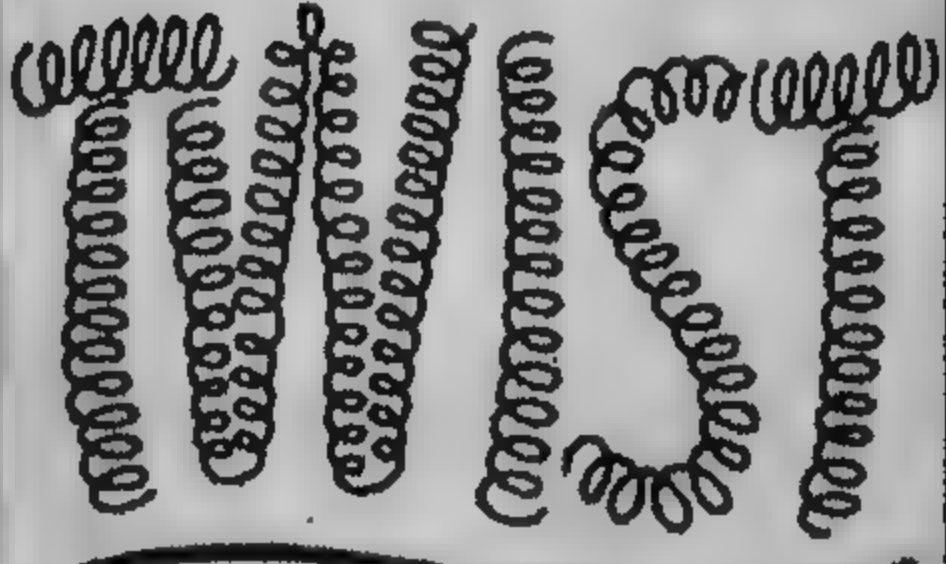


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Too Much Imagination

Continued from page 98

tion; no one would have supposed for a moment that this neatly dressed, fair-haired young man was a hardened outlaw. On the other hand, his success was also the result of an almost incredible coolness of execution based on careful and scientific planning. Bradley never committed a crime without first weighing every conceivable element of it.

In the present situation he photographed the setting indelibly in his mind, calculated such things as timing and alternative modes of escape. Every day the mail truck left the post office for the airport at exactly two o'clock, taking the short cut through the park. It was Bradley's intention to apprehend the driver and make off with the registered mail. He realized it was a robbery which would involve him with the F.B.I. But, like other criminals of his stripe, the odds only increased his desire to pit himself against the might of the federal government. It was a "thrill" job, of course, and not merely for the paltry reward to be found in the registered mail. He hoped that it wouldn't be necessary for him to kill the driver.

However, his business now was to complete this detested task of shopping. When Bradley returned home he was so loaded down with various-shaped parcels and bags that he was almost hidden by them.

"There," said Mrs. Medwick, smiling her approbation as she relieved him of the packages. "That wasn't so hard to do, was it, Bradley?"

Bradley shrugged, glancing about cautiously, as his custom was, to see if any agents had picked up his trail. Then he went upstairs and got his gun, first examining the mechanism before slipping it into his pocket.

"Where are you going now?" asked Mrs. Medwick.

"Out," said Bradley laconically. "Come over here!"

In spite of Bradley's inherent rebellion against parental authority, he obeyed. Mrs. Medwick felt for his trouser pocket. Withdrawing the lethal weapon, she sighed and shook her head. "Will you please be good enough to tell me why you have to go about with this pistol in your pocket all the time?"

Exasperated, Bradley reached out to repossess himself of his trusty automatic. "How," he demanded, "how do you expect me to hold up mail trucks and so forth without this here gun of mine?"

"Well, I'd think a big boy of eight could be doing something better with his time than playing with a silly wooden pistol."

"Aw, Mom, you don't understand," Bradley protested, blinking. "Mothers, they don't never understand *nothing*!" #

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Handy Man in the Air

Continued from page 75

Washington wired back "Mantz."

Amelia Earhart regarded him as the best-informed pilot, and he was technical adviser to all her flights. His old pal, Jimmy Doolittle, refers to him as "a handy man in the air."

Despite his duties as head of an air service, his frequent studio production conferences and his job of reconverting or marketing his seventh largest air force (only the U. S., Great Britain, Russia, Canada, Australia and France have more planes than he) Mantz still keeps a phone at his bedside, and still guarantees to be ready to take off within half an hour of receiving any assignment.

Mantz admits he's still as much of a flying fan as he was when, as a kid of fifteen, he watched the stunt men in the air over the Pan Pacific Fair in San Francisco.

When he went home to Redwood City, California, from that fair he was determined nothing in the world could stop him from being a flier. Nothing did—not even seeing his first flying instructor, Clifford Proger, who had more hours in the air than any other flier, crash to his death.

Mantz attended Stanford University, and took over the Palo Alto School of Aviation in that college town, after learning to fly as an Army cadet in 1926. Members of the daredevil flying circuses that barnstormed county fairs introduced him to stunting for the movies. "A short cut to big dough," they told him, "if you live to collect."

Mantz' valley ranch, his beautiful home perched on top of Hollywood Knolls overlooking Cahenga Pass, Dark Canyon and Lake Hollywood, and his Laguna Beach house hint that Mantz did collect in a big way. A wife who looks as if she were jerked out of a glamour film, a swimming pool for eight-year-old Paul Jr., a shiny Cadillac and a big station wagon don't add up to the kind of peanuts an air bum gets. He has a stepson and stepdaughter, who are close to him.

Paul is medium height and medium build with medium black hair and a medium mustache, but there's nothing medium about his tailors. Paul is a sartorial bright spot—but not gaudy.

He has immense energy, a ready laugh and a personality that does all right with his customers whether he's flying the sporting fraternity of the movies; Queen Wilhelmina; union, big business or government officials; or basketball teams and radio troupes.

His affability, his enthusiasm and his willingness to fly anybody anywhere were largely responsible for his friendship with Douglas Fairbanks, Cecil B. DeMille, Will Rogers, Jean Harlow and others helpful to a young fellow trying to get along in the air.

For Paul Mantz is not only a cheery fellow, but a wise cookie. ‡

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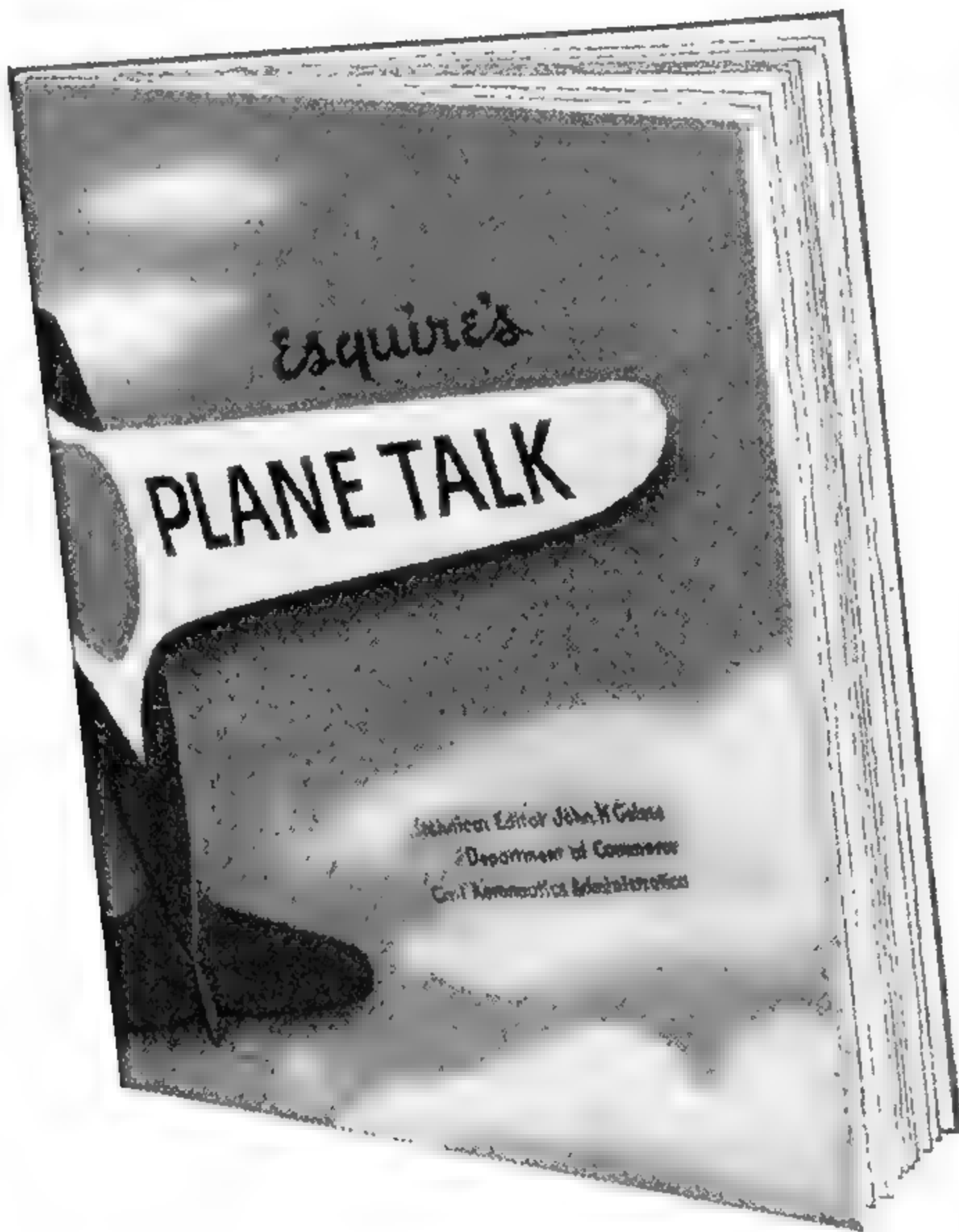
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This Mortal Coil

Continued from page 91

fully controlling his voice. "She was with me."

Janey was drained white, visibly trembling. She nodded to the unspoken question. The policeman behind Ed moved a step closer. L. B. stood up, moved nervously around the laboratory. Iglehart coughed, shuffled his feet.

The sergeant descended on Manckwicz, his voice increasing in volume as he talked. "A good cover up, isn't it? Best trick I ever heard of to beat the paraffin, but it won't work. You wasted it. Knew all about it all the time, didn't you, wise guy? But you didn't know we could tell the difference between the powder in a .22 caliber cartridge and the powder in a big cartridge like the .45 you killed Rafferty with, did you? You didn't remember that all the guns in a shooting gallery are .22's and that you shot Rafferty with a bigger gun, did you? You figured you could mess up the evidence, but you forgot about that. You'll hang for forgetting about it."

"I don't know what the hell you're talking about," Ed said. He choked back a string of angry words, disciplining himself. "I didn't kill him. The last time I saw him was when I told you."

The sergeant folded his arms, walked over to confront the girl. He jerked his head toward Manckwicz. "What goes on between you and him?"

She was much more composed. "Nothing."

"You were out with him last night, weren't you?"

She flashed at him. "What of it?"

He stepped back involuntarily. "Know him long?"

"About a year. Ever since I've been working here."

"Go out with him often?"

"Last night was the third time."

"Get any blood on your hands?" he asked savagely.

L. B. spoke from the other side of the laboratory. "I could have you broken for that, officer."

"You could try."

"It would be a pretty good try. I'm not exactly unknown in this city." He moved nervously, picking up tools and putting them down. He walked over to the radiator and stood looking out the window; his hand drifted automatically to the heat regulating valve.

"This Rafferty," the sergeant asked, returning to Janey. "He ever bother you?"

"He bothered everyone. He was a nasty old man."

The policeman behind Ed spoke in the same flat voice. "The guy likes the girl. The dead guy bothers her. The guy is mad at him anyway, so he comes down and shoots him."

"With what?" the sergeant demanded. "Where's the gun? Where's the bullet?"

"The bullet goes through the dead guy's head and bounces off the wall. The wall's all banged up, so you couldn't tell if it hit there

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or not. The guy finds the bullet, smuggles out the gun and gets rid of them both. He and the girl figure out the shooting-gallery gag to cover up."

"It sounds good to me," the sergeant said. "What've you two got to say for yourselves?"

The man behind Ed moved so close that their coat sleeves brushed. No one spoke, and in the silence they could hear the far-away rumble of machinery, the smacking drip of water from the overhead pipes. The sergeant moved slightly. His toe struck a short piece of copper tubing and set it tinkling over the floor. He bent to pick it up.

"We had nothing to do with it," Ed said. He did not look at Janey.

Richards sat quietly with his arms folded in his lap. The two factory guards stared at the floor. L. B. circled aimlessly near the radiator, his hand still on the valve. The police stenographer waited, pencil poised.

L. B. broke the silence. "Don't either of you say any more." He walked over to Janey, took her hand. "I don't believe you had anything to do with it. I'll get you the best lawyer money can buy."

"They'll need him in court, pal," the sergeant said jovially. He played with the piece of tubing and then bent it double between closed fists. It was a short piece and hard to bend, but it buckled suddenly at the point of maximum stress, sharp corners bulging outward. He tossed it toward the trash bin, missed. "I guess this Rafferty got what was coming to him, but firing him would have been easier. Firing at him is illegal."

No one laughed and the sergeant looked peeved. Manekwicz looked at the piece of tubing on the floor, staring at the flattened bend. It bothered him. Then he raised his head slowly. "Ask the boss why he never fired him."

The sergeant shrugged indulgently. It was evident that he was treating it as the last request of a doomed man. "Okay. Why wasn't he ever fired?"

L. B. was standing at the workbench, spinning a loose-fitting nut up and down the threads of a large bolt. He put it down carefully before answering. "No reason to."

"There was plenty of reason to," Manekwicz said softly. "He'd been working here for fifteen years and he'd been kicked out of every department in the plant before he got shifted into the laboratory. No one would have him. I gave Mr. Richards a memo myself, recommending his dismissal."

"I never saw it," L. B. said. "What did you do with it?" Ed asked Richards.

He squirmed. "I okayed it and sent it to L. B."

Ed turned back. "Why didn't you fire him?" he asked insistently.

"What's this got to do with it?" the sergeant broke in. He was puzzled and frowning.

"A lot." Ed laughed, deep in
Continued on page 244

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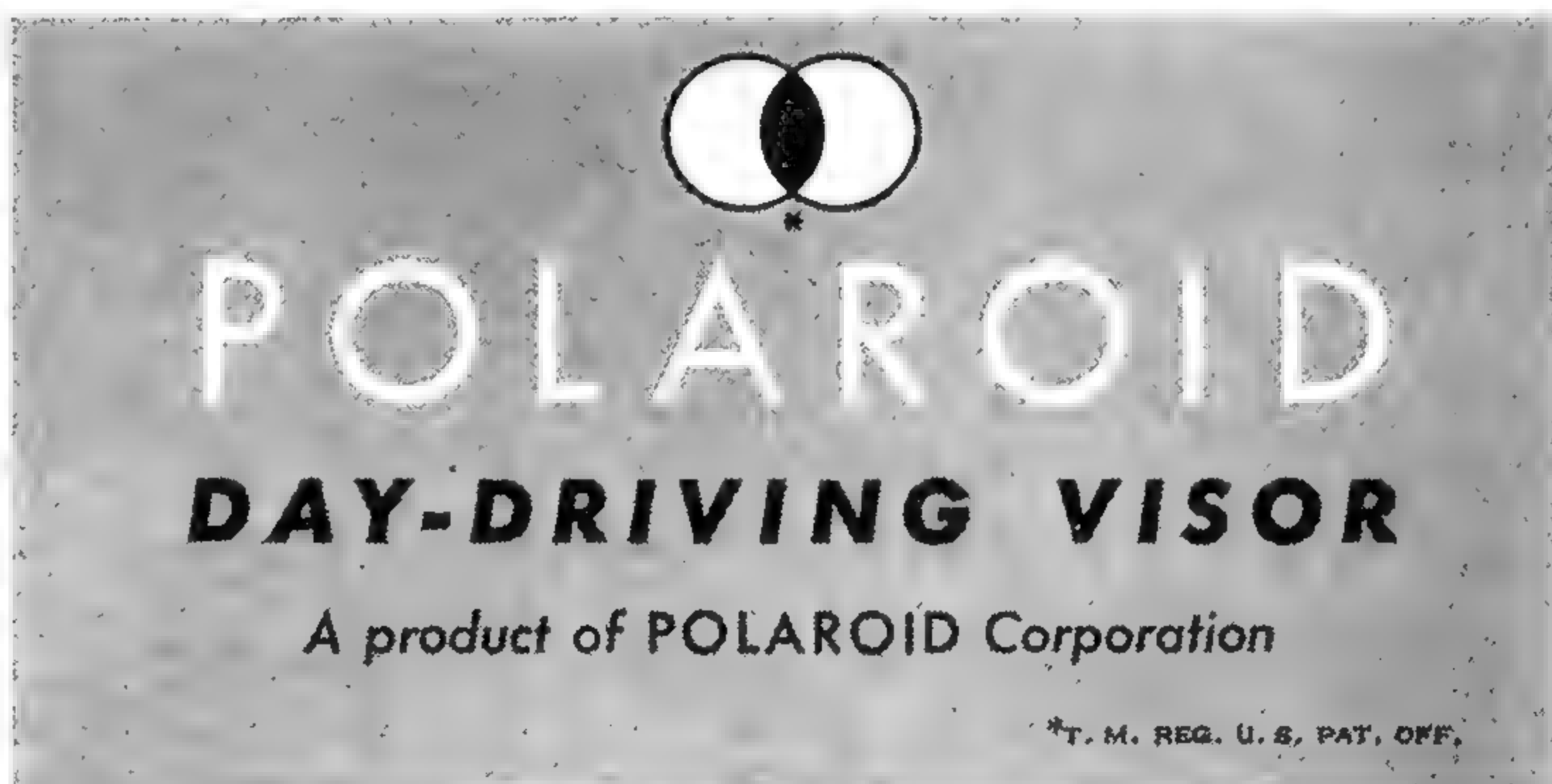
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This Mortal Coil

Continued from page 243

his throat. "I think I know what happened. What kind of gun was Rafferty killed with?"

"We don't know," the sergeant said. "You'll have to tell us that. We don't have the bullet. It could have been anything from a .32 to a .45. I thought it was a .44, myself, but the Doc leaned to a .38 wadcutter. Anyway, we know from the hole it left that it was a big slug and a soft one."

"You've got everything explained except why I had a gun and why the steam was turned on," Ed said. He was thinking fast—faster than he had ever done before—and things were beginning to fall into place.

"I'll show you what happened," Ed said. He picked up the piece of tubing the sergeant had bent and dropped on the floor. "I don't know why you didn't fire him, L. B., but it wasn't because there wasn't any reason to. Rafferty must have had some kind of hold on you. It was common talk around the plant. He was so incompetent that he couldn't have lasted a day on any job."

He went to the opposite side of the laboratory and pulled aside a jumbled coil of tubing. Everything had been disarranged in the police search for the bullet, and he cursed under his breath until he found a cleated wooden box. Their eyes followed him as he bent over it, his hands working as he pried something loose. When he straightened up, he smiled comfortingly at Janey, but she made no answering sign.

He stopped beside the man-high structure of interlacing tubing that stood in the center of the room. "You see this? We're setting it up to test some high-pressure instruments. It's hooked up to eleven hundred pound steam and when it's done, we'll be able to make it do tricks."

He patted it affectionately, called them in closer.

"Look at the bends in the tubing. All nice and round and smooth, aren't they? No sharp corners, no flattening—the full diameter of the pipe all the way around. You'd know how hard it is if you ever tried to bend a piece of pipe. It's a trick. You have to know, or this happens."

He showed them the piece the sergeant had bent. It looked like a crooked length of soda straw, the bend sharply angled, the inside wall crumpled.

"Okay, so I'm no pipe bender," the sergeant said. "What are you getting at?"

"You'll see." He spoke to L. B., his voice oddly penetrating. "They will see, won't they?"

"All right," L. B. said. His body was sagging and he looked very old and very tired. "I was going to tell them. I wouldn't have let Janey and you get into trouble."

"That's very nice of you," Manckwicz said formally. The flat-voiced policeman hesitated,



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shaved ice in a tall punch
glass, dress with fruit of
season. Serve with straws.

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moved into place behind L. B.

"Tell what?" the sergeant de-
manded.

"He did it," Ed said. "It was
probably an accident."

"How?"

"I was telling you. See this
stuff?" He held up a thin ragged
flake of metal, the object he had
pried out of the cleated box. "It's
called Cerrobend. There's a whole
box of it over in the corner, but
it's melted solid. Some of it leaked
out through the cracks and I
broke it off."

"What about it?"

"This stuff is peculiar," Ed said.
"It melts way below the temper-
ature of boiling water—about 150
or 160 degrees Fahrenheit. You
pour it into a piece of straight
tubing and let it solidify. Then, if
you're careful, you can bend the
tubing into any shape you want
without buckling the walls. The
stuff inside sort of supports it.
After the pipe is bent, you put it
in boiling water. The Cerrobend
melts out and the pipe is clear
again, ready for use."

"So what?"

"So this. When I got angry with
Rafferty yesterday, I could tell he
was scared. That's why I laid it on
so thick—I thought I finally had a
chance of getting rid of him. I
figure now that maybe his hold on
L. B. was getting a little shaky
and that he was afraid of getting
the boot. I figure he came back to
finish up the job after I was gone,
so he could show me what a good
boy he would be if I gave him an-
other chance."

Ed paused for breath and went
on, speaking more slowly. "He
was working on this coil." He
pointed it out. It was the one the
sergeant had kept bumping into.
One end of the helix was coupled
to a large vertical pipe and the
other end, about waist-high,
pointed up at an acute angle.

"He must have finished bend-
ing it, cleaned out the Cerrobend
and began to hook it up. L. B.
must have come in about that
time. Janey had told him about
our fight and he probably came
down to see what was going on."

L. B. said nothing. The ser-
geant gestured impatiently. "How
do you know he shot him?"

"He didn't shoot him," Ed said.
"That's the whole point of it. He
turned on the main steam valve.
Steam at eleven hundred pounds
per square inch got into the sys-
tem and Rafferty, being the lousy
mechanic that he was, hadn't
cleaned that coil out very well.
There must have been a slug of
Cerrobend left near the end of the
coil. The steam shot it out of the
tube like powder gas shoots the
bullet out of a gun. Rafferty got
it right through the soft part un-
der his chin and up through his
head. You can see from the direc-
tion in which the end of the coil is
pointed that it would have hit
him that way, especially if he had
been messing around, preparing
to connect it up. When L. B. saw
what had happened, he must have
run out, forgetting to shut off the
steam. The door has a spring lock,

Continued on page 246

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This Mortal Coil

Continued from page 245

it would have locked itself behind him."

"But what happened to the slug?"

"You're standing on it." He pointed to the thin grey stain on the damp concrete floor. "There was steam pouring in here all night, don't forget. It just melted down like that whole box across the room melted down."

"The worst part is that it was just the right size to make a hole that looked like a bullet wound. It's a half-inch special tube and the bore is a little less than four-tenths of an inch, just in the usual range of bullet sizes."

The sergeant turned slowly. "How about it?" he asked L. B. "Did you kill him?"

"I don't think he did it purposely," Ed said. "I think it was an accident."

"How can you turn on a valve accidentally?"

"It must have been an accident. L. B. couldn't have known that there would be a piece of Cerrobend left in the coil. He couldn't even know that the steam would be hooked into the system before it was complete. Only a mental cripple like Rafferty could have made two mistakes like that."

"Maybe so," the sergeant said doubtfully. "But how can you turn on a valve accidentally? I still don't get that."

"You couldn't, but he could. He's a twirler, there's one in every plant. He can't resist moving anything that will move; he has to turn everything that turns. Look at him now."

L. B. held a small adjustable S-wrench in his right hand, twisting the knurled nut between nervous fingers. He stared at it a moment, dropped it, wilted under the concentration of their stare. The sergeant nodded and the policeman cleared his throat, put a hand on L. B.'s shoulder. "You're under arrest," he said. It was the first time his voice showed any expression.

"It was an accident," L. B. said shakily. "I didn't want to kill him. He was my brother-in-law; I was trying to do the best I could for him. I gave him every chance. I didn't want to fire him. I was going to tell you how it happened. I swear I was going to tell you."

"Take him out," the sergeant said. He spoke to the two company guards. "You two can beat it. And keep your mouths shut about this."

Janey clung to Ed, making sobbing sounds. The sergeant tapped him paternally on the shoulder. "That was good work, kid. We were bluffing you, but we could have made you a lot of trouble."

Ed looked down at Janey's hair, stroked it, lifted her chin gently with a strong finger and offered her a handkerchief. "You've made me a lot of trouble already," he said, "but I like it fine. We can go on from here and make it permanent." #

Continued from page 91



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Uruguay—Switzerland of So. America

Continued from page 114

to scrape up an acquaintance. (The very idea!)

Hopping off a streetcar is as much of an experience as trying to climb on. Procedure is to hiss "kssssst!" at the conductor, and make like you're trying to get off. The conductor will intercede on your behalf with the driver, who will slow down almost perceptibly. You will leap forth into the black night and hope for the best. Newsboys, who ride the cars free, are best at this game. They jump off backwards. Just for the hell of it.

Now that you know how to ride a streetcar, let's get on with more sophisticated amusements.

What to do

You won't be in Uruguay two days before you'll have developed your own favorite spots with your own special crowd at your own particular beach. But you'll all be spending some time in Montevideo, so let's cover its attractions more completely.

Cassoni's, at Sarandí 580, is our pet night spot. It's really not too much, by New York, Chicago or Hollywood standards, but it has its attractions. Entering Cassoni's you are faced with the checkroom. To the left of the checkroom is a door leading to a dance floor on the street level. To the right of the checkroom is a stairway which leads below street level to another room. Your Uruguayan friend will ask his wife to wait at the checkroom while he shows you around the room on the street level. Women with escorts are not allowed, and what's more your friend's wife wouldn't be seen dead in there. It's strictly for the babes of the town. (They call them "muchachas de la vida"—"daughters of life.")

Downstairs, on the other hand, is the most respectable place in town—also Cassoni's. That's where you take your wife or girl friend, with mother, sister, aunts, cousins, or whoever is filling in on the chaperone assignment. The food is fine and the music good, but—frankly—we like the samba dancing better upstairs.

Other first-class night spots in Montevideo include El Fara, at Convencion 1325, and Sevilla Colmado, on Juan Carlos Gómez.

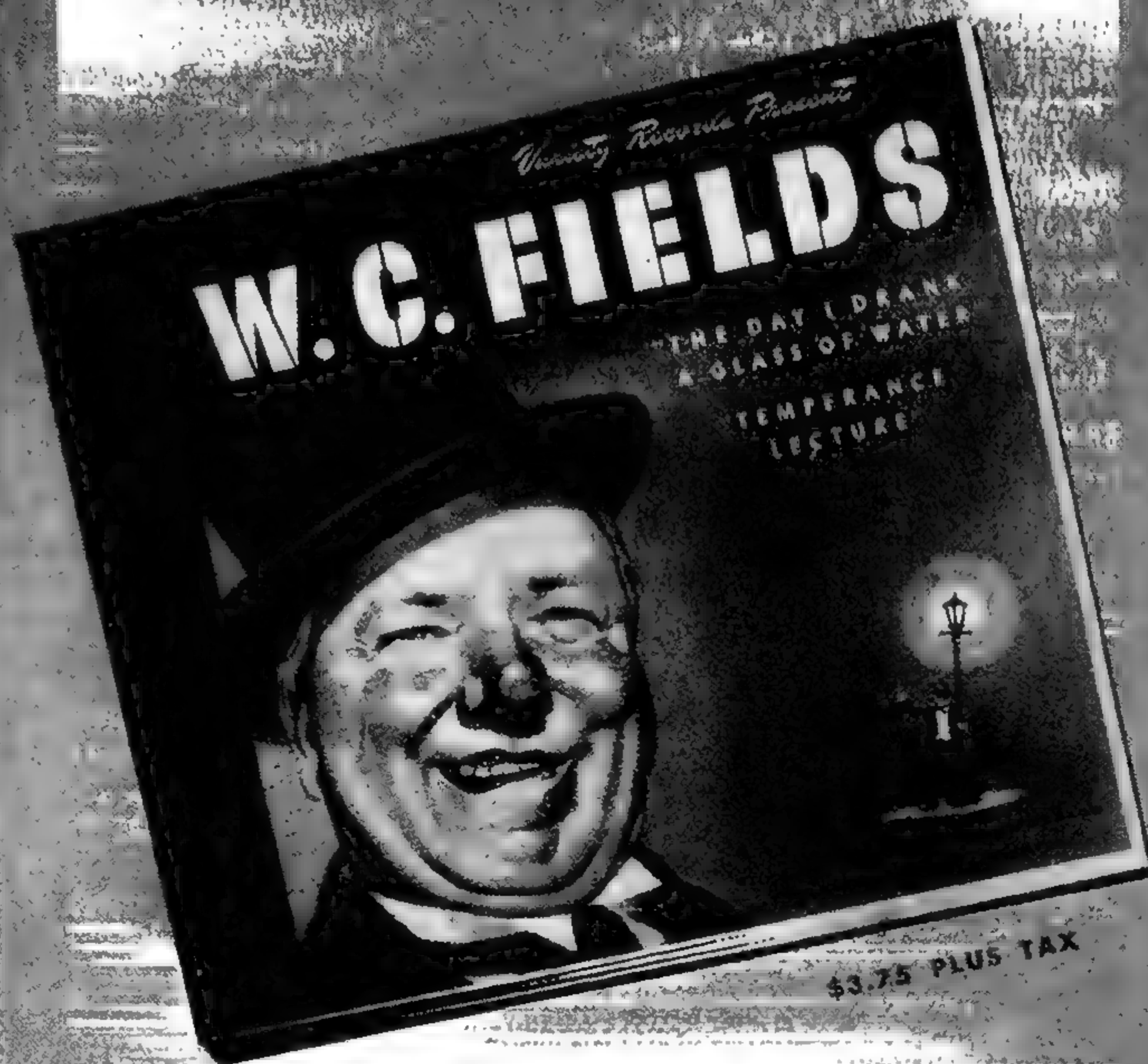
We found one little joint—well off the regular tourist beat—that reminded us of 46th Street and Broadway. It's a restaurant that never closes, and is at its liveliest between 3 and 8 a.m. That's when musicians, our friends, the muchachas, newspapermen, and other town characters gather to kill a couple of hours and tear a chivito or two. A chivito is a filet of steak on a roll that's midway between a hot-dog roll and a hamburger bun. The whole deal sets you back 17 cents, and don't make a pig of yourself, even though the temptation is strong. You'd happily pay a buck and a half for a steak sand-

Continued on page 248

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Uruguay—Switzer- land of So. America

Continued from page 247

wich like that in the States—if you could get one.

Our chivito spot is called the Monte-Rey. It's in the Plaza Independencia Passiba. It features a poolroom and bar and is run by two partners—a giant Frenchman and a tiny Uruguayan. The Frenchman works from 10 p.m. until 8 in the morning, when the Uruguayan takes over until 10 at night. They've seen each other for a few minutes twice a day during the change of shifts ever since they went into business together thirty-five years ago.

Beware of "Dancings," unless you're a very sophisticated character. The spots with "Dancing" signs outside are strictly prowling points for the muchachas, and the harder-boiled muchachas, at that.

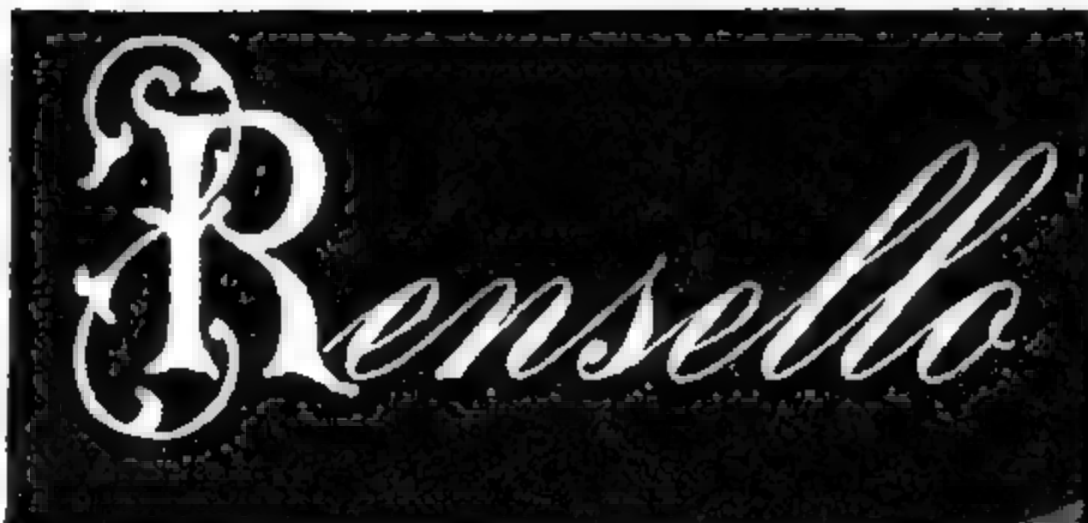
That about takes care of the night life situation in town, but you'll find much more fun around the beaches during the season.

You'll discover American movies playing at most of the excellent film theatres downtown. Performances begin at 2:15 and 5:15 in the afternoon and at nine in the evening. The most expensive seat in the best movie theatre in town will cost you about 85c. Break down and tip the usher 10 centesimos (a little over a nickel) per person. It's very much the custom, and that is one case in which you'll look peculiar if you don't tip. (Incidental note: Montevideo movies were free to all Allied servicemen in uniform during the war. Many times the movies were so full of British and American sailors for free that the management couldn't take care of the cash customers. That made no difference. Servicemen came first.)

If you're down in Uruguay for their summer, you'll find most sports are out of season, except for swimming, golf, tennis, fishing and horseback riding at the beaches—which is sport enough for anyone. You will see plenty of good horse racing, though, on Thursday and Saturday afternoons at the Hipódromo de Las Piedras, located 13 miles north of Montevideo and easily reached by bus or train. On Sunday afternoons the horses and their followers move over to the Hipódromo de Maroñas (Jockey Club) in the Maroñas section of Montevideo.

Too bad you'll miss Uruguayan football. It's soccer—which is the national sport of most countries, yet leaves the average American absolutely cold. The Uruguayans are champs, though—twice Olympics winners—and you'd enjoy seeing them play.

Uruguay is heaven for the sight-seer. An almost unbroken chain of magnificent beaches extends across the country from Carmelo, at the mouth of the Uruguay River, to Chuy, on the Atlantic Ocean at the Brazilian border. On or near these beaches, with their beautiful natural surroundings



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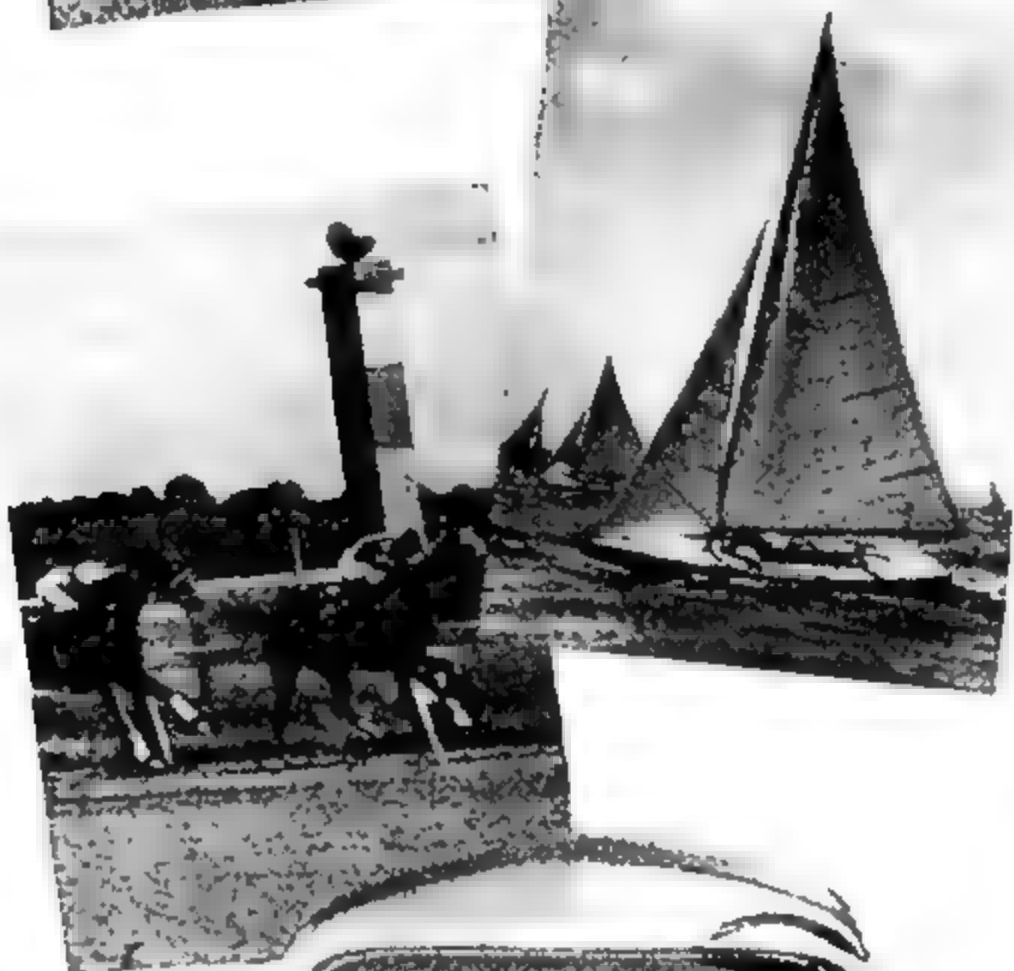
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What to buy

While in Uruguay, buy only in stores which have prices plainly marked on their merchandise. In this way you have a starting point for bargaining. Bargaining is strictly *de rigueur* in Uruguay. You'll be able to bargain in nine out of ten stores, and they won't feel offended in the tenth place if you try to bargain. The technique is rather elementary. The salesman tells you the price. You shake your finger diagonally in front of your eye, and say "too much." You do not make a counteroffer. If the salesman doesn't quote you a lower price, you start to leave. If he lets you leave, the price was right in the first place.

It helps to speak Spanish, even poorly, because—if you do—the salesman figures that you've been around a while, and therefore have a better idea of prices.

This all sounds like pretty sharp dealing, but it's really done as much in the spirit of sporting competition as to make a few extra pesos. Your average Uruguayan shopkeeper is not too much of a money-grubber. Witness his performance during the war, when U. S. sailors were given 15% to 20% off the right price—the real price—just because they were Allied fighting men.

It would be best, though, to steer clear of beachcombers. A beachcomber is a type who'll pick you up and offer to take you sightseeing and shopping. He gets a cut from the shopkeepers, his cut is passed on to you in the prices you pay, and you'll get just about as good a break yourself by using the bargaining procedure described above.

Now, for presents. Swiss watches are a good deal. You'll get them a lot cheaper than you could in the States. Good 15-jewel jobs start at about \$22 (40 pesos). Diamond jewelry is good, and cheaper than at home. The diamonds come from Brazil, and they're cut and mounted in Uruguay.

Remember, though, on presents, that you're only allowed to bring \$100 worth of foreign purchases into the States duty-free. Above that you get soaked duty, which brings the prices of many of your bargains just about back to what they would have cost you at home.

Uruguayan specialties in the
Continued on page 250



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Uruguay—Switzerland of So. America

Continued from page 249

gift department include woolen goods, cowhide and sheepskin rugs, ladies' handbags and leather coats, jackets, boots, etc., nutria furs and antique and modern silver. Following are among the best Montevideo shops: London Paris, Tienda Inglesa, La Madri-lena and Casa Rim (department stores); Bazar Colon (souvenirs and old silver); Casa Schiavo (leather goods and Uruguayan specialties), and Relojeria Suiza (Swiss watches, lighters, etc.).

Where to eat and drink

You'll find good, international-style food with a European accent at any of the better restaurants. Just to give you an idea, here's a tidy little luncheon we had in the excellent dining room of the Parque Hotel on Ramirez Beach: hors d'oeuvres (cold turkey, ham, potato salad, whitefish, pâté), omelette, grilled rumpsteak and linked potato crisps, fruit compote, fruit tart and coffee. It was all included in our room-and-board bill of \$5.50 per day, so we blew ourself to a bottle of white wine with the hors d'oeuvres and omelette, and red wine for the steak—Uruguayan wine, and very good, too, at 40 cents per bottle. And the bottle is kept over for your next meal, if there's anything left in it.

Wherever you go in Uruguay you'll find excellent food—especially beef—at less than half of what you'd pay at home. As in all South American cities, the leading hotels are fashionable places to eat. Among the best in Montevideo are the Nogaró, España, La Alhambra, Parque and Carrasco. Other outstanding restaurants: Morini, Barreiro y Lorenzoni (famous for steak, chicken and other meats); our friend Cassoni's; El Aguila; Cavallini; Estacion Ferrocarril Central (Central Railroad Station); El Faro; El Retiro; Forti di Napoli; Stradella; Tienda Inglesa. Troccoli and Forte Makale (for typical Uruguayan dishes).

Uruguayan specialties include Asado—steak or barbecued pig grilled over an open fire and served in a sauce of *Clarete*, light Uruguayan red wine with a kick; *empanadas*, or meat pie; *locro*, or stew; and—thanks to the large Italian population—ravioli. *Maté*, the South American tea, is the national drink.

Whatever your tastes, you'll eat and drink as well in Uruguay as you will any place in the world—far better than in most world capitals today—and at bargain prices.

What to wear

Chances are you're going by plane, so you'll find your wardrobe pretty much limited by the 55-pound luggage allowance. However, dinner jackets (they call them "smoking") are not worn

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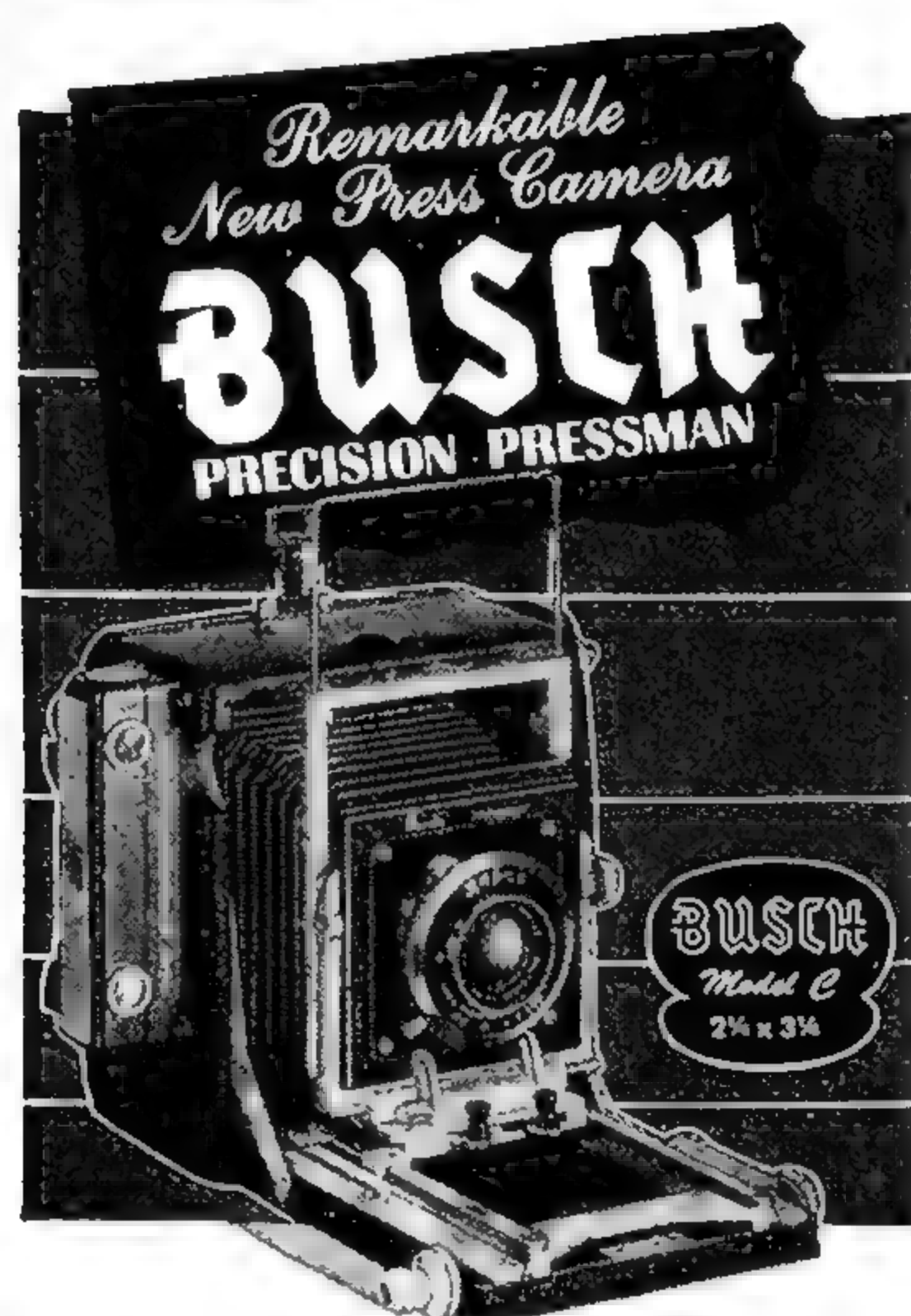
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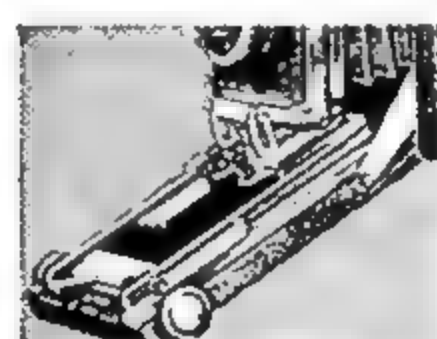
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very much in Uruguay, especially in the summer, so you're that much ahead. Wear a sports jacket, slacks, topcoat and lightweight felt hat to the airport (if you can, without freezing) and take a two-suitcase case and a small bag. Pack two tropical suits; one dark, for evening, and the other light, with trousers that can double as slacks with your sports jacket. Also a pair of white or two-toned sports shoes. Take a light robe and traveling slippers for beach and lounging. Bring two pair of bathing trunks, T-shirt, and whatever you generally like to wear at the beaches at home. That, together with your usual accessories, cameras, binoculars and beach things, will just about eat up your weight allowance.

Where to stay

There are lots of excellent hotels in Montevideo and the surrounding beach resorts, and more are a-building. But, with South Americans flocking to Uruguay from all over the continent during the summer, it's necessary to make reservations well in advance, and to be sure you have them confirmed by the hotel before you leave the States. Your travel bureau will be glad to take care of that for you.

The first-class hotels are truly first-class in every respect. Service, surroundings, cleanliness, appointments, plumbing—all are as good as you'd find anywhere in the world. Most rooms at resort hotels are with bath. Many have stall showers.

Most Uruguayan hotels are on the American plan, and rates quoted are for one person with meals. It's a good idea to eat at your hotel as the food usually is excellent.

Your best hotels in Montevideo are the Cervantes, \$3.85; España, \$3.85; La Alhambra, \$4.95-\$5.50 and Nogaró, \$5.50. A new hotel, the Victoria Palace, in the center of the city, was to have been ready in time for the season, with rates ranging from \$8 to \$15.

The Carrasco, on Carrasco Beach, is approximately 10 miles from the center of Montevideo. It's twenty minutes away by taxi and forty minutes by bus. Rates \$7.15 and up. Also at Carrasco is the Cottage, smaller but nonetheless excellent. \$6.60.

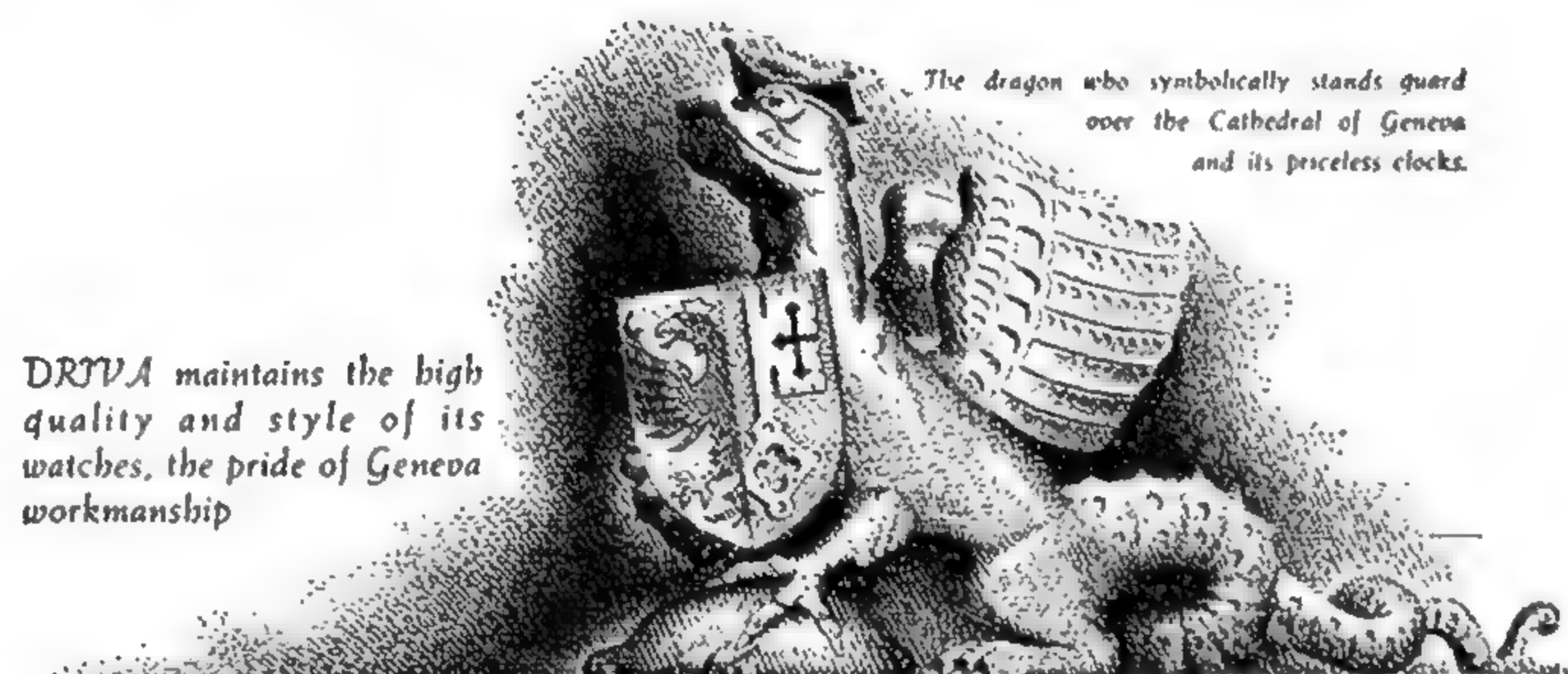
(Cabs, by the way, are one of the few expensive items in Montevideo. Their rates are just about comparable to New York fares.)

The Parque (we described one of its luncheons above) is on Ramírez Beach, approximately fifteen minutes from the center of the city by taxi, bus or streetcar. \$4.95 and up.

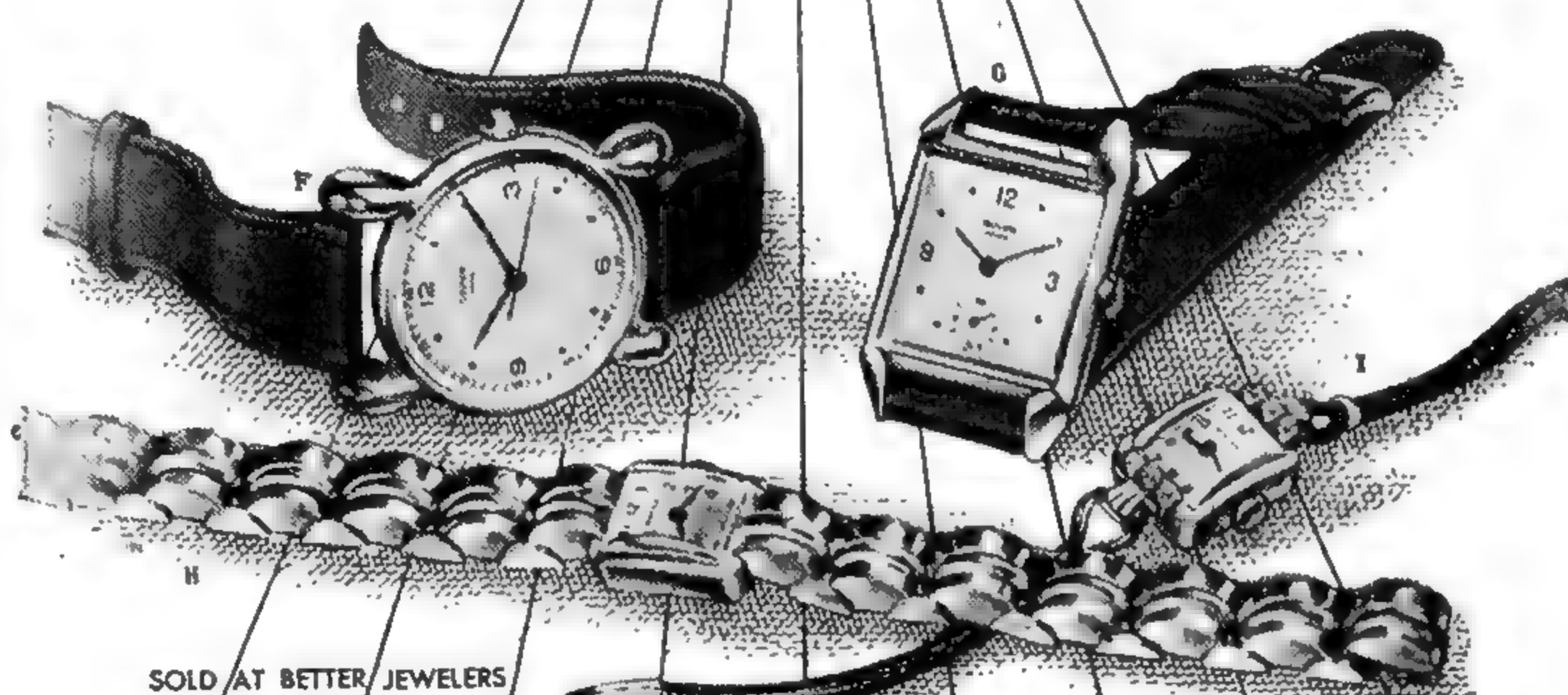
At Pocitos Beach, just about the same distance from the center of town, is the Rambla, \$5.50 and up.

Hotels with casinos are municipally-owned. We found them to be excellent bets, as they make most of their profit on the gambling rooms and run their kitchens on more or less of a cost basis;

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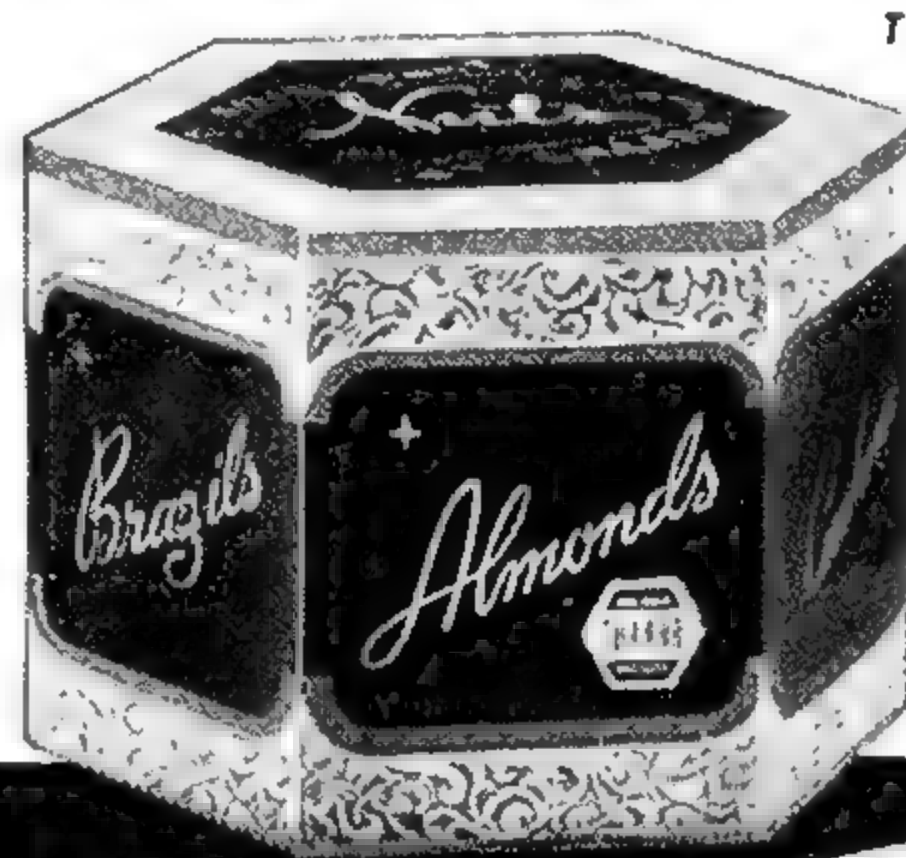
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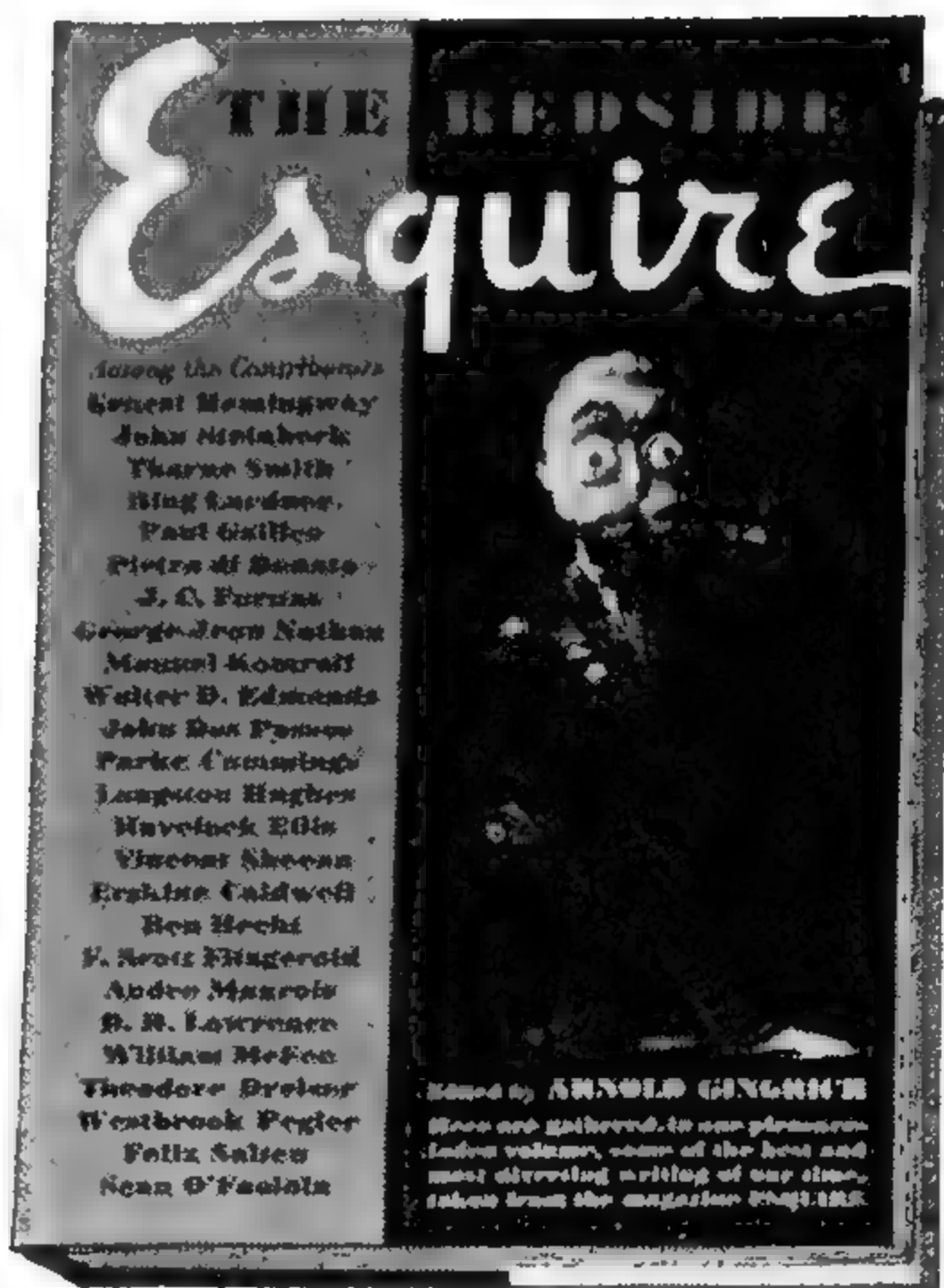
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Continued from page 251

because of this, they are able to give you more for your money in room and board. (Trick is not to shoot your profits in the casinos.) These city-owned hotels are the Carrasco, Parque and Rambla.

At Atlántida, a top-flight beach resort thirty-six miles east of Montevideo (one hour by train or bus), you have the Golf Palace, \$7.70; the Golf Palace Annex, with casino \$11.00; Gran Hotel Atlántida, \$4.95-\$6.60; Mercedes and Annex, \$7.70; and the Rex \$7.70-\$8.80. With its magnificent beach, excellent golf course and tennis courts, its fine homes and hotels set in pine and eucalyptus groves, and its nearness to Montevideo, Atlántida is one of the most popular of the Uruguayan summer spots.

Another thirty-six miles down the coast, and you come to Piriápolis—seventy-two miles east of Montevideo, and two-and-a-half hours away by rail or bus. Situated at the foot of the Sierra de las Animas, a range of high hills, Piriápolis is the center of one of Uruguay's best regions for hiking and horseback riding. In addition to a wonderful beach (of course), Piriápolis has more than forty hotels, many open the year round. It is the favorite resort of the international set. A walk along the beach is a linguistic education. You'll pass groups speaking Spanish, English, French, Portuguese, Hungarian, Czech, Polish, German, Dutch—name it and you'll hear it. The figures, also, are titillating. (A man could lose his mind!)

Best hotels include the Argentino, \$4.40 and up (with casino); Italia, \$3.85; Rambla, \$2.50; Rivadavia, \$3.30-\$3.85; Rex, \$3.30-\$3.85; and Select, \$2.50 and up.

Perhaps the most popular and far-famed of Uruguay's many beach resorts is Punta del Este, approximately 100 miles east of Montevideo—a little more than three hours away by rail or highway. It is the first beach we've mentioned which is on the open Atlantic (the others are all situated on the broad estuary of the River Plate).

During the summer it is the center of social life on the Uruguayan Riviera. In addition to its many excellent hotels, it has extensive residential sections with fine homes and villas, many of which can be leased for the season. Life at Punta del Este is characterized by its informality, and even at the best hotels and night clubs you can decide for yourself whether to wear evening dress or sports clothes for dinner and dancing. Best hotels include the Nogaró, \$6.60 and up (casino); Miguez, \$4.95 and up (casino); British House, \$4.40 and up; Biarritz, \$4.95 and up; Palace, \$4.40 and up; and Playa, \$6.60 and up. At San Rafael, adjoining Punta del Este, you have



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How to get there

Flying is your best bet. At the time of writing it is just about your only bet. The Moore-McCormack Steamship Lines report capacity bookings for the next few months. However, when they get their new ships in service, which may be this coming Spring, the ship transportation picture will change radically. The Delta Lines are running freighters to Montevideo from New Orleans, but service is irregular, and accommodations are not good by normal, peacetime standards. The situation will improve, of course, as new ships are delivered and old ones are released from government service. So watch the papers for steamship ads advising of any change in the situation.

Airplane service to Montevideo is marvelous. Only clinker is the price. The Pan-Am Clipper gets you to Montevideo, 6000 miles away, in thirty-eight hours from New York. You leave LaGuardia Field at 7 a.m. and you're in Montevideo at 10:45 p.m. (Montevideo time) the following evening. The flight's smooth as cream, meals are on the house en route, and it's a splendid trip for relaxing, catching up on some sleep, and getting set for a wonderful vacation.

What it will cost

Biggest item, of course, is the plane fare. Pan American charges \$538 one-way with a 10% reduction for round-trip, bringing the round-trip fare to \$968.40. Add the 15% tax, and you have a total of \$1113 for your transportation, airport to airport. With transportation such an important item of the budget, we recommend Uruguay for those who have at least a month to spend vacationing. You can get along nicely at any of the spots on the Uruguayan Riviera for \$10 a day for room, board, recreation and incidentals—on a scale which would set you back at least \$25 per day at a comparable winter resort in the States. Thus, in a month, you would save about \$450 on living and incidental expenses—which would help to absorb that heavy plane fare.

Starting with the fixed expenses of plane fare and \$10 per day for room and board, you can figure that two weeks on the Uruguayan Riviera will run about \$1300. A whole month, however, would cost only about \$1500. That's certainly not cheap, but 30 comparable days at a top resort at home would cost close to \$1000. And at home you're just a guy named Joe from, say, Milwaukee. For a few hundred dollars extra you can go to Uruguay and be a bon vivant, an international character, "that interesting Norteamericano." And, when you come home, you discover that you have become a world traveler. Who else would have thought of a winter vacation in Uruguay? #

Continued from page 114

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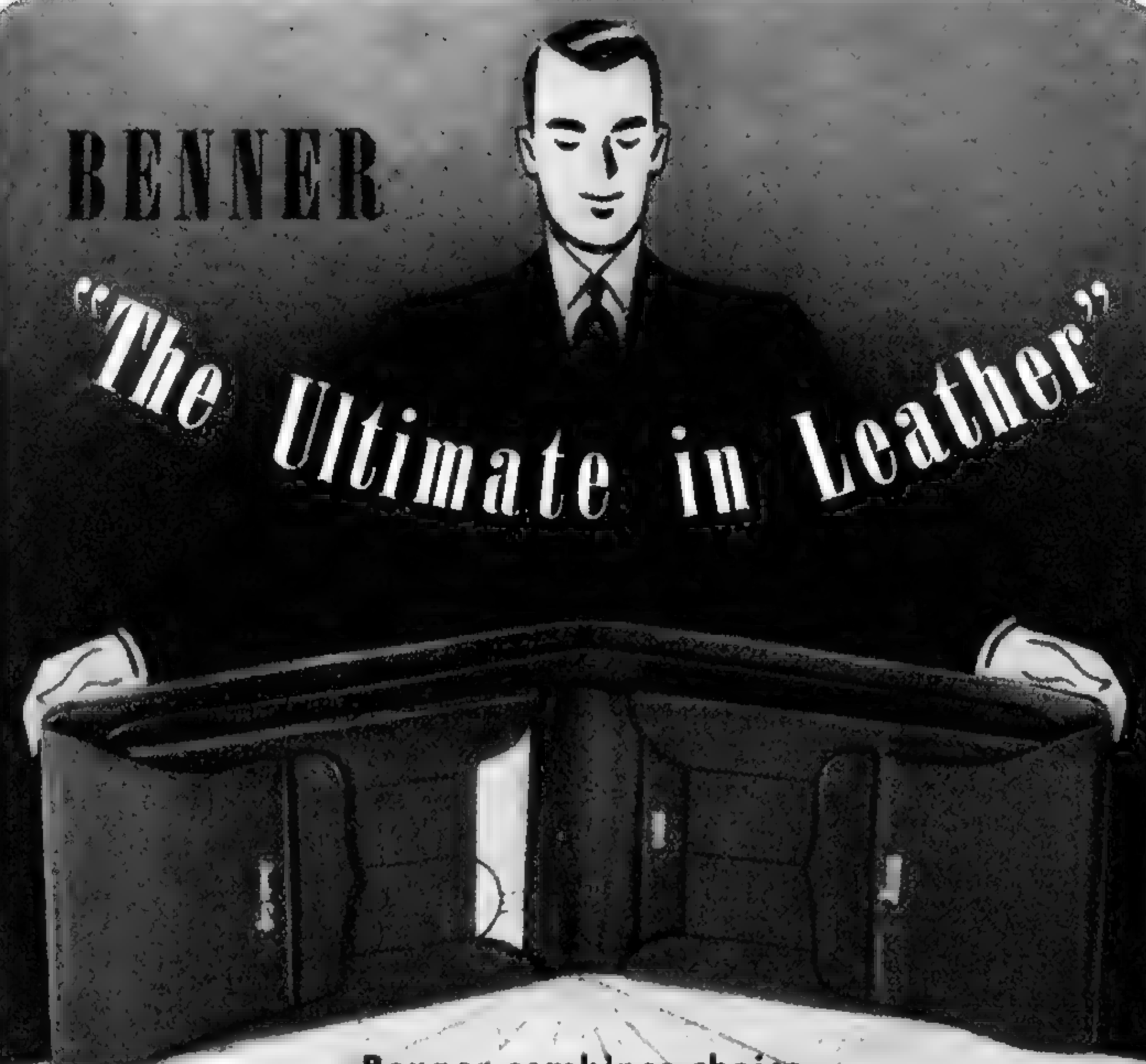
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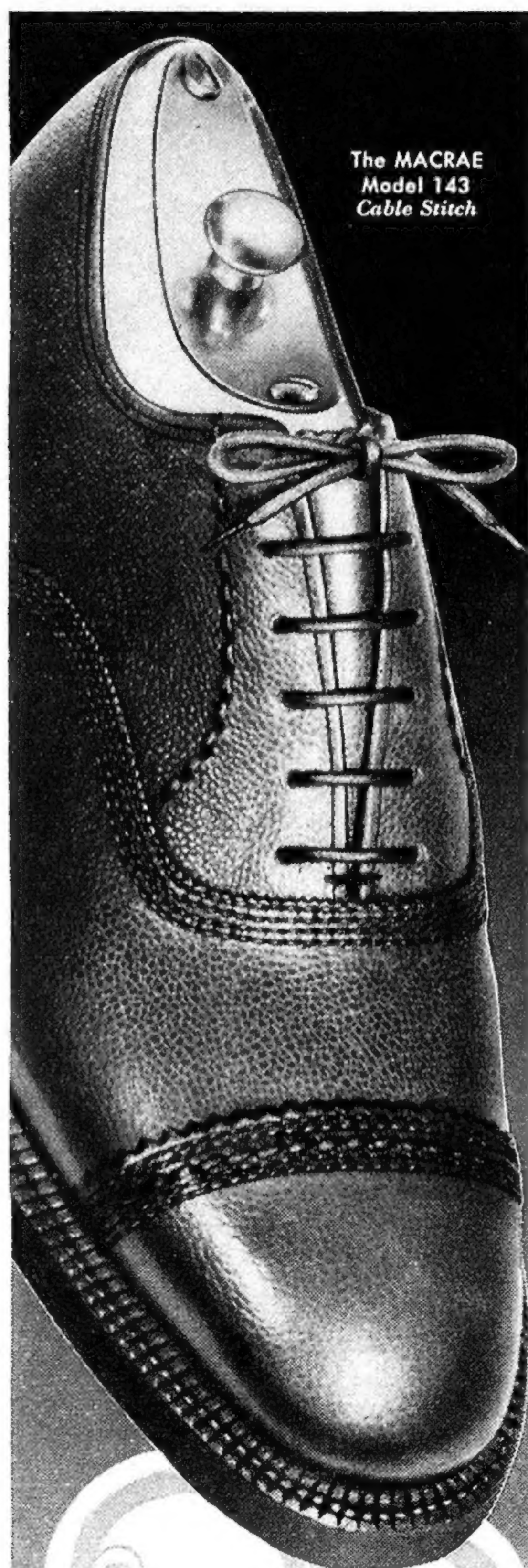


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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Acts of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933, of ESQUIRE, published monthly at Chicago, Ill., for Sept. 13, 1946, State of Illinois, County of Cook. Before me, a duly authorized notary in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Alfred Smart, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the co-publisher of the ESQUIRE and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publishers, David A. Smart and Alfred Smart; Editor, David A. Smart; Managing Editor, Frederic A. Birmingham; Business Manager, John Smart, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. 2. That the owner is: ESQUIRE, INC., 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.; Stockholders: Alfred R. Pastel, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Edgar G. Richards, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Florence Richards, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Alfred Smart, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; David A. Smart, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Louis Smart, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Sue Smart Trust, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Joan Elden Trust, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Richard Elden Trust, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Vera Elden, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; John Smart, c/o Cont. Ill. Natl. Bk. & Tr. Co. of Chicago, 231 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.; Cont. Ill. Natl. Bk. & Tr. Co. of Chicago, Trust U/T/A dtd. 8-30-45 with Helen Mary Rowe Glingrich, 231 S. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.; City National Bank & Trust Co. of Chicago, TR under T/A with David A. Smart dtd. 10/6/42 known as TR No. 22335, Trust Department, 208 So. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. Alfred Smart, co-publisher. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 16th day of September, 1946.

(SEAL) Helen Harrington. (My commission expires May 25, 1948.)

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